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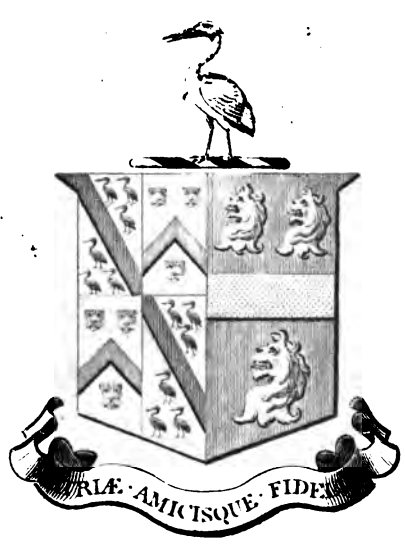
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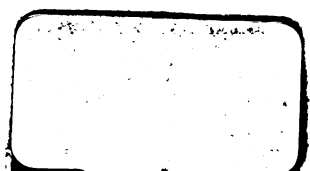


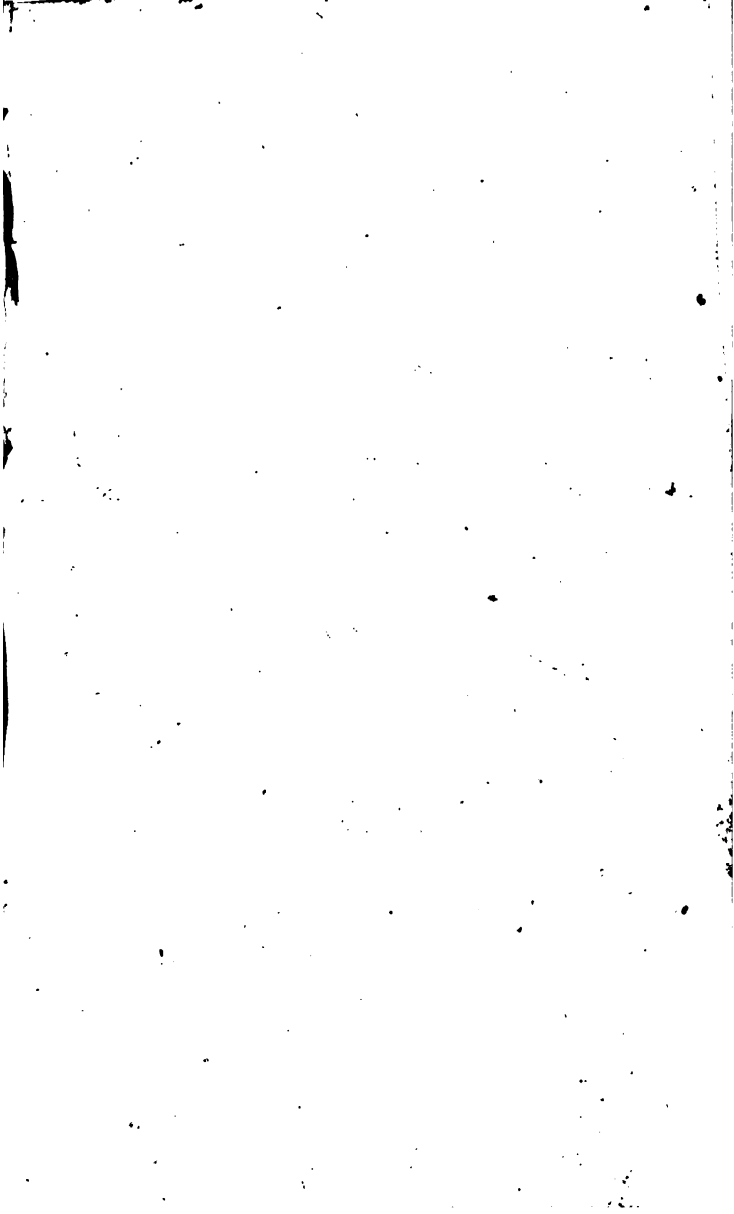
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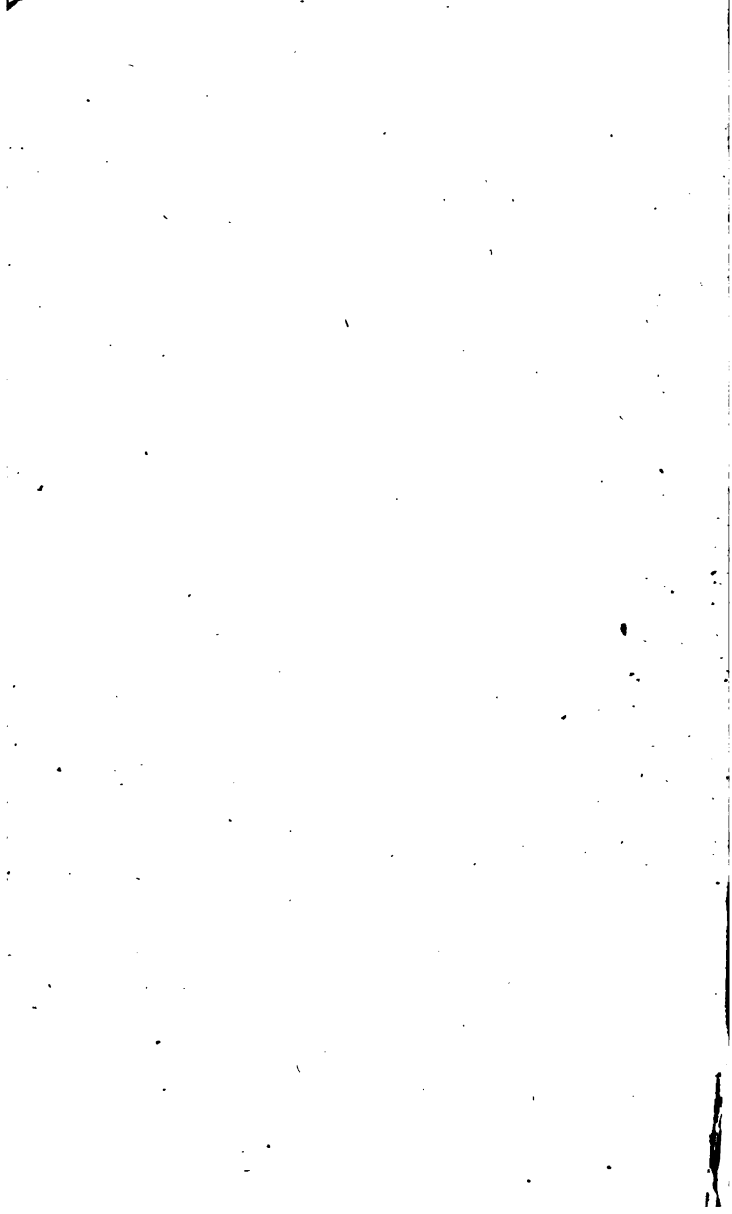


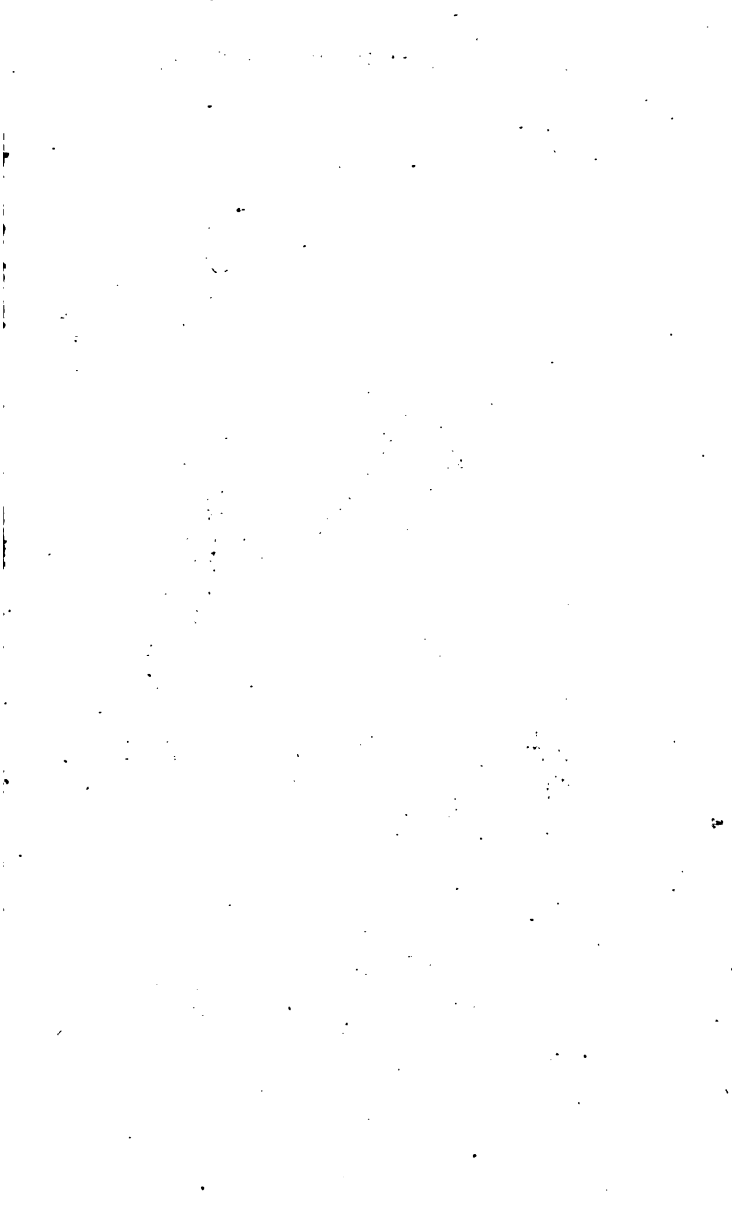


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*CASSANDRA,*  
A  
ROMANCE.

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Written Originally in FRENCH,  
AND  
Faithfully Translated into ENGLISH,  
BY  
Sir *CHARLES COTTERELL*,  
Master of the CEREMONIES.

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*VOL. III.*

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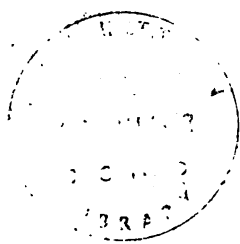
The THIRD EDITION, very much Corrected.

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THE  
AUTHOR  
TO  
CASSANDRA.

 Speak to you, my dear Cassandra; after the example which one of the sublimest wits of our latter ages has given me of a like conversation; and by the right I challenge in this second life you owe to me, I take the liberty to treat you in a familiar manner. You are now less bashful than you were, when Calista's commands made you first venture abroad; and the civility you have found amongst the French, makes you hope for the same reception in this third, you received from them in your two former visits. 'Tis true, (if I may say so without offending your modesty) they have found something lovely in you; and have favourably judg'd, that considering you were bred up in your earlier years, a great way from their Court, you have learn'd to  
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*Speak their language, and to recount your adventures, tolerably well. Yes, my dear Cassandra, many amongst them expect you, and Calista herself, whose will is to us a Law, desires to see you again, and presses for your return by all the power she hath over me. Let us obey her, my fair Princess, and do you present your self before her, since she has absolutely commanded it : she will receive you with that generous goodness, which, with her other divine qualities, gains her the adoration of the whole world, and raises me as many rivals as there are persons, whose minds are capable of a noble elevation. She will behold you with those eyes which inflame all, except your self ; and you shall have this advantage above us, to look upon them, if not without dazling and envy, at least without fear of being incurably wounded by them, as we are. Appear before her then with confidence : But that you may do so, forget none of your ornaments ; and since the ambition of pleasing Calista may excuse all, seek that from Art which Nature may have deny'd you. Strive to sweeten to her whatsoever has seem'd harsh and rough : In this third visit, let her see, you are not the less sociable for being warlike ; and tell her, you will not confine your self so strictly to the blows which are given, and the blood which is shed for your sake, as to refuse entertaining her with some more passionate and delightful adventures. Remember also, if you think fit, to excuse me to her ; and if she wonders, that having kept my self hitherto within the bounds of probability, I now should take a little liberty in the description*

tion of some actions, and that instead of copying after Plutarch, Quintus Curtius, Justin, and other Authors, from whom I have taken the Ground-work of your History, I make my Heroes march into the field in a manner somewhat like that of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and other Writers of that sort, who have set off the truth with some ornaments, rather more pleasing than strictly probable; say in my defence, that having for your quarrel assembled so many great men, famous in Antiquity, and renowned amongst all the Authors that have written the History of their Time, I, in favour of them, have exempted myself from that severity, and believ'd that in taking a diversion by that kind of recital, I might represent some particulars of that valiant Dame, who has made them known to all the world. Besides, our Narration is chiefly employ'd about the renowned actions of our Heroes, and not so much about those of whole Nations; and we much rather seek the reputation of Oroondates and Arfaces, than that of the Medes, Persians, and Macedonians in general; but yet without making them remarkable by impossible actions, or extravagant fictions. You will find many other things to alledge in my vindication, but I trust that to you, my dear Cassandra, and leave you in Calista's arms, since other occasions oblige me to part from you. I cannot give you a more glorious nor a more safe retreat, while I go to see that upon the ground, which for you I have represented on paper; but in this sanctuary to

*which I recommend you, fair Princess, repay me part of what I have done for you; and since in going from you, I absent my self also from Calista, endeavour to preserve me in her memory, as I have restored you into that of men, amongst whom two thousand years had already made you to be forgotten. In return, I promise you, my dear Cassandra, that neither the difference of exercises, nor toil, nor danger, shall hinder me from thinking of you; und that if it please heaven I escape both, I will not come back again to Calista without some marks of my remembrance of you. I from present objects shall form the Idea which is necessary for the conclusion of your History, and will describe the siege of Babylon by the siege of Graveline. This slip of my pen is perhaps against modesty; but it is to be pardoned in my Nation, and for the desire I have, by declaring my occupation, to find excuse for many faults, which perhaps would not be pardonable in a Doctor, nor in one of any other profession.*





# CASSANDRA

## The THIRD PART.

### BOOK I.



THE Princess *Berenice*, and the fair Queen of the *Amazons* having spent a part of the night in hearing the relation of the sorrowful *Alcione*, passed the last hours thereof, and the first of the day following, in a reasonable quiet sleep. *Berenice*, tho' her thoughts were more tender, and her cares less violent, than those of *Thalestris*, yet having a fresher cause of grief, awaken'd first, and opening her curtain, she saw *Alcione* in the chamber, who with *Hippolita* waited still

the Princesses were awake, that she might bid them good morrow. The countenance, and humour of that woman, having begot a great deal of good will in her, moved her also to some desire of interesting her in her fortune, and of putting her into the place of those persons whom she had lost, and to whom alone she had formerly trusted her most secret, and most important thoughts. As soon as she saw her, she called her to the bed-side, and began to express her affection to her, by words full of sweetness, and by kindnesses which carried a charm along with them, against which it was impossible for even the most savage hearts to defend themselves. *Thalestris* awak'd while they were talking, and *Berenice* finding she could be content to sleep a little longer, would not disturb her, but getting her self ready by the help of *Alcione* and *Hippolita*, she went out of the chamber with them. Her first care was to call for *Araxes*, to enquire after the health of the Prince her Brother; and having heard that he had passed the night indifferently well, and that he was not yet awake, she would not interrupt his rest; but going down stairs with those two women, she let them lead her into the wood, and from thence to the river side to take her morning walk. There she asked *Hippolita* divers questions concerning her Mistress's adventures, and learn'd from her whatsoever the Queen had forgotten in her relation. There likewise she confirm'd the first assurances of her friendship to *Alcione*, and gained her absolutely, both by the advantage of her offers, and the inevitable allurements which naturally accompany'd the least of her actions.

As they were thus conversing together, they saw a litter come out of the wood, convoyed by some men on horseback, who keeping the great highway toward the City, must needs pass close by them. *Berenice's* present condition making her fear every thing, she was already turning her back, when the other two, who had more curiosity, encourag'd her; and alledging that those persons went in an equipage which shewed no evil intention, perswaded her to stay till they were gone by, only letting down her vail, which without hindring her from the sight of any object, serv'd to hide her face a little from the eyes of those passengers: she nevertheless retired  
under

under some trees, fifteen or twenty paces from the road ; but the litter going very softly, and being open on their side, that distance hindered her not from observing the person that was in it. 'Twas a man of so good presence, that the like was hardly to be found ; and though his sickness, or his wounds had diminished part of his fresher looks, and caused some alteration in his face, *Berenice* had the image of it too present in her memory to be mistaken. She was so extremely surprized at that sight, that her colour going and coming twice or thrice in a moment, she sunk down upon *Alcione*, and remained almost insensible in her arms. She, and *Hippolita* seeing her faint, turned up the vail which covered her face, and there reading the marks of a powerful change, they asked her the cause of it. *Berenice* was so troubled, that she was some time in recovering her self, and when she was a little settled, before she answered them, she cast her eye upon the way the litter had taken, and seeing it was not yet far off, and that it went slowly enough to give her hopes of overtaking it, turning toward them ; I must (said she) I must necessarily see the man again, who is in yonder litter ; if you please to come along with me, *Alcione* ; you, *Hippolita*, may return unto your Mistress : I pray you tell the Prince my brother that this rencounter draws me from him a few moments, and that I desire him not to be troubled at my departure, for I will quickly return to him with so good news, as shall make him excuse it.

With these words, she walked after the horses, leaning upon *Alcione*, who esteemed her self most happy to serve, and accompany her. *Hippolita* would have gone with them, but *Berenice* refused it in such a manner, that she believing her self suspected in that design, pressed it no further, but in obedience to her, returned to the house. *Oroondates* and *Thalestris* were awake when she was in ; but she went to wait upon her Mistress before she did her errand to the Prince. The Queen was surpriz'd at the recital of *Berenice*'s departure, who being already very dear to her, she was exceedingly concerned in what might befall her by that rencounter. She was no sooner ready, but she carried the news of it her self to Prince *Oroondates* ;

and making *Hippolita* tell the particulars of the adventure again in his presence, greatly astonish'd him, and as much perplex'd him ; This precipitate departure of a sister whom he loved most tenderly, at a time when he was unable to follow her, and give her any assistance, afflicted him very sensibly ; but he drew some consolation from her words to *Hippolita*, and hoped for something at her return which might make him bear her absence the more patiently. When he had mused a while upon the strangeness of the thing, and vainly studying to find out the truth of it, by the alterations of his countenance, and by a silence full of confusion, had expressed the diversity of his thoughts ; at last lifting up his eyes toward the Queen, I give over the care (said he) to the immortal gods, of whatsoever from henceforth shall concern me ; and in the condition to which my own affairs are reduced, I should be to blame, if I committed the conduct of *Berenice's* to any other providence but theirs ; They wrought a miracle in her favour when they sent me to rescue her, and neither their power nor their goodness, I trust, will be lessen'd to her. I'll go hasten after her (replied the *Amazon Queen*) and will never give over the pursuit, till I have endeavour'd to give her that assistance, which your present state forbids her to hope for from you. At these words she called for two horses and arms, and though *Oroondates* out of civility would have spared her the trouble, it was not possible for him to dissuade her from that resolution ; so putting on her arms in his presence, as soon as her horses were ready, she took leave of him, and bad *Hippolita* conduct her to *Berenice*.

*Oroondates* being left alone in his chamber, made a long reflection upon the past events of his life, and upon the present posture of his affairs ; and making a stop upon his later days, he had scarce thought upon his Princess being alive, but he called to mind her unfaithfulness. That severe check which the rigour of his destinies had given unto his joy, continu'd with excessive cruelty ; and that unworthy remembrance brought a confusion into his soul, which hardly left him the free use of his reason. Ah ! (cried he, in the violence of that thought) Ah !  
un-

unworthy daughter of *Darius*, unworthy sister of *Artaxerxes*, unworthy wife of *Alexander*, and, if I dare say so my self, unworthy Mistress of *Oroondates*! would you then give so shameful a conclusion, to so many noble actions? and did you defend your self so vertuously against persecutions so just as mine were, only to yield so easily in favour of a new comer? But without question, I deceive my self (said he again) and this affection is not new as I believed; I begin to find, it took birth before I came from *Susa*: 'twas that infallibly which caused your sudden change, which made you in a moment repent the modest favours you allowed me, and which (in short) drew from your mouth that cruel farewell which you gave me with so much inhumanity; and though the services I had done you deserved as much as I received from you, this rival could not suffer that innocent and moderate felicity, but you must banish me to satisfy him; and 'twas that new passion which hardened your heart, so that you could see me swooning, and dying at your feet, without shewing any mark of compassion. O my memory! how didst thou forsake me all this while, and how came it thou wert so long before thou foundest that a former affection procur'd by so many obligations, could not be destroy'd but by a second? If it be so, *Statira*, as without doubt it is, you are both more faulty, and less to be valued than I believed; and during the life of so brave a husband, you ought not to have been capable of another love, since you had not so many reasons to guard your self against mine. He discoursed thus with himself in the heat of his resentment, and a while after falling upon another thought; But (said he) must I so soon accuse her of unfaithfulness, she who perhaps is no longer in the world? I have but a little assurance of her life, and I ought at least to be certain she is alive, before I can be certain she is inconstant; 'tis to this miserable extremity I am reduced, and one of these two misfortunes is imposed upon me, either that *Statira* is not, or that *Statira* loves me not.

He had perhaps spent the rest of the day in these sad reflections, if he had not been prevented by *Araxes*, who came into his chamber, leading a woman by the hand.

*Oroondates*



*Oroondates* presently thought he knew her, but as soon as she came near his bed, and he fixt his eyes upon her face, he no longer doubted but that it was *Cleone*, the dear and faithful confident of his Princess, and she who had inseparably accompanied her in her first and last adventures. The unexpected arrival of her whom he believed dead, and whose former good offices had made him bestow some tears on her memory, surpris'd him so, that he became mute, and unmoveable at the sight of her ; but when he began to recollect himself, and prepared to give some testimony of his joy for her safety, the fear of receiving from her mouth the confirmation of one of his misfortunes, suspended all his thoughts, and he was more amazed and confounded than before. *Cleone* more confident than he, forcing the severity of her sex and humour to receive welcomes full of transport and affection, which a long and particular acquaintance might excuse, broke silence first, and while he embraced her with tears of kindness ; Sir, (said she) have I deserv'd you should still remember you have known me ? The Prince giving some respite to his endearments, Sweet *Cleone* (answered he at last) I will never lose a remembrance which was ever dear to me ; and the grief I have been in for my Princess, did not so totally possess my soul, but that my sorrow for you found also a place in it ; but O *Cleone*, since you are risen again, is not my Princess also alive, and do not you come to bring me news of her safety ? The Queen is living (replied *Cleone*) unless she be dead within this three days. O heavens ! (cried the Prince, without permitting her to go on) the good and powerful beings, I give you the thanks I owe you for the life of my Princess ; and since by this assurance, you have taken away the fear of my first misfortune, I will prepare my self for the second without murmuring against you.

His natural generosity, or the goodness of his disposition, made him instantly utter these words, according to the real sentiments of his heart ; and certainly his joy on this occasion, equalled the grief he had felt at the sad news of his Princess's death ; but that living and lawful grief was no sooner driven out of his mind, but  
his

his jealousy (before confin'd, and lock'd up in a kind of servitude) broke loose into its place, and extending it self with tyranny into all those parts it quitted, began to reign there alone with such an Empire, that it produced as violent effects as could have been apprehended from both passions united ; his mournful, tender thoughts, gave way to furious desperate ones : and briefly, that cruel and imperious passion, which had established it self but with uncertainty, finding it self now reasonably grounded, seized upon all his soul with a most absolute authority. Let us not bewail *Statira*, (cried he) *Statira* is alive, *Statira* is satisfied ; but let us with tears of blood bewail and deplore the misfortune of despairing *Oroondates*, whom the gods, after a thousand sorrows worse than the most cruel deaths, have saved from a thousand kinds of ordinary death, only to make him fall by an end suitable to the miseries of his life. After these first transports, having held his peace for a few moments, he turned towards *Cleone*, and seeing her silent by his bed's side ; Well, *Cleone*, (said he) the Queen is living, but O *Cleone*, the Queen loves me not ; yet not to love me, *Cleone*, is but a small matter, and her fault would be but light, if her forgetfulness, and her ingratitude, were the only things wherewith I could reproach her ; but to love another man to the prejudice of what she owed to me, to the prejudice of her faith, and even to the prejudice of her honour ; to forsake him, who hath forsaken all, who hath dared all, who hath done all for her, to give her self to a man that had rendred her some slighter services, and to hang about his neck in my presence, both against the laws of decency, and modesty, is a disloyalty, is a meanness, is a lightness, unworthy of a Princess of *Persia*, and is a crime which deserves all the thunders of heaven, and detestations of the whole earth.

*Oroondates* brought forth these words so impetuously, that *Cleone* was quite abashed at them, and had neither the time, nor the confidence to open her mouth for the defence of her Mistress. The Prince seeing her without reply, I knew very well (continued he) that you had nothing to alledge for the justification of that ungrateful woman.

woman, your silence utterly condemns her ; but however, you cannot disavow that which I know by the testimony of my own eyes ; I saw her in the arms of that happy rival, a man neither greater nor valiantier than I, and one indebted only to fortune for all the advantages he has over me : I with the same sword, which hath often shed blood for the service of that inconstant Princess, drew some of his, and if the gods have made him perish to expiate the injury he hath done me, I do no longer pretend to open my way to her by that advantage ; tis for my revenge alone that he is fallen, and not for the establishment of my fortune ; let her cherish his memory still, since his leavings are not worthy of me, and if she can love her life after the loss of his, let her expect also the end of mine, that she may be perfectly satisfied.

The Prince's weakness not suffering him to go on with his reproaches in that vehemence, he was forc'd to give some truce to them ; while *Cleone* had the leisure to settle her self, and desiring, if it were possible, to draw him out of those violent motions, which might utterly ruin his health, Sir (said she at last) I should be confounded at your reproaches against the Queen my Mistress, if with her, I were not accustomed to hear them from you : I will not justify what may be blameable in this change you upbraid her with, nor will I deny but that your own eyes saw those favours and those kindnesses which give you so much cause of complaint against her ; but that in the condition wherein she granted them, they did offend either decency or modesty, is a thing I cannot yield to. Of all the women that ever bore a love to virtue, perhaps never any yet raised it to so high a degree. If human weakness, the treachery of your enemies, powerful obligations, your absence, and the uncertainty of your being alive, made the Queen take resolutions to the prejudice of what she owed to you, yet hath she never forgot what she owed unto her honour ; and if she afforded advantages to another which she refused to you, 'twas because when he sued for them, she was in a condition to grant him them without offending a husband, and without wounding her reputation. Give some credit, Sir, unto  
my

my words ; of all the women that were near the Queen, I am the without doubt, in whom she ever most confided, and who can give the most exact account of her most particular thoughts ; but I can protest to you by all that I acknowledge to be most sacred, that so long as she was free, and undeceived, she always had the most advantageous opinion of you, that you could lawfully wish ; and when she yielded to this last action you complain of, or (as you say) to forsake you for another, it was thro' so much violence, and on such strong reasons, that you cannot justly blame her for it.

*Cleone* would have proceeded, when the Prince, who hearkened to her impatiently, and who saw nothing in all she said, which, instead of altering, did not confirm him in his conceit, he could not forbear interrupting her. Cease *Cleone* (replied he) cease to alledge excuses for crimes that are not capable of any ; my miseries are not so light as to be sweetened by so weak a consolation, nor the loss I have suffered so small, as that it can be satisfied with such slight reasons ; say, with more truth that I was a burden to the Princess, that my constancy wearied her, and passed in her esteem for persecution, or rather that she found a person more lovely, and more worthy of her affections. This is all that can be reasonably said in favour of her ; and all this I will confess with you ; and provided I may but reproach her *once more*, for the last time, and yield up a *son* at her feet, which her *faithfulness* cannot make her lose, I will no longer murmur against her. You are so prepossessed (answered *Cleone*) and (if respect will give me leave to say so) so incapable of reasoning, that I will lose no more time to convince you. But to justify my Mistress to you, and to make you confess your self, that you cannot have these thoughts of her without ingratitude, I will content my self with relating her last action plainly to you, and making you a true recital of all that hath happened to her since your separation ; and indeed it was for that design I came to seek you, and to beg your aid, if I had found you in better health.

*Oroondates* chang'd colour at these last words, and his soul, in spite of the despair wherewith it was seiz'd, was hurried away to some motion of joy, when he heard say, that his Princess had need of his service, and suffered it so to be demanded of him. Ah ! *Cleone* (cried he) I have neither resentment, nor wound that can detain me, *Statira's* service come in question. Let her be a thousand times more ingrateful, and a thousand times more faithless if it be possible, nothing can free me from my oaths, nor force my inclination ; I will serve her, even in the arms of my rivals, to the last drop of my blood, and I for her will employ a life to its last moment, which shall never be but hers. Speak, I pray you, how great never my impatience is, believe I will give a quiet attention, and that for all her inconstancy, you cannot talk of my Princess, without touching my heart at every word of your discourse. *Cleone* having brought him to his pass, drew the chair a little nearer, in which she was set down by his entreaty, and seeing no body in the chamber to hear her but *Araxes*, who was not suspected by them, she began her narration thus :



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## *The History of CASSANDRA,*

**W**HEN by the cruel laws of her duty, the Queen saw her self constrained to banish you from her for ever, and to give a sharp conclusion to interviews that were incompatible with the severe rules of her virtue ; she submitted her self to that rigorous necessity, with deadly grief and inconceivable reluctance : With how great resolution and constancy soever she had arm'd and fortified her self for so difficult an action, she shewed many signs of it before you, which it was impossible for her to forbear ; and notwithstanding the insensibility you would tax her with, if you did consider both her face and actions, you could not but observe violent changes, and powerful alterations from her ordinary modesty ; but if in your presence she could not possibly dissemble part of her sorrows, when she was gone from you, she let them break forth in such tender doleful expressions, that the condition we saw you in, was not much more worthy of pity, than that we saw her reduced to by that bitter separation. Her face was altered from that very moment, and if it lost not its loveliness, it at least from that first day, lost all the chearfulness it had recovered, and within a few more, all the healthy looks it had regained since the change of her condition. In her journey to *Babylon* she appeared always so languishing and so dejected, that the Queen her mother, the Princess her sister, and all those that were most dear to her, laboured but in vain to divert her ; and when she was come thither, and the presence and affection of the King her husband, obliged her to a forced compliance, that violence she used to hide her grief, made it the more sensible, and visibly impair'd her health. And indeed it was to the want of it she attributed all the marks of her sadness ; and the body was accused of a sickness, in which it had no share but by its communication with the soul. The King, whose love to her

her was ever exceeding great, employed whatsoever was most magnificent, and most diverting, of all that he had drawn from so many conquests, to charm part of her discontents; and the whole Court, whose hearts that great Princess had entirely won by her goodness, and by the sweetness of her conversation, sought means by pompous shows and rejoycings to bury that sadness, in which it was totally concerned, and which deprived it of much of its beauty: but all these attempts were in vain, to eradicate it from a soul in which it was too imperiously settled; and these pomps and divertisements, gave her only new occasions to deplore her condition, which made her alone incapable of those delights, in which the meanest persons enjoyed a part. Yet did she receive the King's kindnesses with a great deal of respect, and truly with a great deal of affection, and if his presence could not wipe all the marks of grief out of her face, she at least endeavoured to disguise them, by words full of sweetness and acknowledgment, and disposed her mind to render him what duty oblig'd her to without repugnance: but when she was alone, or without any other company but mine, she freely discharg'd her heart of some of those discontents that overwhelm'd it; and when I endeavour'd by words of comfort to give some intermission to her sorrows: Let me alone, *Cleone*, (would she say) let me alone in quiet, since I have nothing else but tears to give to poor *Oroondates*; all else is forbidden me, nay, and this cruel duty may also be offended with these innocent marks of my affections; let us no longer weep therefore for *Oroondates*, since his remembrance is criminal; but let us weep for my own miseries, and for the rigour of my destiny, which rends that violently from my heart which my inclinations would eternally preserve there.

After she had continued a while in these thoughts, and that by my silence, or by actions as sorrowful as hers, she saw me keep her company in her grief; Ah! *Cleone* (would she go on) perchance at this instant poor *Oroondates* is no longer in the world; and though I have not deserv'd he should have an affection for me violent enough to bring him to his grave, the assurances he hath given me

me of it in smaller occasions; may make me without vanity believe he loved me well enough to die for me. No, no, *Oroondates* is certainly dead, unless spight and resentment have saved him; and if he live still by their assistance, 'tis only to hate me, and to testify my cruelty. She could not end these words without a flood of tears, which for some while disabled her to say more; but when by time, and my assistance, she was a little settled, she would seek out reasons to justify her self to you, and to wash her self from your reproaches: What could I have done, *Oroondates*, (would she say) and by what means could I have preserv'd my self for you, and kept my self in your esteem? *Alexander*, to whom the whole world raises Altars, is he a man, is he a husband so inconsiderable, that his wife, (nay, and a wife, whom after the ruin of her family, he from misery and captivity exalted to the Throne, and to the highest place upon earth) should not entirely give him her affections? Ah! *Oroondates*, complain of me no longer, and if death be to be sought, after our mutual losses, let us die both together, rather than make my soul incline to an unworthy, to an unjust repentance; that's a satisfaction I never refused you, and if all those you might have hoped for, were as easy to me, and as lawfully permitted, you should be satisfied, my dear *Oroondates*, and I should be no longer miserable.

She was wont to say much more, which by reason of its length, and of the effect it works upon your mind, I will not repeat; and lived on this manner, while the King received the Ambassadors at *Babylon* from all parts of the world, and while the Court was in such a splendor as had never been known before. Yet the Queen not enduring that abode, and believing she might find some abatement of her afflictions in solitariness, caused her Physicians to tell the King that change of air was necessary for the recovery of her health; and having with much ado obtained leave to retire to the Castle of *Calcis* for some days, she went from *Babylon*, accompanied only by the Princess her sister, who never would forsake her, my self, some of her maids, and her most necessary servants. The Queen having thus got her self free from  
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that great world, found indeed some sweetness in that retirement, and if the charming conversation of the Princess *Parisatis* was not able to blot out of her mind these discontents which overwhelm'd her, at least it partly lessen'd them, and made her avow, that though she was incapable of pleasures, at least her sorrows did not torment her with so much violence. You nevertheless were still in her remembrance, and I confess that seeing her one day in the same trances, and in the same grief for your absence, I had seen her in at *Babylon*, the pity (if I dare say so) which I had of her, and of your self, obliged me to propose your return to her, in case she would consent, and to revoke a sentence whereby she had condemned her self to so many torments; but that great Princess stopping me as soon as ever I mentioned it, It is just (said she) that I should suffer, since I have committed faults which deserve the punishment the gods have sent me; but it is unjust that *Oroondates* should return, and I know very well both how to suffer, and how to die, if it be necessary, rather than revoke a sentence, which my duty alone hath pronounced.

This indeed was the Queen's own resolution, but she was also confirmed in it by the Princess her sister, to whom she had totally open'd her heart with all manner of freedom, and who having in all her actions, but particularly in the applications made to her by Prince *Lyfismachus*, and *Hephestion*, appeared as a prodigy of sublime vertue, gave no counsel to the Queen that was not most conformable to what she had practis'd all her life. We spent our time thus in solitude, ignorant of all that pass'd elsewhere, when the whole earth almost changed her form by the death of *Alexander* the Great, to whom the Queen his wife had at her departure innocently given her last farewells, receiving from him his last embraces. I believe it was by the express order that was taken in it, that we alone were ignorant of a loss wherein the whole world was interested, when one of the King's guard came to the Castle where we were, with a Letter from his Master.

*Cleone* would have proceeded in her narration, and have told the Prince what he already had learn'd from *Lyfimaebus* ; but *Oroondates*, who hearken'd to her with impatience, and who was willing to spare her the pains of relating what he knew before, here interrupted her ; I am not ignorant (said he) which way you were deceived, nor how you were brought before the wicked *Roxana*, and died, in the opinion of every body ; but I know not how you were saved, nor how the Queen hath lived since, and that's it (if you please) which I desire to learn, without troubling you in the recital of things I have heard already. These words shortned *Cleone's* relation, and *Oroondates* telling her what he knew, when she had confirmed it, she proceeded thus :

I will add to what was related to you by *Tyreus*, that after *Perdiccas* had put the Queen, the Princess her sister, and me, into the Chariot, and was come into it himself, with his brother *Alcetas*, and another of his company, he made it take the way toward *Roxana's* house, and seeing those poor Princesses express their grief, and their apprehension by tears, and cries full of despair, he whispered the Queen in the ear, so low that he could not be overheard but by his brother, and the Princess *Parisatis* : Be not afraid, Madam, (said he) they would destroy you, but I will save you, with the peril of my fortune, and of my life. The Princesses were so troubled, that they scarcely understood those words, which were sufficient either to re-embolden them, or fright them more ; and in the mean time, they drove so fast, that within a short space we arrived at *Roxana's* house : I will not tell you again the Queen's encounter with her, nor the words of that cruel woman, which, in spite of *Perdicca's* promise, were enough to have struck a mortal terror in persons, whose love of life had not been quite extinguish'd ; but the Queen, in whom the fatal news of the King's death, had absolutely taken away all desire of it, hearkened to her threats unmoved, and not hoping for any safety, she followed *Perdiccas* and *Alcetas*, who led us out of the great chamber down the back stairs, while cruel *Roxana* placed her self at the window, to feed her eyes with a sight she had so inhumanly prepared. 'Twas with much  
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so that *Perdiccas* kept her from going down into the Court her self, and her interests in the death of *Darius's* daughters was so great, that she could not believe it certain, unless she were present.

We were half way down the stairs that led into that Court, when coming to a chamber-door, *Perdiccas* made us go in, and leaving us there in the custody of his brother, he took certain women out from thence with him, which he before had put under the guard of three or four of his men, in whom he had a great deal of confidence. They were slaves (as we have heard since) which he had cloathed in habits little different from those the Princesses were wont to wear; and having plotted with his brother, and those whom he trusted most, how he might abuse *Roxana's* sight, whom he was necessitated to obey, for very important reasons, he had caused them to be brought into that chamber secretly, by men of whose fidelity he was most assured. With these miserable wretches it was, that those cruel murderers went down the rest of the stairs into the Court, stopping their mouths with handkerchiefs, for fear their cries should discover the secret; and 'twas with the blood of those unfortunate creatures, that they satisfy'd *Roxana's* inhuman ambition, and deluded her sight; true it is, that the darkness and obscurity contributed very much, though *Roxana* stirred out from the window till the end of the execution, and there were lighted torches in the Court; but it is certain, that in open day, and in another place, it had been very difficult to carry the enterprize on that manner.

In the mean time we continued in the custody of *Alcibiades*, and of some of his men; and lest the noise we might have made, should discover the Princesses to their enemies, they led us out of that first chamber into another rather from the stairs. We were in so great a trouble, that neither fear nor hope had leisure to take place in our souls; and we remained for some time so stupified, that either the apprehension of death, nor the desire of safety, could work any thing upon us; but in this confusion the Queen's grief was more powerful than all her other thoughts, and remembering the news *cruel Roxana* had told

told her, of the death of the king her husband, she was so nearly touch'd with it, that she hardly had strength to stand upon her legs; and indeed she cast her self presently upon the side of a bed that was in the room, and the Princess *Parisatis* and I being set down by her, she began to solemnize her loss with a river of tears, which could not draw its source from any thing but a most sensible and real sorrow. No, Sir, I know you will not be offended, when I tell you the Queen was in as great an affliction for the death of that illustrious husband, as could be expected from so vertuous a Princess, and that she was as deeply struck with it, as if that affection had been settled in her heart from her earliest years, and had neither been crossed by the remembrance of her losses, nor by her thought of you. Neither the fear of death, which she did not believe she had utterly avoided, and the object whereof was still before her eyes; nor the ruin of her affairs, which this change brought into a manifest declining, found any place at all in her imagination, when she settled in it the remembrance of that great man whom the gods had given her for her husband; and in all her actions she made it appear that her interest had no share at all, in what proceeded from a pure and hearty affection.

The Princess *Parisatis*, whose greatest trouble at that time, was caused by her compassion of the Queen her sister's grief, shewed more assurance than she, and did all to comfort her that could be looked for from so great a friendship as hers. We were thus mournfully employ'd when *Alcetas* drew near the bed, and addressing himself to the Queen, Madam, (said he) fear not, the greatest danger is past, and if you will but keep silence a while in this chamber, my brother and I will save you, or perish with you. *Roxana* has been as happily deceived as we could wish, and we only stay for my brother's return, to carry you away from hence, and put you into a place of safety; if you be discovered, we have those here at our devotion, with whom we can defend you by open force; but if we can save you without noise, both your condition, and ours, will be much the better. While *Alcetas* spoke thus, the Queen turned her head to-  
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ward him, and instead of answering to his offers, It is true *Alcetas* (said she) that the King is dead? He is, Madam, (replied *Alcetas*) and *Roxana*, to secure the Kingdom to the child she is now big withal, would have extinguished all the race of *Darius* after him, and all those persons that might bring any obstacle to her power.

If the King be dead (added the Queen) why do you oppose *Roxana's* will? and why do you prolong a life wherein I shall find no sweetness after the loss of such a husband? let them perish, let them perish, these miserable reliques of *Darius's* family, and if *Roxana* be so thirsty of the blood of those who heretofore were her sovereigns, and his Mistresses, sacrifice to her rage this unfortunate woman who will live no longer, and save only my sister; she never was *Alexander's* wife, and tho' she was *Darius's* daughter, she is not in a condition to contest for those Dominions that once were his, against so many successors of your King. The Princess *Parisatis* interrupting the Queen at this discourse, Ask nothing for me, Madam, (said she) since life ought not to be dearer to me than to you; my losses are of the nature of yours, and though they be neither so fresh nor so considerable, by the difference of the persons we enjoyed, know that affection may make them equal in our minds, and that the part I bear in your affliction, absolutely takes away all the advantage it could have over mine. The Queen not being in a state to dispute it with her, only pressed her between her arms, and bathed her face with tears which ran from her eyes in great abundance; yet did she draw strength from her courage to enquire of *Alcetas* concerning the King's death; and he having given her an exact account of it, that sorrowful Queen at the end of his discourse fell into faintings, wherein for want of help, she was like to have died between our arms. After she was come to her self again, she began to bring forth the most woful lamentations, that the greatest of her affection, and the merits of the person she bewailed could put into her mouth. *Alcetas* prayed her in vain to be silent for her safety's sake, she was not capable of that consideration, and I think verily her cries would have discovered

discovered us at last, if *Perdiccas* had not come into the chamber. He instantly prayed the Queen to rise from the bed where she was set, to go along with him to a place of security, whither he would carry her; but she made little reckoning of what he said, and if the Princess her sister, and I had not raised her up almost by force, she would have continued there to expect her destiny. We went out of the chamber without any lights, and passed through a Gallery, at the end whereof there was a little pair of stairs; which we went down, and so out of that detestable house; we found a chariot at the door, into which *Perdiccas* putting us, took his place there with us, and his brother and one of his friends with him; and then the Charioteer, who had his directions what to do, drove presently to his house where we now are, and where the Queen, as well as you, hath passed a part of her exile.

Here *Oroondates* interrupting *Cleone's* Narration; O Gods! (said he) is it possible my Princess should so ungratefully have concealed her self from me, if she knew the place where I was, the condition I was in for her sake? Is it possible she should have been able to lodge with me under the same roof, without giving me at least the news of her being alive, since that of her being dead, had brought me so near to my grave? O what an excess of cruelty! O what a prodigy of ingratitude! He ended with a deep sigh, and *Cleone* going on with her relation; Stay but for the end of my discourse (continued she) and then if you find reason for it, you shall be permitted to condemn her. 'Twas not under the same roof we lodg'd; but at the end of this Garden, there is a little house having only a couple of chambers, and a closet or two, where we made our abode. *Perdiccas*, who by one of his followers that was *Polemon's* kinsman, had agreed for our retreat hither, thought it fittest for us to lie in that place, as being further out of the way, less in sight, and less subject to those inconveniencies which may happen in a house where a whole Family is lodged. He proposed it to the Princess and me as we were coming (the Queen being incapable of all conversation) and desiring for the interest of his own affairs, and

as he told us, for our own safety, that it would be unknown to the whole world, he prayed us to conceal our selves very carefully, since our ruin was inevitable if we were discovered, and *Roxana* was so absolute over the *Macedonians*, that it would be impossible for us to escape if the place of our retreat were known. He told the Princesses likewise that he could not undertake their protection openly against *Roxana*, being joined in Interest with her, and having been declared Governor of the Child that should be born of her; but if they would assist on their part, and keep themselves hid as he desired, he promised to divert all the Dangers that threatned them: He then endeavoured to set a high Value upon that Obligation, and represented to them, that by what he did in their favour, he manifestly hazarded his own Fortune and his Life. The Queen was so cast down, that she answered nothing to his Discourse, nor so much as hearkned to it; but the Princess her Sister, and I, in whom despair was less active than in her, endeavoured to supply that defect, and to receive *Perdiccas's* Advice for the Preservation of our Lives. We were very respectfully received by *Polemon* and his Wife, into the Lodging prepared for us, and those good People studied to serve their Princesses with great Zeal and Affection. As soon as they were going to bed, *Perdiccas* bid him Good night, and retired to the Town, to take Order for those important Affairs that lay upon him, and having told them he would come again the next day so secretly, that his Visits should never be known to any body, and that by all manner of Services he would strive to merit Pardon for the fear he had put them in. The Queen passed the rest of that Night in continual Sighs, *Parisatis* and I not being able to hinder the course of them, and scarce could she through her Weariness, with extream tormenting her self, get a little Sleep, or rather a little slumber toward the next Morning; she kept her bed that day, and all her employment was to deplore her Loss by most doleful Words, and by a Sea of Tears, whose flowing it was impossible for us to stop hardly for a Moment; *Alexander's* Name was perpetually in her Mouth, and his Idea always present to her remembrance:

brance; She by the greatness of her Vertue had so clean wiped out all the Causes she had formerly had to hate him, so imprint in the place of them, all that he had done in her favour, and all that was great and lovely in him, that she had nothing remaining of him, but a most dear Memory full of Love and Veneration. I should not have done of a long time, if I should repeat all the complaints she made for the Greatness of her Loss; and I believe your Jealousy would make that Discourse unpleasant to you, since you are already sufficiently disposed to be ill satisfied with her; I will pass them over therefore, and content my self with telling you, that when by the Height of her Courage, which had already resisted so many Losses without being dejected, and by the Persuasions of the Princess her Sister, she was become capable of a little Reason, we began to make some Proposal to her, touching her Safety, and the Establishment of her Affairs. Amongst *Alexander's* Successors, there was a good number in whom she had found much Affection to her Service, and from whom she might have hoped for great Assistance; of them Prince *Lysimachus*, who for his Quality, for his Vertue, and for his Credit, held one of the first Places, was not only at the devotion of the Princess *Parisatis*, but by a thousand Actions which had resounded loudly at the Court, had given sufficient Testimony, that he desired no better Fortune, than the Opportunity of sacrificing himself for her.

Prince *Pyrrhus*, and old *Antibachus*, had yet some Authority among the *Persians*; and I counsell'd the Queen to employ them all, and make use of them in the necessity of her Affairs, to maintain her self against the Power of her Enemies; but after she had reason'd a good while, we considered that we should find few Princes among *Alexander's* Successors that would dare to take up Arms against *Roxana*, knowing she was with Child of him, who was to command them one day, and for that reason was so absolute among the *Macedonians*, that they no longer followed any Body's Will but hers. As for *Lysimachus*, the Princess *Parisatis*, who till then had defended her self against his Love with an admirable Vertue, would not



employ him, whether it were that she was of too high a Spirit to give Matter of Obligation to a Man that was so much in love with her, and who according to the common Report had obliged her to be something sensible of it, or whether it were that she feared to lose him, in hazarding him alone against so many other Princes. For *Oxiartes* and *Artabafus*, there was no doubt of their good Wills, but they were alone, and retired into the Provinces which the late King had assigned them. These Considerations made them resolve to wait the pleasure of the Gods, without stirring any thing in a Condition wherein they were so little able, and to make use yet of *Perdiccas*, who alone knew where they were, and who could hurt them more than all the rest. With this design we put off a Habit which might be hurtful to the Intention we had taken to lie concealed, and having received other cloaths from *Poleman's* Wife and Daughter, we had a mind also to accustom them to call the Princesses by other Names than their own, which all the world knew belonged particularly to the Royal House of *Persia*.

Sure you have heard that the deceased King *Darius* came not to the Crown by Succession; and that tho' he was Son to *Arfanes* the chief among the *Persians*, the Kingdom had not belong'd to him, but that the Royal Line was quite extinct in the Person of King *Oebus*. His first Name was *Codoman*, and he was so called, when by a single Combat, which he fought at the Head of two Armies, he decided the Fortune of two Empires, and added *Armenia* to that of the *Persians*, who had trusted their Fortune to his Valour alone. The remembrance of this Action, and of many others he had done in their favour, obliged them with a common Consent to chuse him for their Sovereign, especially considering his Birth was indeed the highest of all the Kingdom, and that he was an Ally, and a near Kinsman of the deceased King *Oebus*, and of his Predecessors. *Codoman* having thus attained the Empire, thought fit, according to the Example of former Kings, to take one of those Names which used to be peculiar to the royal Family, as *Cyrus*, *Artaxerxes*, and *Darius*; so retaining the last for himself, he gave that of *Artaxerxes* to his Son, and

and those of *Stativa* and *Parisatis* to the Queen his Wife, and the two Princesses his Daughters. These Names also are held in such Reverence among the *Persians*, that they have never given them but to their Queens, and to their Princesses, who hardly ever bore any others. The former Names of the Queen, and of the Princess her Sister, who were born before their Father came into the Empire, were *Cassandra* and *Euridice*; 'twas under those they past the first Years of their Age, and seeing themselves reduced to the Necessity of forsaking those for some time, which the change of their Quality had made them take; they believ'd that in that second Revolution, they could not do better, than to return to those they had borne during their former Fortune, when they were in so tender an Infancy, that few were likely to have preserv'd the memory of it; they having also lost the hope of commanding the *Persians* any more, and with it the desire of keeping those Names which appertained only to their Sovereigns. It was therefore by those of *Cassandra* and *Euridice* that *Parisatis* commanded *Polemon* to call them, and I accustomed my self so well to it, that whenever I spake to them since, I always call'd them so.

*Polemon* and his Family, who served them with an exceeding great Zeal, and who knew what they owed unto their Princesses, could not get the Habit of it; but the Queen commanded them so expressely, that they were constrained to obey her, and to use themselves to forget Respect, that they might not say any thing that could discover them to their Domesticks. Part of that second Day was passed, when instead of *Perdiccas* whom we expected, we saw his Brother *Alcetas* enter, bearing Marks in his Face of a very sensible Grief; the Princesses having asked him the Cause, he told them that *Perdiccas*, as he was coming to visit them alone, to the end his Visits might be the less taken notice of, had met *Lyfsmachus*, who had defied him, and fought with him upon their Quarrel, and that after a long Combat which had been parted by strange Passengers, *Perdiccas* had received two very deep Wounds, but that the Chirurgicals affirm'd they were not dangerous, nor would keep him long in Bed; and that his Brother seeing himself by that Accident deprived of the

Means to wait upon them, had commanded him to supply his place, and in his room, to do them all the Services they could hope for from himself. The Princesses who had ever believ'd that *Lyfimachus* would not leave their Wrongs unpunished, and that he both lov'd *Parisatis* enough, and was generous enough not to forsake their Interests, for any Consideration of his own, by this News received a strong Confirmation of it; but tho' this Action was very obliging to them, and they valued the Person of *Lyfimachus* much more than that of *Perdiccas*, yet did they testify to *Alcetas*, that they participated in his Trouble, and were extreemly sorry for his Brother's Misfortune; they prayed him to assure him of it, and a little after, *Alcetas* being gone, they began to discourse upon that Adventure, and to deliberate between them whether they should discover themselves to *Lyfimachus*, and let him know the Condition they were in; but while they were in this Conversation, *Alcione*, *Polemon's* Daughter came into the Chamber, and put a new disquiet into the Queen's Mind, by the News she brought. The Princesses esteem'd that Woman by reason of her Beauty, and of many Marks of Discretion and Vertue they found in her; and at that time having received her with a great deal of goodness,

We have in the House (said she) a new Guest very much wounded, I am not certain that I know him, but if the Change which some Years, and the loss of Blood have caused in his Face, did not raze out some of the old Ideas, I should believe it to be that great Prince of *Scythia*, whom I have seen heretofore at *Babylon*, near the late King *Darius*; whom the whole Court adored for his Vertue, and who gained the Reputation of the bravest and valiantest Man in the World. Scarce had *Alcione* spoke these words, when the Queen touched at the Heart with them, fell into a cold Sweat all over, and began to tremble from Head to Foot, like a Person quite beside her self. The Princess her Sister, and I, observed it; and knowing the Cause well enough, did what we could to hinder *Alcione* from perceiving it, and having sent her upon some Errand to get her out of the Chamber, we remained alone with her at more liberty. Then by her wandring Looks expressing the Agitation of her Soul, Sister (said she)

consider

consider but my Fortune a little, and if this News be true, see by what a redoubling of Disasters she overwhelms me.

She accompanied these few Words with two or three Sighs, and while *Parisatis* full of Thoughts like her, mused upon that Adventure without answering, I could not dissemble my Opinion; and not seeing those Misfortunes in that Encounter which she complained of, Madam, (said I) I know not what Occasion you have to afflict yourself at this News; and in this Condition of your Affairs, I do not believe you ought with Trouble to receive the return of him, from whom of all Men living you may hope for most Assistance. Hold thy Tongue (said the Queen) hold thy Tongue, *Cleone*, and better understand a Mind, which cannot suffer any Memory but that of *Alexander*; scarce have I begun to weep for that deceased illustrious Husband, but *Oroondates* comes back to me, *Oroondates* that dear Scourge of my Days, from whom I cannot receive that Succour thou proposest to me as from other Men; Dost thou believe I can with an Indifference see that Man whom I have lov'd so well, and that Man who in spite of all my Considerations, and of all my Losses, I cannot yet keep my self from loving? And dost thou think I ought, or can see him otherwise, I who am Widow to *Alexander* the Great? I who began but two Days since to shed Tears for the Loss of an Husband, the greatest of all Men living; and I who ought to admit no other remembrance but his, unless I will make my self worthy of my Miseries, and become the Scorn of the whole Earth? Besides these Considerations of honour, dost thou believe that these tender Thoughts of Love which I really have for the Memory of my dear Husband, will be dispersed by the return of *Oroondates*? And dost thou judge also that the powerful Character of my first Affection can be blotted out by the Remembrance of what I owe to the Ashes of *Alexander*? The Queen pronounced these last Words with Tears and Sighs, which put her Sister and me into a Perplexity little different from hers; and afterwards she brought forth others which were so moving, that Persons the least capable of Pity, would have been deeply touch'd with them. I protest to

• faculty in dying for him, than in consenting to see him  
• again.

We were in this Discourse when *Alcione* came back from the Errand she had been sent on, and having enquired of her concerning their new Guest, she told us that according to the Chirurgions Report his Wound was not mortal, that she had seen his Face a second time, and that though he endeavour'd very carefully to keep himself from being known, she was more than ever confirm'd in her Opinion that it was Prince *Oroondates*. The Queen trembled at this Confirmation, but she dissembled her sense of it before *Alcione*, and calling me to her bed-side, she talk'd to me a great while of you, in Terms full of the Marks of a violent Passion, but of a Passion that was subject unto her Duty, and that feared, and trembled at the Memory of *Alexander*; she pass'd all the Night in cruel Agitations, and these new Disquiets mingled themselves so strongly with the former, that they banish'd out of her Mind all the hope of quiet which yet was left there. If the Remembrance of *Alexander* came into her Thoughts, with its most powerful Advantages, you presently appear'd before her in the most lovely charming form you ever had; and if that Figure wrought any defect upon her Heart, the Memory of *Alexander* again banish'd it as a criminal Seducer, or as an Enemy whose very Approaches were dangerous to her Reputation: If in the most violent of her Thoughts she cried out, O *Alexander*! she would add instantly after it, O *Oroondates*! yet she brought forth that last Name but as it were by stealth, and that constraint she us'd upon her self in favour of it, made it more dear to her than if she had pronounced it in a perfect liberty. The whole Night was spent on this manner; neither her Weariness, nor her former Watchings, making her incline to Sleep; and the Sun no sooner appear'd in her Chamber-window, but her sad Disquiets making her hate her Bed, she called to me to bring her Cloaths; I gave her those that were appointed her since the change of her Name, which were *Polemon's* Daughters, and which, as plain as they were, took off nothing from

from the Majesty of her ordinary Lustre. She was hardly dress'd, when being desirous to clear her Doubts with more Assurance, she sent for old *Polemon*, in whom she had already found a great deal of Understanding, Discretion, and Zeal to serve her; and as soon as he was at her Chamber-door, she rested her self upon his Hand, and went down alone with him into the Garden, where she sought out the most private Walks to entertain him with more liberty, and less danger of being discovered; but scarce had she begun to propose her Doubts to him, when she saw her self close by two Men, who as we have learn'd since, were *Lyfimachus* and *Araxes*; she was surprized at that Sight, and being unwilling to be known, she turned away of a sudden, and leaving *Polemon*, went out of the Garden at a little Door, which led her into the Wood. Within a while after, *Polemon* being come into our Lodgings, told the Queen that he was no more able than his Daughter to inform her touching what she desir'd to know of him, but that his Thoughts agreed with *Alcibiades*, and that he believed as she did, that the wounded Stranger was the Prince of *Scythia*; that he had not been able to learn any thing of it from them that served him, whether it were that they were ignorant, or that they had order to conceal it; that all he could guess at by their Discourse, was, that possessed with some violent Grief he had given himself that Wound, and that those that looked to him had all the Difficulty in the World to persuade him to live, and suffer his Cure to be endeavour'd. No sooner had *Polemon* given the Queen this Information, but she guessed at the Truth of that Adventure, and judg'd by her former knowledge of your Love, that the News of her Death had cast your Soul into that despair; this Belief redoubled (if it were possible) her Affection to you, and made her think of finding out some Means to see you without being seen of you. What (said she to her self) shall I have thrown my dear *Orcandates* into this danger, and shall I have received this last, this potent Mark of his love to me, and shall I know him so near me without seeing him? Ah! no; my Duty, you shall not be so severe; I will not forget you, though I see my dear *Orcander*, and I will be so circumspect in this

Action.

Action, that you shall be sure to receive no Offence by it. But miserable *Statira*, what would become of thee, if *Alexander's* Ghost should present it self to thee in this Visit, and reproach thee with thy Lightness in a threatening Voice? My Body (would it say to thee) hath not yet received the Rites of Burial, and dost thou run, ingrateful Woman, to new Affection? Dost thou seek Occasions to forget me, thou whom I have so dearly-loved; while the whole Earth, whereof I have been the Terror, is in a general Desolation? Ah, dear and glorious Spirit, give some Truce unto thy just Resentment, and consider that I am not guilty of Disloyalty, for being a little sensible; I reverence thee as much as I ought, and as thou canst wish, but I am so much indebted to poor *Oroondates*, that if thou wert alive, thou wouldst not forbid me thy self to see him for some few Moments, in a condition to which I alone have reduced him.

After having long contested on this manner, she resolved in the end to see you, if she could do it without danger of being discovered; and for that purpose, having conferr'd about it towards the Evening with *Alcione*, and told her that very important Reasons obliged her to certify her self with her own Eyes, whether or no it were the Prince of *Scythia*, she was long contriving Ways with her, and having found them all too dangerous, she hearkned a little to the last *Alcione* proposed. \* Madam, (said she) at the end of a Gallery to which I can lead you by a back Stair, there is a little Door which opens into the Space on the far side of his Bed, close to the Head of it; 'tis seldom made fast but toward the Gallery, and if to-morrow Morning, before those that wait upon him come into his Chamber, your Majesty will have me bring you in at that Door, it will not be hard for me to do so; and if any body should come in while you are there, you may easily get out the same way and not be perceived by any body; it will only be needful to learn if he be asleep, and for that purpose I will go in first, and looking in at the Curtain will bring your Majesty word.

The Queen was very sensible of the danger of this Method, and was long before she could approve of it; but at last, the ardent Desire she had to see you, made her pass over all manner of Difficulties, and resolve blindly to follow *Alcione*; she would not venture upon it without communicating it to the Princess her Sister; and that scrupulous Lady, not being able to yield to it, argued long against that Design, with many specious Reasons; but in the end, knowing how much she displeased the Queen in opposing her Intention, she agreed to her Desire, and would needs accompany her to the Door herself.

The Day hardly began to appear, when the two Princesses were ready, and *Alcione* being their Guide, led them through the Garden, while every body was yet asleep. The Queen went trembling up the Stairs, and if by the Accidents of her Life she had not been accustomed to great and dangerous Things, she would never have had Courage enough to execute that Enterprize. When she was in the Gallery, *Alcione* opened your Chamber-door very softly, and went gently to your Bed's Head; though the place was something dark, it received Light enough by the opening of that Door, to let *Alcione* see your Face was turned towards her, and that you were asleep; when she was certain of it, she came back to the Queen, who staid for her with inconceivable Fears and Impatencies; she went in nevertheless, but with inward Shiverings, and Apprehensions which put her almost besides herself; when she was by your Bed-side, and that by the opening of the Curtain, she discovered the Face which she had so extremely loved, and which neither loss of Blood, nor the Darkness of the place, could hinder her from knowing, her Affection transported her in such manner, that she was like to have gone beyond the Bounds of Modesty, to follow the violent Motions which that sight awakened; yet was she Mistress of her self even then, as she had been in all the Actions of her Life; and that constraint made her fall into a wondrous great Perplexity; she looked upon you as much as the Light would give her leave, with Thoughts enflamed by her former Passion, and with Raptures of Love, which she hath since confessed

to



to me as Crimes ; she was often even upon the Point of waking you, and discovering her self to you by all the modest Proofs you could desire of her Affection ; but she was often dissuaded from it by those severe scrupulous Considerations I have already mention-  
ed.

‘ Must it needs be so, (said she very softly) must it needs be so, my dear *Orontes*, that you should be longer ignorant of your present Condition, and that for weak Considerations, I should use a violence upon my self which kills me ? Must I conceal my Face from him, to whom my Heart was never concealed ; and must I refuse him my very sight, to whom I have totally given my Soul ? Ah ! no, vain shadow of an unjust Reputation, oppose thy self no more against such just, and such powerful Motions ; thou tyrannizest over me too inhumanly ; my dear *Orontes* must see me, and must receive at least this satisfaction, for so many Services he has done me.

In this Thought she put forth her Arm to wake you, but at that very instant the remembrance of *Alexander* came into her Mind, which not only diverted her from that Design, but also made her blush at it, and at the state in which she saw her self. ‘ What, (said she again) is it then the Wife of *Alexander* the Great, and of *Alexander* dead but three Days ago, that runs imprudently to seek a Man that has loved her, in his very Bed ? This Reflection confounding her, and stirring her up against her self, made her rise from the Chair where she sat, to go out of the Chamber, which she began to look upon as a place of Shame and Reproach to her ; ‘ Let us fly, (said she in Anger) let us fly from a place fatal to our Reputation, and make amends for the Fault we have committed, by a firm Resolution never to do the like again while we live.’ But at the Moment of that Separation, she could not forbear casting back her Eyes upon you ; and that Object insensibly dissipating her severer Thoughts, pull’d her back with more Weakness, and more Tenderness than before. ‘ Oh ! *Orontes* (added she with a deep Sigh) how hard it is to keep one’s Resolutions against  
you,

“ you, or rather how difficult is it to see you; and remember you, without loving you’ ? In this Confusion of Mind she continu’d till the Sun beginning to appear, brought Light into the whole Chamber ; but she got her self so sweetly near you, that she took not Notice of the stay she made ; and her several Disquiets had so distracted her, that I believe she would have staid there longer, if she had not heard you sigh twice or thrice, and seen you a while after stretch forth your Arms, and open your eyes. Nothing but your waking could make her go out of the Chamber ; but besides that, she at the same time heard the other Door open, and being unwilling to be surprized, she ran hastily away, and shutting the Door after her, went back to *Alcione*, who waited for her in the Gallery, from whence the Princess *Parisatis* was gone away before, upon perceiving a Man at the other end of it.

This Discourse of *Cleone*’s, recalling to the Prince’s mind the Remembrance of his Vision, O *Statira* (cried he) I saw you, for all the suddenness of your Departure, I saw you vanish like Lightning, but my Thoughts never reach’d the Truth of this Adventure. I took you your self to be but the Ghost of my Queen, that came to demand the Revenge I ow’d her against her barbarous Murderers ; the Prince *Lysmachus*, who had a glimpse of the Princess *Parisatis* in the Gallery had the same Conceit ; I was far enough from imagining, that at that same instant while I bewail’d your Loss with Tears of Blood, and while I preserv’d the Remainder of my miserable Life to revenge your Death, you could be so near me, and not vouchsafe to draw me out of that Error which had brought me so near to my Grave ; the Gods would have me ignorant of it then, but ’tis their Pleasure I should learn it now, that I might receive Confirmations of your hard-heartedness toward me.

If you have found her so in other Respects (replied *Cleone*) I do not think you have any cause in this Action to complain of her ; nor ought you to take it as a light Mark of Affection in a Person of her Quality and Humour ; and to say Truth, she esteem’d it one of the boldest and most dangerous she had ever ventured upon in all  
her

her Life, and if you had desired part of her Blood from her, she would more easily have granted it than such a Visit. She came away so troubled, that I feared some strange Accident had befallen her; and she told me all with such tender moving Expressions, that she drew Tears of Compassion from me. I have seen him, *Cleone* (said she) I have seen poor *Oroondates*, but 'twas only to redouble my Grief; as pale as he is, he is yet as lovely as ever he was, and I would it pleased the Gods, that either he had ceased to be so, or that I could cease to be sensible, or cease to live, since it is not their Will that I should live for him. After many Discourses of that Nature, she went forth in the Wood, where she sought out the most gloomy secret places to Trust her Sorrows to them, and that they might bear a share in them, she took a Bodkin which I gave her, and under the name of *Cassandra* engraved part of her Discontents upon the Rocks, and upon the Barks of the Trees. After that day she passed some others in these sad Employments, without being able to resolve to discover her self to you, nor to attempt the hazard of a second visit; and I know not whether she could have persisted in that Mind, but that she received a surcharge in her affliction which utterly cast her down, and which joined to her other Sorrows, threw her into a Fever which made her keep her Bed almost all the time that you did so; it was the News of the Death of Queen *Syngambis*, whom their Loss, together with her Grief for that of *Alexander*, had brought unto her Grave, which she voluntarily preferred before the Life she could lead after the Death of those that were so dear to her; The two Princesses were so exceeding sorrowful for the loss of that great Queen, that they were hardly to be comforted, and if the Princess *Parisatis* had not striven against her Grief, to take care of her Sister in her Sickness, she would quickly have been in a condition little different from hers. During all the time the Queen kept her bed, all her Thoughts were divided between you and her deceased Husband; she never said any thing that could show any trouble for the loss of *Darius's* Empires, nor of those which she had since possessed with *Alexander* in more glory than any Princess of the world; she never thought of

the fall of her House, nor of the Prosperity of her Enemies; and the little Power she had to revenge her self on them; she never envy'd *Roxana's* Fortune; nor ever made any complaint against her, but she appeared afflicted only for having lost *Alexander*, and for having lost the hope of possessing *Oroondates* without blame. She asked me how you did a hundred times a day; and I informed my self from *Alcione* and *Polemon*, that I might tell her. We quickly heard that *Lyfimachus* was with you; and the Princess *Euridice* receiv'd that News with inward Alterations able to shew that he was not indifferent to her; but such was her humour, that after that which had passed between them, and which was commonly known, she would have been more unwilling to discover her self to him than to all the Men in the World. That high Severity caused a great deal of constraint in her, and 'twas not without much ado that she concealed her self from him to obey that regular Vertue; yet did she take such care to hinder all Communication between your Lodging and ours; that your People never suspected any thing of our Abode; and *Alcetas* who visited us often, but always by Night, never had the least Suspicion of *Lyfimachus's* being in the House. True it is, that *Polemon* and his Family shewed a most discreet Fidelity, and the Princess represented the Importance of the Secret to them with such a Charge, that they kept it inviolably on both sides: Nor was the Danger small; for if those of *Perdiccas's* Party had known where *Lyfimachus* was, they would have taken Arms to revenge themselves upon him; and if *Lyfimachus* had not been ignorant of *Alcetas's* coming hither, he would have discharged part of the Hatred upon him, which he bore unto his Brother: But the order the Princess took in it, and *Polemon* by her command, prevented all the Mischiefs that might have hapned by those Encounters, if the Business had not been managed with extraordinary Care.

The Queen encourag'd her sickness as much as possibly she could; that it might have Strength enough to make an end of her; yet did she recover whether she would or no, and left her Bed the same Day that you did. Her Fever having neither been long nor violent, she lost not much

much of her strength, and within a few Days after her being up again, she had no need to keep her Chamber. But as that was the Time of her Recovery, and of yours, so was it likewise of *Perdiccas*; and that same Even he came to visit her, accompanied only by his Brother: the Princesses received him very civilly, and after some ordinary Discourse, *Perdiccas* represented to the Queen, that this place of retreat was too near *Babylon*, and that she had made a longer stay here than was fitting for her Safety, but that her Sickness, and his Wounds had been the cause of it; and that it was necessary to think of retiring to some other House, that was both stronger and further from *Roxana*. The Queen trembled at this Proposition, and though she had not resolved to let you see her, yet could she not without Grief think of going away from you; but because she saw a great deal of Reason in it, and that she had but little Power to contradict *Perdiccas*, she opposed it not, and only told him, that her Life was too full of Miseries to take so great a Care of it, and that whithersoever she retired, she still should carry her unfortunate Destiny along with her. *Perdiccas* went away presently after; and the Queen more disquieted than he was wont to be, passed the rest of the Night without speaking hardly so much as a word to us; I heard her sigh in her Bed with more than usual vehemence, and the next Morning as soon as I was up, she called me to her, and taking me by the Hand, which she pressed between hers; *Cleone*, (said she) thou seest me now both in the greatest Troubles of Mind, and the greatest Weaknesses that ever I was in since I was born. In short, *Cleone*, my Constancy is at an end, and do what I can to draw it out a few Days longer, it is impossible for me to conceal myself from poor *Oroondates*; besides the Incitements of mine own Inclination, which are powerful enough to make me break through very great Difficulties, when I remember what that poor Prince hath done and suffered for me, and the Condition to which he is yet reduced by his Love to me, I feel a Remorse which tells me I am to blame, which robs me of my rest, and which deprives me of the Means of resisting my Inclination; yet will I not let it carry me beyond what I ought to do, and I shall be  
enough

enough Mistress of it, to persevere in the Resolution I have taken to shut up all my Love within *Alexander's* tomb; but ! O *Cleone*, I can no longer conceal from him that I am alive; the News of my Death has already drawn much of his Blood, and if he continue in that belief, he will at last breathe out a Soul, from which mine cannot be separated by any Reason, nor by any violence; I would have him know I am still in the World, but in telling him that News, I would dispose him never to hope any thing more from me; this knowledge shall make me lose nothing of the Empire I always have had over him, and I am certain he is obedient and submissive enough, to regulate his Will by mine; he loves me too well, and my Reputation is too dear to him, to desire anything of me that may blast it; and if I can do nothing in favour of him but Actions of Lightness, and Inconstancy, he is too generous himself to persuade me to them. Before we go away from this place, whence *Perdicas* thinks it necessary we should remove, I will leave him some Assurance of my Life, and of my remembrance of him, but I will not have him conceive false hope by that Mark of my Affection, and I will use such Caution in it, as shall declare my want of Power, without giving him occasion to complain of me. When she had ended this Discourse, which I hearkned to without interrupting it, the Queen called for her Cloaths, and withdrawing into a little Closet, she began to write part of her Mind to you: Within a while after she came forth, and commanding me to follow her, tho' she was yet but weak, she went down the Stairs, and leaning upon my Hand, she took her walk into the Wood, where she sought those places that were most remote from the Abode of Men; where she had walked a while, she sat down upon a green Bank by the side of a little Brook; and having commanded me to sit down by her, she drew forth the Paper where in she had begun to write; but before she read it, *Cleone* (said she) I have left my Letter imperfect, because I have not the Courage to finish it, and I have begun it in Style which is little suitable to the Resolution I have taken; altho' I make some mention of it, methinks it is Terms which seem to slacken much of its strictness.

write to *Oroondates* under the Name of *Cassandra* which you have again given me ; but I will give charge to *Alcione*, who shall deliver it to him after your Departure, to clear all those Doubts this Alteration of my Name may work in him. Having said thus, she gave me the Paper, where by her Command I began to read these Words :

‘ THE unfortunate and happy *Cassandra* ; unfortunate by the change of her Fortune, and happy by the Fidelity of her dear *Orontes*, to her too faithful *Orontes*.

‘ Ah *Cleone* ! (cried *Oroondates* interrupting her) ’tis enough, I know every Word of that Letter, which fell miraculously into my Hands, and which I have dearly preserved by Reason of the Resemblance which the Style and Characters bore to those of my Princess : My belief of her Death suffered me not to conclude that it came from her ; and yet it left Doubts in my Mind, accompanied with some Beams of Hope, which I could never clear till now. With that he told her how that Letter fell into *Anaxes*’s Hands, how he had read the Words which *Cassandra* had engraven upon the Trees and Rocks, and the Effects it had produced in his Mind ; and having related all that Adventure to her at large, *Cleone* continued thus :

‘ It is true, Sir, that Letter might very well come to your Hand, in the manner you speak of ; for the Queen after having heard me read it, and discoursed with me a while upon that Subject, was so drowsy by reason of her former Watchings, that she lay down upon the Grass, and insensibly fell asleep, and within a while after I accompany’d her, holding the Letter still open in my Hand, but when I waked again I missed it ; and having sought it in vain with the Queen, who wak’d also presently after, we return’d the same way we came, and retired into our little Hermitage. The Queen was very glad she had put neither the Name of *Statira*, nor that of *Oroondates* in the Letter, knowing that nothing could be drawn from the Reading of it, that could discover her. She resolv’d to write

write another before she went to Bed, but she had scarce supp'd when she saw *Perdiccas*, and his Brother, come in to the Chamber. After he had saluted her in his usual manner; Madam, (said he) you are in very great danger if you stay here any longer; let us away I beseech you, and go without delay to a more assured Retreat; you have a Chariot here at the Door which will carry you thither in a little time, and there perhaps you shall be in such a Condition, that you shall but little need to fear your Enemies. These Words surprized the Queen extremely; and though she had prepared herself to go from you, she did not think it should have been so suddenly, and with so little leisure to effect her intentions of writing to you. She had some thought to give *Alcione* order to tell you by Word of Mouth, what she could not write; but she knew her not enough to trust her with a Business of that Importance, nor had she so much time as to instruct her in it, and *Perdiccas* pressed her so earnestly, that seeing her self at his Mercy, standing in fear of him, and not yet knowing his Designs, she could not in that Hurry take any other Resolution, then that of following him blindly, committing the Conduct of her Destiny and yours unto the Gods. We went on this manner from *Polemon's* House, which the Queen could not leave, without testifying by some Sighs, how sorry she was to go from the Place where you were; and the Princess her Sister, as great Constancy as she feigned at that Departure, was not without Trouble for having so carefully concealed herself from *Lyfimachus*. The Chariot we got into, travelled with such speed, that within a short time it carried us to a Castle some two or three hundred Furlongs from hence, upon the Bank of the *Euphrates*, which washes the Walls of it on one side, and on all the rest it is encompassed with a deep Mote, and so well fortified both by Art and Nature, that it would be very difficult to force it. It formerly belong'd to *Bigistanes*, who had been Governor of the Citadel of *Babylon*; and since was fallen into the hands of *Pucestas*, who was wholly at *Perdiccas's* Devotion. Thither we were carried, and there we found a great many Soldiers to guard the Castle and us; *Perdiccas* like-  
wife



wife had taken care to send *Grecian* Slaves thither to serve the Princesses ; but after having considered all things, and in what manner they were kept, they found that they were Prisoners, and that *Perdiccas*, instead of their Protector, was become their Master.

They were waited on with much Respect, and because *Perdiccas*, by reason of the Multitude of his Affairs, could not make his ordinary Abode there, he left the Care and Custody of them to his Brother, and contented himself with visiting them often, but exceeding secretly ; he for some Days carried himself to them, with all the Respect and all the Modesty they could desire, but afterward he began to take a greater Liberty, and by some Looks and Speeches made the Queen perceive, he had some Intention toward her, which he had not yet declared ; she was extremely troubled at this, but her want of Power made her dissemble it, while the Princess her Sister who had the same Cause of Complaint against *Alcetas*, behaved herself in the same manner. By little and little the two Brothers confirm'd these Suspensions by all their Actions, and they began to be no longer in Doubt, when *Perdiccas* took off his Mask, and impudently declared unto the Queen the Design he had upon her ; they were alone one Day in her Chamber, and *Perdiccas*, after having entertained her a while with indifferent Talk, chang'd his Style of a sudden, and spoke thus unto her :

I do not hope, Madam, you should without some Surprise, nor perhaps without some Anger, receive the Declaration I am forced to make to you ; neither will I wonder, if the Daughter of *Darius*, and the Widow of *Alexander* the Great, think all Men below them unworthy to serve her. It is true, Madam, you have held, and may yet hold the first Place among all the Princesses of the Earth, and that you cannot consider any Man with particular Inclinations, without falling from your former Dignity ; but the World hath no more *Alexanders*, and unless the Gods would raise him again whom they have taken from you, you must never hope to find a Husband of equal Merit. As long as he lived, my Respect to him made me smother the Thoughts I have ever had,

and

and the Concurrence of a Rival to whom I owed all my Fortune, made me lay aside those Pretensions, which with Justice I ought not to have quitted but for him. Now that the Destinies have deprived us of him, and that since his Loss I may say without Vanity or Falshood, that I know no Man greater than my self, I may, Madam, I may with less Presumption own the Passion I have for you. I know, Madam, that this Confession offends you, and I doubted not but you would think it strange from a Man whose Queen you once were, and still are so; but if among all Men living you can make a Choice without abasing your self, do me but the Favour to name me one, with whom I may not justly dispute for Priority. 'Tis true, I am not a King by Birth, yet am I of Royal Blood; and besides, your Majesty is not ignorant that I have Empires at my disposing, that common Kings are but Petty Slaves in respect of *Alexander's* Successors, and that amongst them all he pick'd out none but me to possess part of that place he had enjoyed; that Election was so glorious, and so authentick, that it deserves to be envied by all the Monarchs of the Earth; and 'tis from it alone I have taken Courage enough to open my Mouth before you, and to raise my Ambition to a Glory which cannot worthily be pretended to by any body: If you judge my Temerity Criminal, accuse not that Vanity of it, which I might draw from some Advantages I have, but a violent Passion which a most profound, and a most due Respect, hath made me cover with a Silence of many Years. I do not represent to your Majesty the State of your Affairs, nor the Need, or rather the Necessity you have of a powerful Support against a World of interess'd Enemies, who find their Quiet, and can find their Safety in nothing but your Ruin; this Consideration is too weak to have any Force upon your Inclinations, but I will add that to it, if you please, which you may have from a zeal full of Respect, and Submission, which will make me sacrifice my Fortune, and my Life it self, for your Interests, and for your Contentment.

The Queen stood in need of all her Patience, and of all her usual Moderation, to hear this long Discourse without falling into Anger; but having ever been of the greatest

greatest Temper of all the Persons in the World, and being prudent enough to consider the Misfortune of her Condition, and the Power *Perdiccas* had over her, she restrained part of that Indignation, which in another Season would perhaps have broke out in another manner; and looking upon *Perdiccas* with disdain, she without being much moved, replied; Have you so soon forgotten (O *Perdiccas*) what you owed unto your King, and have you by this change of your Fortune, which you alledge to me, lost the Knowledge of your self? Can that particular esteem which he shewed of you at his Death, and wherewith you seem to authorize your Fault, justify the Offence you do him? And in short, do you no longer remember you are *Perdiccas*, and that you speak to the Widow of *Alexander*? I know (answered *Perdiccas*) both what I owe unto the Memory of my King, and what I owe unto the Presence of my Queen; but by giving her a second Empire over me, of a more noble Nature than the first, I commit no Offence perhaps, whereof I may not hope for Pardon.

I content my self with the first (replied the Queen sharply) nay and if you will, *Perdiccas*, I'll quit that too, upon Condition you will but leave me in quiet, and that you no more will force me to hearken to Words which are an equal Injury to us both. I will obey you (added *Perdiccas*) as much as possibly I can, but you may be pleased, Madam, to let me conjure you to have some Consideration of the small Service I have done you, and to remember that but for *Perdiccas* whom she disdains, the Widow of *Alexander* had not now been in the World, That Reproach incensed the Queen yet more, and not being able utterly to dissemble it, What, *Perdiccas*, (said she) would you then have me think my self highly obliged to you, for not having cut my Throat as you had promised *Roxana*? Had I any way offended you? Or had you any Right over me, that should make me receive my Life from you as a Favour? Did you defend me against any other Enemies but your self? And is there any Man in the World that may not challenge the same Obligation? Do you believe, that to have pulled the Widow of your King, from whom you never received any thing but

but Favours, by Violence from amongst her Servants, to have carried her by Force unto her Enemies, to have brought the Knife to her very Throat, and not to have made an end of her, are such Services that you should upbraid her with them, and demand Recompences for them? Do you know any Body among all the most cruel Enemies of our House, from whom I have not received at least as good Offices as these? If all Men (added *Perdiccas*) had been as deeply interested in your Death, if they had hazarded what I have done in saving you, and if a good part of the World had been proposed to them for a Reward, perhaps few would have been found that would have preferred your Safety before all these Considerations. Yet is it dearer to me than all the Empires of the Earth, and 'tis not to reproach you that I put you in mind of it, but to give you some Knowledge of the Advantage your Interests have in me above mine own, and to gain some Credit with you, for him who will not be useless to you in this Change of your Fortune. He would have said much more to the Queen upon this Subject, but she commanded him to hold his Peace, and that with so Majestick a Look, that at that time he had not the Confidence to prosecute his Discourse, but going from her with a low Oobeisance, he returned the same day to *Babylon*. He was no sooner gone, but the Queen sent for the Princess her Sister, and me, into her Chamber, and told us all these Passages, but with so great Indignation, that in my Life I never saw her so extremely moved. We are Slaves (pursued she) I see it plainly, and this number of Persons here about us, is only to keep us fast, and not to defend us; if I were free I would not stay a Minute in a place where this insolent Fellow has any Power, and if he persists to offend me thus, I will leap over these Walls rather than endure his Persecutions. O *Alexander* (continued she, letting fall some Tears) if after the loss of thee, I were capable of a second Affection, thy Memory would be less injured, in having him thy Successor in my heart, to whom I had given it before thee, than in seeing this place which was mine, unworthily possessed by this ungrateful Man.

The Princess at the Queen's Discourse, only shrunk up her Shoulders, and by that action made her comprehend, that she thought her Fortune was very little different; The Queen who had begun to take notice of *Alcetas's* Carriage, guessed at her Sister's Destiny, and entreating her to let her know the Truth of it, she at last confessed that that presumptuous Man had entertained her with Discourse almost like that of his Brother's, and that to authorize his Pretensions, he often alledged that *Hephestion's* Birth was not higher than his, nor his Person more considerable, and that the Queen and she after their Losses, and the utter Ruin of their House, could not find any surer Support than those two Brothers, who had all the *Macedonians*, and the greatest part of the Princes, at their command.

After this mutual Knowledge of their Displeasures, these two great Princesses began to deplore their Misery, and shewed a greater Sense of this last Assault of Fortune, than they had done in their Apprehensions of Death; then it was that they both together condemned their scrupulous Severity, and that they repented they had so obstinately concealed themselves from you, and from *Lyfimaachus*; They would willingly have repaired that Fault if it had been possible, but they were utterly deprived of Means; I could not be permitted to come out of the Castle, and for a Business of that Nature, there was no body else there whom they durst trust. They studied in vain to find out ways, either to get at Liberty, or to give you Notice of their Captivity, and in the end they saw themselves reduced to the Necessity of hoping for no Assistance but from Heaven, which till then seem'd to have forgotten them; Alas, Sir, with what Discourses did the Queen when entertain me concerning you! And with how many Fears did she deplore your Miseries! And how many Charges did she lay upon me, to justify her Memory to you after her Death! For she was resolved to suffer a thousand Deaths, if possible, rather than abate the least Title of what she owed to *Alexander*, and to your self, in favour of *Perdiccas*. If it please the Gods (said she to me) that you ever see him again, tell him, O *Cleone*, that  
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of all the Women in the World I have been the least ungrateful, and the least inexcusable; that I loved him to my Grave, with the most pure, and most real Affection that ever was, and that I die his as much as I can possibly, after the Gift I have made unto my Husband: But represent to him, that I could not carry my self otherwise, without being unworthy of that perfect Affection which was all my Glory, and which after so many Misfortunes wherewith my Life has been crossed, would make me die satisfied, if I believ'd I had deserv'd it. Put him in mind of that Action, which against his own Interests he did from Vertue, and Generosity, for the Safety of *Alexander*, and make him comprehend (if thou canst possibly) that the same Reason ought to make me conquer my Inclinations, that I might not do any thing unworthy of *Oonantes* his Fidelity. This was her talk to me oftentimes, and in the interim *Perdiccas* and his Brother not being repulsed with the first Answers they had received, continued to persecute them with great importunity; but they found so little Satisfaction by it, and so many Proofs of their Displeasure, that they would no more have disturbed them with such like Addresses, if they had preserv'd any Respect at all to them.

One day *Perdiccas* having indiscreetly pressed the Queen, she was so highly incens'd, that looking upon him with Eyes full of indignation, *Perdiccas* (said she) either cease to torment me, or put me again into *Roxana's* Hands; that Condition will be much more tolerable than your Persecutions, and I shall endure her Cruelties with more Patience, than the Indignities to which you have destin'd me. As confident as *Perdiccas* was, he was struck mute with that Reply; and his Brother was not at all more gently used by the Princess *Ratisatis*; for he having once again represented to her the Advantages he pretended above the deceased *Hephestion*, that brave-spirited Princess, whose Affections to her Husband had been exceeding strong, seeing his Memory injured, had not power enough over her self to forbear answering sharply: *Hephestion* (said she) was more considerable than you in all things; besides that his Birth was Nobler than yours,

he by his Virtue was worthy of his King's Favour, and of mine ; but you will never deserve either while you live.

The two Brothers supported these Scorns with Patience enough ; and the Queen having one Day demanded Liberty of *Perdiccas*, that she might retire to those of her nearest Kindred that were left, *Perdiccas* refused her openly, and feigning to be officious, Madam, (said he) I have more care of your Preservation than you your self, and I too well know the danger you would run, if I should forsake you ; I ought to give account of you to my Passion, and to the Memory of my King, and I consider both too much to expose you to such manifest Perils. The Queen knowing certainly by this Reply, that all Hope of Liberty was taken from her, had recourse unto her Constancy, and to her ordinary Resignation, and with the Princess her Sister, sought for Comfort in them alone. Besides the Interests I had in their Discontents, I was not quite exempt in what concern'd my self ; and as unhandlom as I am, I was persecuted by *Nicanor*, a near Kinsman to *Perdiccas*, and in whom of all his Friends he had the greatest Confidence ; this Man, whether it were that out of Complacency he would imitate *Perdiccas*, or that he thought to oblige me, by shewing an esteem of me, or that he found something in me which he out of a Blindness thought Lovely, expressed a very particular Affection to me ; but it was with much Respect and Discretion.

We lived on this manner till that very Day, when, according to what I have heard from *Araxes*, you sought the Combat in which you got those Wounds which keep you now in Bed. That same Day the Queen being in her Chamber, accompanied only by the Princess her Sister and me, *Perdiccas* came in compleatly armed except his Head-piece, and after having saluted them with a Countenance more troubled than ordinary, Madam, (said he to the Queen) you have hitherto shewed so much Awe to this Place, and so much Desire of a more perfect Liberty, that I no longer can resist your Will, and if you be yet of the same Mind, I will deliver you from  
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this place you hate so much, and will carry you where you have been Sovereign, and where you shall be freed from my Importunities. The Queen, who whithersoever they carried her, could not believe her Condition worse than it was, received that Proposal joyfully, and looking upon him with more Chearfulness than usually, Yes *Perdiccas* (said she) you will do us an extream good Office if you take us from hence ; and if you set us at Liberty, we will cease to complain of a Captivity insupportable to all free Persons.

As soon as ever you are ready (added *Perdiccas*) you shall be permitted to depart, and we will only convoy you to the places where you may be in Safety, and where you will have no more need of us. The Queen was instantly ready, and instantly resolv'd upon that Departure ; and going out of the Chamber with *Perdiccas*, while the Princess and I did the same with *Alcetas* and *Nicanor*, she went down Stairs, and so out of that detest-ed House. At the Door we found a Chariot with good Horses, and a Dozen or Fifteen Horsemen well arm'd to convoy it. *Perdiccas* having desired the Queen to get up into the Chariot, she placed her self in the hinder end, and was no sooner set, but *Perdiccas* stepping in after her, the Boot was presently put up, and the Charioteer, who had Order what he should do, lash'd on his Horses, and drove away full speed. *Alcetas*, *Nicanor*, and all the rest remained with us, except only one Servant mounted upon a gallant Horse of *Perdiccas*'s, who carrying his Cask gallop'd after the Chariot.

I am not able to tell you how great our Astonishment was at so unexpected an Adventure ; we turn'd our Eyes, and stretch'd forth our Arms toward the Chariot, whence we still heard the Queen's Cries, and saw her thrust her self out at the sides, striving all she could to cast her self down head-long ; but *Perdiccas* was strong enough to hold her with ease, and the Horses ran so fast, that within a short time we lost sight of the Chariot. The afflicted *Parisatis* seeing her self kept back by *Alcetas*, who would not suffer her to follow the Chariot on Foot, turned courageously toward him, and looking upon him with Eyes sparkling with Anger, Traitor (said she) is



this then the Liberty thou givest us? And does thy Brother (more base and disloyal than thy self) use the Wife of *Alexander*, and the Daughters of *Darius*, thus? Monster! if thy Rage and his be not glutted, prosecute thy Crime to the utmost, and with that Sword which thou wearest unworthily by thy side, pierce this Heart, which shall never be capable of any thing for thee but Hatred and Detestation.

The despairing Princess would fain have said more; but the impetuosity of her Anger, which was not to be restrained, hindered her from expressing her self distinctly; and Weakness succeeding that first Vehemence, her Strength forsook her, and she sunk down upon the Grass, where I would have held her in my Arms, but my Grief and Amazement being no less than hers, I was not able to do her that Service, and she was fain to receive it from *Alcetas*, whether she would or no. Her Grief at the Queen's being carried away, and her Apprehension to see her self at the Mercy of those whom she held for her most cruel Enemies, made her fall into a Swoon, in which she lay half an Hour before she came to her self again. I then used force upon my own Affliction, to give her Assistance, and with often throwing Water in her Face, we made her Spirits return at last. As soon as she opened her Eyes, and saw her self encompassed by *Alcetas*, and all those armed Men, she fell into her former Anger; and the Violence of her Sorrow transporting her beyond the Limits of her ordinary Moderation, she poured forth a thousand Imprecations against them. Wicked Fellow (said she to *Alcetas*) never hope that either the Gods or Men will leave thy Villany unpunished; we are not so utterly abandoned by them, but that the Thunders of the Gods, and the Arms of Men, may do something in favour of us; thou shalt know that neither all the Race of *Darius*, nor all the Memory of *Alexander*, is quite extinct among the *Persians*, nor amongst the *Macedonians*, and that we are not so absolutely forsaken, but that we may yet arm both for the Ruin of thee, and thine. She said many other Things, to which *Alcetas* made no Reply, and when he had let her vent part of her Fire, he drew near to her, and striving to put a Gentleness in his

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Countenance, and to feign Compassion of her Afflictions, Madam, (said he) be not afraid for the Queen, nor for your self, she is with him who of all Men living has the greatest Passion to serve her ; and you have them with you who of all Men in the World, have the most Zeal and Respect for the Princess *Parisatis* ; 'tis the Indiscretion of the Charioteer, or the Madness of the Horses which ran away with him whether he would or no, that deprives you of the Queen's Company for a few Moments ; but I protest to you by all the Gods, and by whatsoever I acknowledge to be most sacred, that within a very little time you shall be with her again, and I only stay for a Chariot to carry you thither presently ; this Delay shall not be above half an hour, and I wish that all those Thunders wherewith you threaten me, may fall upon my Head, if I do not punctually execute what I promise you.

Tho' by this Adventure the Princess had lost all the Confidence she might have had in those Persons, and by *Perdiccas's* Deceit had all manner of Occasion to mistrust his Brother, yet did she seem to clear-up a little at that Promise of *Alcetas*, and she suffered me to endeavour as much as possibly I could to give her some Consolation. We had not been thus employed longer than the time *Alcetas* had demanded for the Arrival of a Chariot, when we saw one appear indeed ; the Princess's Mind getting a little Assurance at that Sight, and at the Protestations full of Oaths which *Alcetas* made to pacify her, she rose up from the place where she was sitting, and at our Solicitation went to the Chariot ; but for fear of being deceived like the Queen, she would needs have me get in first, and as soon as she had taken her place, only *Alcetas* and *Nicanor* came up to us, and the rest followed the Chariot, which *Alcetas* caused to drive after the other, and about an hundred Paces wide of the great Road to *Babylon*. We waited trembling for our Destiny, and *Alcetas* and *Nicanor* endeavoured to reassure us with the mildest Words their Passion (whether true or feigned) could suggest ; but our Affliction was so heavy, that we gave little Attention to their Discourse. We had travelled about an Hour at a good Rate, when we saw co-

ming the way we went, a Man on Horseback compleatly arm'd, who carried a Woman behind him ; we did not much consider the Fashion of his Arms, but when he was near enough to be discerned, we knew the Woman to be the Queen ; we were yet in doubt of the Truth of it, when we were confirm'd by a Cry she sent forth at the Sight of us. Ah ! See yonders my Sister, cried she to him that rode before her. This Encounter troubled *Alcetas*, and he was ready to have leapt out of the Chariot, but he was afraid to lose the Princess, whom he had much ado to hold ; wherefore he contented himself with crying out to his People to stop that Horseman. Those Words affrighted not the Stranger, who getting the Queen to alight, instantly drew his Sword, and flew upon our Guard with a fury which made them quickly find that Number was not able to terrify him. *Nicanor* seeing the beginning of that Fight, leapt out of the Chariot ; and I who had already seen the Queen my Mistress alight, having no longer any body that held me, threw my self presently after him, and ran to the Queen, who being stept a little aside, beheld that unequal Combat with mortal Apprehensions. *Alcetas* who saw her in that Condition, and was loth to let go his hold of the Princess, or to fail in *Perdiccas's* Design, cried out to two of his Horsemen to take the Queen and to bring her into the Chariot ; they obey him instantly, and seizing upon her, while her valiant Champion was busied against their Companions, in spite of all the Resistance she could make, put her into the Chariot. *Alcetas* commanded them to come in with her, and the Charioteer presently after drove away so swiftly, that he was gone in a Moment. Ah ! Sir, how unspeakable was my Grief, when I saw my dear Mistress carried away, and that I could not possibly wait upon her. I never staid to see the issue of the Fight, the beginning whereof was very Glorious for the Stranger ; but running after the Chariot like one in despair, I quickly was gotten a good way from the place ; but my Pursuit was as vain as my Cries, and I grew so tired with running, and tormenting my self, that after having lost sight of the Chariot, I fell down quite out of Breath, and so extremely weak, that I was not able

to get up again. It would be to no purpose, Sir, to repeat the Lamentations I made after such a Loss ; my Sorrow was so great that it would be very hard for me to express it ; but I continued there rather dead than alive, till the Sun was almost ready to set, before I so much as thought of rising from the place where I lay ; and I know not what would have become of me, if a good honest Country-man and his Wife, who passed by that way, and saw me in that Condition, had not taken me up, after they had wiped away my Tears, and endeavoured to give me some Comfort ; they prayed me to go with them to their House for that Night : My fear of being left without help in the dark, which came on apace, made me accept their Offer ; but I was so weary and so weak, that without their Assistance it was impossible for me to go.

Their little House was not far from thence ; and as soon as we were come thither, I entreated them to put me to Bed, which they did with a great deal of Charity ; but the Labour, Heat and Sorrow I had endured, cast me into a Fever, and I was so ill all Night, that without the help of those good People, I verily believe I should have died. All the Day following, which was Yesterday, I continued in the same state ; and tho' I remembred you, and would have striven to come and bring you this unwelcome News, I found my self not able to leave my Bed.

The next Night my Fever abated, and this Morning finding it was almost quite gone, and that my Strength was a little recovered, I arose ; and having acquainted the good Woman with my Intention to go to *Polemon's* House, she told me it was not above twenty or thirty Furlongs from hers, and that she and her Husband would guide me thither as soon as he returned from the Town, whither he was gone to get some Provisions. I staid for his coming back, and presently after, his Wife making my desire known to him, he offered himself with her to accompany me ; so by their Assistance I came hither, where I presently met *Araxes*, who was not a little surprized at that Encounter, and from whom I learned your last Combat, and the state of your Health. Behold (con-

timed *Cleone*) the Life the Queen hath led since your Separation ; and the state I left her in ! I have made you the true Recital of it, upon your Complaints against her ; and tho' indeed by your Misfortune and hers, you have not received the Recompence which was due unto your Services, yet do I not believe she is so faulty toward you, as that you should fly to Reproaches, which have something of Cruelty in them ; and I am most assured that you have too much Generosity, to refuse her your Assistance, in the Disasters she is fallen into, and perhaps partly through her Love to you.

*The End of the First Book.*



The



# The Third Part of *CASSANDRA.*

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## BOOK II.



*Leone* ended her Relation on this manner ; and the Prince who had hearkned to her with great Attention, finding the Conclusion of it less conformable to his Belief than to his Desire, could not forbear shaking his Head to shew how little Credit he gave to part of her Discourse ; and having looked a while upon her without speaking, *Cleone* (said he) you do ill to flatter my Misfortunes, or to deceive me cunningly your self ; I believe you have told me the Truth in your Mistress's Disasters, but in mine you have totally conceal-  
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*dates* had made Lovers, or rather Idolizers of his Virtue, and who came with *Lyſimachus* to ſee him, to mingle their Interests with his, and to offer him their new Estates, their Friends, and their very Lives. Their Age was little different from that of *Lyſimachus*, and for graceful Mein, and Greatness of Courage, they yielded little to him, or any other Person in the World. *Ptolomeus* was something brown, but his Features were exceeding good, his Eyes sparkling, and his Stature marvellously exact, and in all his Actions, he shewed Marks of an extraordinary Greatness, and such as were worthy of that Renown he acquired afterwards, by many gallant Victories, of one of the most valiant Princes that ever liv'd. *Eumenes* was of a fairer Complexion, and had more sweetness in his Eyes; but one might observe a Vivacity in them, which testified that of his Mind; and to say Truth, he was esteemed above all *Alexander's* Successors, for the Prudence wherewith his Valour was accompanied; and 'twas with a great deal of Justice, that he had the Reputation amongst them, of one of the best Commanders in the World. *Oroondates* seeing *Lyſimachus* come in, stretch'd out his Arms to him, and *Lyſimachus* receiving his Welcomes with much Affection, and with a Respect which he had never had to any body but *Alexander*. Sir, (said he) shall I never see you but full of Wounds? And have the Gods given me the Honour of your Acquaintance, only to overwhelm me with new Sorrows for your sake? This Goodness of yours towards me, (replied *Oroondates*, still embracing him) makes mine more sensible to me, by your participating in them; but 'tis with some kind of Justice, since your Fortune shall ever make the best part of mine. After these first Endearments, *Lyſimachus* presented his two Friends to him; and he had no sooner named them, but *Oroondates* having those famous Names in Veneration, and remembering some good Offices he had received from them, would have raised himself upon his Bed to receive them, but they opposed a Formality that might be hurtful to him; and looking upon him with an Admiration, accompanied already with a great deal of Love, they in the most obliging Terms they could make use of, declared the Intention which had brought them thither,

thither, and beseeched him to accept the Passion they had to serve him, and to give them some part in his Friendship after that of *Lyfimachus*.

*Oroondates* highly obliged by this Civility, being one who in that had never yielded to any body, bowed himself very low, and receiving their Offers with great Submission and Acknowledgment, he made his to them so gracefully, that by that Action alone, he perfectly gain'd them, and confirm'd the Opinion *Lyfimachus* had already given them of him. The Passion I had for Prince *Lyfimachus* (said he with an Air full of Sweetness and Majesty) could not be augmented but by a Favour of this Nature, and I should be much less oblig'd to him for the Gift of *Asia*, than for two so considerable Friends. Your Vertue (replied *Ptolomens*) will gain you through all the World as many Friends and Admirers, at there are virtuous Persons; but if such as we are, be for their own Persons inconsiderable to the greatest, and most generous of all Men, yet perhaps they may not be so, for the Zeal full of Respect and Esteem which they will bear eternally to you. I should be much to blame (answered the Prince) if henceforth I should esteem my self miserable, since Fortune repairs the Harms she does me by so great and important a Happiness; but as I have little deserv'd it, so will I likewise acknowledge it as a mere Favour which I hold from your Goodness, and whereof I will endeavour to make my self worthy by the Desire I have to be inviolably yours. These Compliments lasted yet awhile, and those two gallant Men beholding *Oroondates* with a marvellous Attention, remembered the great Things they had seen him do at the Battels of *Issus* and *Arbela*, his admirable Interview with *Alexander*, and many other Passages of his Life, which they had heard related as Prodigies; and *Oroondates* at the same time called to mind the Obligations he had to them, and particularly to *Eumenes*, who at the last Battel had caused him to be taken from among the dead Bodies to be carried to *Arbela* with a great deal of Care, and given so good Order for his Cure, that he owed his Safety only to his Assistance. The Memory of that good Office in a mind like that of *Oroondates*, wrought a most powerful Effect,  
and



and that grateful Prince having made a Reflection upon it, turned toward *Eumenes* with an humble Countenance, full of that Sweetness which was natural to him, and putting forth his Hand to him, after he had kissed it, you should do no less (said he) generous *Eumenes*, than visit one of your Creatures, and take some care of a Life which you have acquired to your self, ever since the time that you preserved it. *Eumenes* received this Compliment with great Modesty, and taking his Hand with much Respect; that small Service (replied he) was not worthy of your Remembrance, but such as it was, I am prouder to have it done you, than if I had conquered the best part of *Asia*.

*Oroondates* having again returned *Eumenes* his Civility, and given those two new Friends new Occasion to admire him, turned towards *Lyfimachus*, and with a Look more chearful than ordinary; Which way (said he) O my dear Companion, shall I be able to acquit my self of this last Obligation? Certainly the Gods have taken care of it, and in making me receive this last Favour, they have furnish'd me with the only Means to requite it; 'tis with one Word alone I pretend to pay you, and without taking any thing from the value of the Engagement you have laid upon me, I believe I may give a full Satisfaction, by telling you, if you have not heard it already, that *Parisatis* is alive. The Effect of this News appeared instantly in *Lyfimachus*'s Countenance, and he had no sooner heard those Words, but suffering himself to be transported with the first Motions of his Joy, he was like to have lost his Senses, and his Understanding; but within a while after, reflecting upon the Impossibility of it, he fell back into his former Condition, and crossing his Arms upon his Breast, with a sorrowful Gesture, Ah! Sir, (said he to the Prince) what Contentment can you find in abusing my Grief on this manner? It is the same with your own, and I do not think you are so fortunate your self as to make sport with those that are miserable. I knew (replied *Oroondates*) that the Happiness I bring you was too great to be believed, but if I am not worthy of Faith, learn more certain News of it from *Cleone*.  
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These Words made *Lyfimachus* and his Friends turn their Eyes upon *Cleone*, whom they had not yet taken notice of; and *Lyfimachus* no sooner knew her, but he was half-persuaded of his good Fortune; he ran to her with open Arms, and conjuring her presently to tell him true if his Princess was alive, he received a Confirmation from her, which was like instantly to overcome his Spirits; and to say Truth, he stood in need of all his Powers to resist that pleasing Surprise, and he remained above half an Hour so astonish'd, that he was neither capable of Reasoning, nor of hearkening to the Discourses of his Friends; when he was a little settled, his Joy broke forth into Actions, which nothing but his Youth and Passion could excuse. *Ptolomeus* and *Eumenes* were so concerned in it, that their Expressions came not far short of his; and running to *Cleone*, they begg'd of her all together, to make them the Relation of that admirable Adventure, and to let them know by what prodigious Assistance of the Heavens, the Princesses who had been stabb'd, and cast into two Wells, could possibly avoid Death, and deceive the Belief of so many Persons, who had been sensibly interested in their loss. *Cleone* who was willing to oblige them all, and engage them further in the Party of the Princesses, began the Recital again, which she had made to *Oroondates*, and while he was at dinner, she told him all she had before recounted: It is true that her Narration was much shorter than the former, because she cut off all the Discourse of the Loves of the Queen and *Oroondates*, which made the best part of it; and contented her self with relating those Adventures that were common to both the Princesses, without particularizing their most secret Thoughts. *Lyfimachus*'s Joy was a little abated, when by the end of that Story he knew his Princess was still in the Power of her Enemies, and that she had not absolutely escaped a Death which they yet might give her; but he drew Matter of Consolation from that which would have caused Discontent in many others, and he hoped with Probability, that the Love of the two Brothers would secure the Lives of the two Princesses; that Belief made his Jealousy supportable, and permitted his Joy

Joy to dissipate part of those Sorrows which had caused a great Alteration in his Countenance.

‘ Brave Prince of *Scythia*, (cried he) let us revive our  
 ‘ Hopes, since it so pleases the Gods ; our Princesses are  
 ‘ Prisoners, but yet at least they are alive, and we are  
 ‘ potent enough to pull them out of the Hands of our E-  
 ‘ nemies, and make them perish in so just a Quarrel ;  
 ‘ those Arms we meant to turn against them for their  
 ‘ Revenge, shall now be employed for their deliverance,  
 ‘ and you shall see so many gallant Men embrace our In-  
 ‘ terests, that you will not disdain our Party.’ It cannot  
 chuse but be most powerful (replied *Oroondates*) being  
 composed of such Persons as you and your Friends ; and  
 if you have the Goodness to receive me into it, I hope I  
 shall become valiant by your Examples, and by the Re-  
 membrance of the Justice of your Quarrel. In the care  
 you have taken to conceal your self from Men (added  
*Ptolomæus*) your Vertue has deceived you, and if you de-  
 sired your Valour should be unknown to them, you ought  
 to have forborn those Proofs you have given of it, which  
 have acquired such a Fame through the whole Earth, that  
 no body can be longer ignorant of it. You must not en-  
 ter into a Party (pursued *Eumenes*) whereof you ought to  
 be the Head ; all our Companions will voluntarily submit  
 themselves to you, as to him that is most concerned, and  
 most worthy to command them ; I know they will make  
 good what I say, and that they will march under you with  
 the same Confidence as they have heretofore march’d un-  
 der *Alexander*. *Oroondates* was almost confounded at so  
 obliging a Discourse, and seeing so many great Princes,  
 and at the same time so many great and potent Kings, yield  
 an Honour voluntarily to him, which without dispute  
 they might have carried from all the other Monarchs of  
 the Earth, he seem’d in a manner stricken at so extraor-  
 dinary a Civility ; but desiring to shew them he was not  
 of a Humour to abuse their Offers, nor to be puffed up  
 with them ; I know too well (said he) what the whole  
 World owes to its Conquerors, and to its Masters, not  
 to render them with it, what all Men render them with  
 Justice ; and the condition of a poor Prince without For-  
 ces,

ces, without support, and without Means to serve in your Party otherwise than in his own Person, cannot be more Advantageous than to follow the bravest and the most valiant Princes upon Earth. He added many other Words, to which the Princes replied with the same Humility; and after an interview full of most obliging Protestations, *Lyfimachus* desired to hear the Circumstances of *Oroondates's* last Adventures, whereof he had heard nothing but a little confusedly; and the Prince, to satisfy him, related his Encounter with *Perdiccas*, that of the Princess his Sister, and his Combats against *Arfacomes*, and against the Stranger who had put him into that Condition. The three Princes having hearkned to that Recital with Admiration, *Lyfimachus* told him how he had learn'd the state of his Health, and something of his Combats, by one of his Servants who came to him to the Camp; and how *Ptolomeus* and *Eumenes*, seeing him ready to go to visit him, would needs bear him company, to offer him their Services, and to satisfy the Desire they had to know a Man of so infinite Merit. After this Conversation they fell upon the discourse of their Affairs, and *Lyfimachus* giving *Oroondates* an Account of what he had done since his Departure from him, acquainted him that *Ptolomeus*, *Eumenes*, and he, had sent to make Levies in the Territories that were fallen to their Shares; that they had advertised all their Friends who were gone away, to retire to theirs; that at the first sending they all had voluntarily joined themselves with them in a League offensive and defensive, and that within a Fortnight all their Forces were to meet at a little Town but half a Day's Journey from *Babylon*; that *Perdiccas* and *Roxana* made no less Preparations on their side; that all their Allies met daily at *Babylon*, and that the Body of their Army was formed on the other side of the *Euphrates*, whereof they had the Passage free, by a great many Bridges there were within the City. *Oroondates* trembled with a generous Impatience at this Discourse, and expressed to *Lyfimachus* his Fear of being kept by his Wounds from making one on the first Occasion, to which he wish'd for some Delay, lest there should be any thing done without him. But *Lyfimachus* assur'd him, that before his Recovery all the Forces could not

not be come up, and the Condition to attempt any thing ; and that on the other side, *Lampus's* Wounds were a great Obstacle to their Enemies Designs, and that if they did not ruin their Affairs, they would at least retard them, and give a great deal of facility and furtherance to theirs. They would have conversed longer, if *Amintas* had not put his Master in mind, that *Oroondates* had disordered himself very much that day (for a Man so wounded as he was,) and that so long talking was very prejudicial to his Health. *Lyfimachus* being in fear for a Friend of that Importance, carried the rest out of his Chamber, tho' *Oroondates* did his Endeavour to retain them ; and going down into the Garden, they began to walk there with an intention not to see *Oroondates* again till the next Day.

In the mean time the impatient *Thalestris*, who guided by *Hippolita* was gone in quest of *Berenice*, had vainly employed part of the Day in seeking her ; she over-ran all the Plain near to *Babylon*, and there was not a place either upon the Bank of the River, or in the neighbouring Woods, whither her Affection had not made her direct her Steps ; she met no body of whom she did not endeavour to inform her self, and she had been at the very Gates of *Babylon* to enquire for her, but seeing her search was unprofitable on that side, she had turned back the same way towards *Polemon's* House, and leaving it upon the Left-hand, she kept still along by the River side. The Separation from such a Friend was so sensible to her, that she could find no Consolation. O Gods ! (said she) did you give the Acquaintance of so lovely a Princess, to take her from me so suddenly ? And must you needs deprive me of a Happiness, which sweetned part of my Sorrows, and which I had hardly begun to taste ? Were you not satisfied with the Pains I have taken in prosecution of my faithless *Oroontes*, without exposing my Body to new Toils, and my Mind to new Discontents ? In uttering these, and such like Words, she came into the Walk, which beginning at the Temple of *Apollo*, reached unto the River side ; and turning her Head upon the Left-hand, she saw the Gate of the Temple at the end of the Alley ; She had often heard speak of those Oracles, and lately of that

that which *Lyfimachus* had received there ; that Remembrance gave her a desire to consult the God, as well concerning the present Design which had brought her abroad, as the Success of her own Fortune ; and she believed she ought not to neglect that Occasion, since it was not without some Care of her Interests, that contrary to her Intention the Gods had guided her Steps unto that place. In this Thought she turned her, and went to alight at the Gate of the Temple : As it was not any Curiosity that led her thither, she spent no time in viewing the Beauties of it ; but making her Prayer unto the God, both for the Recovery of *Berenice*, and for her own Interests, she expected his Answer a while, which at last was delivered to her by the Mouth of the Priest, in these Terms :

*Heaven to thy Rest no more averse will be ;  
To it refer thy Sister's Destiny,  
Since thine, back to thy Brother summons thee,  
Where thou thy Heart, and Fortune chang'd shalt see.*

This Answer pleasingly surprized the fair *Amazon*, and finding in it more Cause of Consolation than she had looked for, she humbly return'd her Thanks unto the God for the Hopes he gave her ; and rising from the place where she had prostrated her self, she went out of the Temple much more satisfied than she was before. *Hippolita* observed some Alteration in her Face, and having asked her the Cause of it, the Queen repeated the Words of the Oracle to her, and getting on Horseback took her way towards *Polemon's* House. She by the Command of the God saw her Search at an end ; and since Heaven reserved the care of *Berenice* expressly to it self, she could not without incensing it, persevere in her intended Pursuit ; wherefore in obedience to it, she gave over that Thought, and was confirmed in the Design of her returning to *Oiondates* ; since besides the Desire she had to serve him in his Affairs, 'twas there she was to expect the Change of her Fortune.

She made a long Reflection upon that promise of the Gods, and having mused on it a great while, 'What change (said she) can I hope for in my Condition? Is it the forgetting, the Repentance, or the Death of my faithless *Orontes*? Ah! as to forgetting him, I should look for that but in vain, and I ought never to think that my Soul can lose the Remembrance either of its first Passion, or of the Offence I have received; both of them are engraven in everlasting Characters, and except I cease to live, I can neither cease to hate, nor to remember *Orontes*. Shall it be from the Repentance of that disloyal Man, that I shall draw my Satisfaction? Ah! I ought much less to hope for that, and the Offences I have received from him are not of a nature to be repaired. Tho' he should begin again to love me with as much Violence as he expressed in his first Passion, I should lose nothing of that Hatred I bear him, and my Soul is so hardned against that ungrateful Man, that it could never be touch'd by all the Marks he could shew of his Repentance: 'Tis then in his Death alone that I ought to ground my Hopes, and 'tis that infallibly which the Gods do promise me; it is the greatest of all the Favours I can receive from them, and when I am once revenged of that perfidious Man, I will return into my Territories, where I will pass the rest of my Days in Tranquillity; he shall die, (continued she) he shall die, the Traitor, who has used me so ungratefully, and so unworthily; if my Injuries are deadly, the Reparation of them shall be deadly also, and 'tis in Blood I will drown my Shame, and the Remembrance of my Faults.'

The Queen at first found some Sweetness in this cruel Thought; but within a while after she began to tremble, and some remainder of Affection having softened her for a few Moments, her Heart seemed to incline to some Compassion, but she quickly opposed that criminal Pity, and struggling against those tender Motions; What (said she again) dost thou waver still, O weak *Thalestris*, and does the Image of the false *Oribia* return into thy Mind; only to banish thence so lawful Resentments? Art thou then still capable of those base Suggestions which have made the

the greatest part of thy Misfortunes, and dost thou become pitiful to that cruel *Orontes*, who without any Pity abandoned thee to thy Despair? Ah! mean-spirited Woman, stifle those unworthy Thoughts, and recal the Remembrance of thy Wrongs, to banish that of thy Weaknesses. He must die, that Monster of Perfidiousness, and thou must pierce his disloyal Heart with this same Hand he hath so often kissed; and with this same Mouth which hath so often protested that thou lovedst him, thou must pour forth the last Reproaches against his Infidelity.

In these violent Thoughts, the fair *Amazon* went on her way; till she came near a little Valley within a few Furlongs of *Poleman's* House; from that place she heard certain Cries, which caused her first to stop her Horse, and then hearing them continue with a very pitiful sound, her generosity obliged her presently to succour those miserable Wretches, who seemed to stand in need of her Assistance; and for that Purpose observing carefully from whence the Noise came, she gallopt thither as fast as she could, followed by *Hippolita*, and had not gone far in the Valley before she met with a very doleful Spectacle. She saw five or six Horsemen compleatly arm'd standing about two miserable Creatures, who were tyed fast to two Trees, and whom two or three Men on foot tortured in many different Manners; they squeezed their Fingers between elest Sticks, wrung their Foreheads with twisted Cords, and made them suffer all the Torments, which are commonly used to force Confession from the Mouths of guilty Persons; *Thalesis* could not well discern all their Actions, but when she was near enough, she heard him that commanded the rest, who drawing near those unfortunate Wretches: Since you are so obdurate (said he) and so resolyed to die, you shall die; hang then therefore (continued he) let them remain upon those Branches to feed the Crows; The Ministers of that rigid Office, were already beginning to put Ropes about the Necks of those unhappy Creatures, when the Queen abhorring that Cruelty, took a Dart out of *Hippolita's* hand, and rushing in amongst them, presented the Point of it to their Fates, threatening them with Death if they effected that cruel Commission. Fear made them hold their Hands.



Hands, but the Horsemen incensed by that Boldness clapt theirs upon their Swords, and he who appeared to be the Chief of them addressing himself to *Thalestris* : Whosoever thou art (said he) unless thou bringest an express Order from the Queen, thou art very insolent to oppose her Pleasure. If it be a Queen, (replied the *Amazon*) who hath commanded this Execution, she hath the Ways of Justice open to punish Malefactors, and this extraordinary Manner of Proceeding against these poor Wretches is an infallible Mark of their Innocency, and shall be the Cause of their Safety. The Horseman exasperated by that Answer, and by the hinderance *Thalestris* brought to his Intentions, looking upon her with Eyes sparkling with Anger ; If thou persistest longer (said he) to retard our Design, thou thy self shalt keep Company with them whom thou wouldst save. As he ended these Words he drew his Sword, but the *Amazon* whose Patience was at the utmost, staid not till he began, but falling suddenly upon him, she struck the Point of her Javelin in at his Throat, and it came forth instantly behind him, so that he tumbled dead among his Horses Feet ; she lost not time in pulling out her Javelin, but drawing her Sword slew among the Companions of him she had killed, and seeing the nearest of them had his Arm up to strike at her, she prevented him with a back Blow which cut it off above the Elbow, and made it fall with his Sword upon the Ground. *Hippolita* seconded her Mistress vigorously, and of three Enemies which yet remained on Horseback, she charged one with a great deal of Courage, the other two made furiously at the Queen, but her Choler being stirred up to the Extremity, she quickly shewed them Proofs of her admirable Valour, and having received some Blows upon her Arms, she aimed her Sword at the more eager of them so unfortunately for him, that having light upon the Space between his Head-piece and his Cuirass, it took his Head from his Shoulders, and made it rowl upon the Grass ; the last dismay'd with that strange blow, turned about his Horse to save himself by Flight, and the Queen who thought she had shed blood enough, troubled not her self to follow him, but turning toward *Hippolita*, she saw her victorious over her Man, who wounded

in many Places, lay biting the Earth with his Companions. After this Execution the valiant Queen having no more Enemies to fight withal, commanded *Hippolita* to unty the two Men and set them at Liberty. *Hippolita* alighted to obey her, and she had no sooner cut the Bonds wherewith they were fastned to the Trees, but they fell upon their Knees before their valiant Deliverer, and embraced her Legs with Actions full of Respect, and Acknowledgment. Whosoever you are (cried they) whose Valour so well represents the Image of our Master to us, hope that Heaven will Recompence you for so good a Deed, and believe that your Arms were never employed for more innocent Persons. The Queen finding somethings that pleased her in the Behaviour of those two Men, had a mind to know their Names, and the Cause of the Persecutions they had undergone, and she no sooner had expressed that Desire, after she had bidden them rise, but they readily obey'd her, and one of them speaking for both, Sir (said he) we are of a Country far remote from this, and we have nothing more considerable in us, than the Honour of having passed the best part of our Lives in the Service of the bravest and most generous Prince in the World. *Scythia* is our Country, our Names are *Toxaris* and *Ioncates*, and since so high an Obligation forbids us to conceal any thing from our valiant Defender; we will confess that the Prince whom we have served is the great *Oroondates*, Prince of *Scythia*. The Man would have gone on, but *Thalestris* remembring she had heard the Prince and *Araxes* speak of those two faithful Servants, cast her Eyes upon *Hippolita*, and praising her Destiny, which in the Persons of Men had made her do Service to a Prince for whom she had a very great Esteem, she appeared extremely satisfied with this Encounter; and stretching out her Hands to them, You are not unknown to me, (said she) but now I have done you this good Office, I will also restore you to your Master, who affords me a place in the number of his Friends, and in whom your Fidelity has caused an exceeding Trouble for your Loss. *Toxaris* and *Ioncates*, who had not hoped in so short a time for their Lives, their Liberties, and their Master, who was dearer to them than both, were transported with

Joy at this Promise, and having cast themselves once again at *Thalestris's* Feet, testified by their Actions of what Nature the Affection was which they bore unto their Master. The Queen having confirmed her Promise, commanded them to follow her ; and the two *Scythians* being mounted upon two of their slain Enemies Horses, took her way again to *Pe'emons* House where she arrived within a little after.

*Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, *Eumenes*, and *Araxes*, were in the Court when she came in, and as soon as *Lyfimachus* saw her appear, he ran to meet her, and helping her from her Horse, kissed her Hand in all Humility, and received her affable Salutation with great Respect.

After the first Words of Civility, *Lyfimachus* presented his Companions to her, of whom he had spoken to them in Terms which had stricken them into an Admiration of her Valour, that the Names of those great Personages were already so well known through the whole World, and the Queen by hearing *Lyfimachus* pronounce them, presently knew what she ought to pay them. *Araxes* no sooner saw *Loncates* and *Toxaris* appear, but he ran to them full of Joy for their Return, and embraced them with an extream Affection. The fair *Amazon* having staid awhile with the Princes, in a respectful and obliging Conversation, was desirous to see *Oroondates* ; both to give him an account of her little Voyage, and to present him his two Servants, but *Lyfimachus* by the Counsel of *Amintas* pray'd her to defer her Visit till the next Morning, because the Prince had that Day committed such Excesses as were able to impair the Health of one less weakned than he was. The Queen had much ado to consent to that Delay, but in the end did it, as well by reason of their Entreaties, as in consideration of the Prince, who was infinitely dear to her ; and to pass the rest of the day less tediously, *Lyfimachus* desired *Hippolita* to favour both his Friends and himself with the Recital of her Mistress's Adventures, and the Queen having given her Leave, she recounted them almost in the same manner as they had been told to *Oroondates* ; but as that Discourse wrought great Admiration in the Princes, so did it waken sad Remembrances.

branches in *Thalestris*, and put her some time into a melancholly, which made them almost repent their Curiosity.

In the interim *Oroondates* joining his Sisters Departure to his other Afflictions, and seeing the Day pass without hearing any News of her, fell into very sensible Disquiets ; he often enquired after her of *Araxes* who alone came into his Chamber, and seeing he could learn nothing when Night came on, he was excessively afflicted at that Accident. The next Day as soon as the Physician gave way he should be seen, *Thalestris* went into his Chamber, followed by the Princes, and by the faithful Servants which she brought back unto their Master. *Oroondates* no sooner saw her enter, but he raised himself upon his Pillow as much as he could, and welcomed her with great Respect and Submission. He received the Princes with the same Civility ; but when after them he saw the two Servants he had lost, upon their Knees by his Bed-side, he was surprized with Astonishment, and seized at the sight of them with much Joy and Tendernefs. He cast his Arm which lay out of the Bed about their Necks, and asking the Queen, who presented them to him, which way she had hapned to find them, she told him the Truth of it in a few Words. At the Knowledge of that Obligation the Prince broke forth into the most grateful Expressions he could invent, to give her Thanks for so great a Favour, and she received them so modestly that she engaged him almost as much by the Civility of her Discourse, as she had done by the Effects of her Valour. He afterwards would have enquired concerning *Berenice*, but she prevented him, by relating the Success of her short Journey, and repeating the Words of the Oracle that had been given her ; *Oroondates* thereby received a double Consolation, one by the Promise the Gods made him to take care of his Sister, which ought to put an end to all the Troubles he was in for her ; the other by the Hopes they gave *Thalestris*, whose Interests were extremely dear to him. When he had talked with her awhile about the Words of the Oracle, and had endeavoured to find the mildest sense of them, and a less cruel Exposition than that she made,

he entreated the Company to pardon the Desire he had, to learn in their Presence, the Cause that had so long retarded the return of his Servants, which was like to have some important Reason; and asking *Toxaris* what it was, he stepped back in the presence of so many Persons whom he knew not, and made some difficulty of speaking in so much Company touching his Master's secret Affairs; but he knowing the Cause of his Silence, and being willing to remove his Jealousy, Speak (said he) *Toxaris*, and disguise nothing before these illustrious Friends, who are not at all suspected to me, and from whom I never will conceal any thing. *Toxaris* having received this Command, came forward again, and thus began his Narration.

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## The History of ROXANA.

WE were within a Day's Journey of this Place, when your Highness, after having heard of *Alexander's* Death, commanded me to go to *Babylon* to enquire News of Queen *Satira*, and of other Persons in whom you had an Interest. I rode thither with speed enough, and arrived at the City when it began to grow dark; I found all full of Mourning, Disorder, and Confusion, and in that general Hurliburly I had much ado to get a Lodging: I will not detain you with the Condition in which the King's Death had put all Things at *Babylon*; you are better informed of that than I, and these great Princes whom I see with you, whose Interests were the most considerable, and whose Interests made part of those Disorders, may have acquainted you with the Circumstances of them; I will only tell you, that at the first News I asked concerning the Queen, I heard she was at the Castle of *Calcis*, whither, by reason of some Indisposition, she had retired with the Princess her Sister a little before her Husband's Death. Not being able to learn any thing more particularly, I went out of my Lodging, and in the Darkness and general Trouble, I resolved to make use of all my Industry, to instruct my self in all those things which you desired to know, and which might be advantageous to your Intentions.

By your residing formerly at *Babylon* with King *Darius*, I was perfect in all the Streets of the City, and knew particularly all the Lodgings of the Palace beyond the Lake, where *Darius* commonly kept his Court, where King *Alexander* died, and where Queen *Roxana* lay at that time. I walked a great while up and down the Streets, where I saw a thousand Images of Desolation, Sorrow, and universal Affrightment; the Windows of all the Inhabitants were full of lighted Torches, which burned in a mourn-

ful Fashion ; there were heard in many Houses as loud Cries as if in his Death they had found their general Loss ; all the Passages were chained, and there were Fires, and *Corps de garde* in every Market-place, and all the cross Streets were full of armed Men, who ranked themselves according to the different Parties, whereof the greatest Number desired nothing but Sedition and Disorder. One might see the Princes who stood for great Offices, and for the sovereign Authority, pass up and down, severally guarded, either according to their Credit, or according to their Quality ; and in short, all Things represented a new Face of Affairs. I considered them no further than I thought they might be useful to your Interests ; and after having wandered about a long time to no Purpose, I came to the Palace where *Roxana* was lodged, and whereof all the Corners are as well known to me as if I had dwelt there all my Life. I found so great a Number of Guards about the Gate, that I presently despaired of getting in ; and indeed I was thinking to go my way, when I saw *Perdiccas* come, followed with so great a Train, that the Street was even quite filled with it. As soon as he was named, the Guards made a Lane to give him Passage ; and tho' there was order given to suffer but few to enter with him, the Crowd was too strong for the Resistance of those that kept the Gate ; and I thrust my self so close among the rest, that I was one of those that got in. *Perdiccas* having asked where the Queen was, heard that she expected him in the Garden, whither she was gone down by reason of the excessive Heat which had been that Day, and where, upon the Bank of the River which washes the side of it, she was taking the cool Air with some of her Women. *Perdiccas* having crossed thro' two Courts, came to the Garden Gate, where we likewise found a very strong Guard, and where, with as much ado as before, I at last got in with him. The Torches were all left without in the Court, and the Moon which gave Light enough for the Queen to walk by, served also for the Discourse between her and *Perdiccas*. I will not describe the Fashion of her Habir, it was so dark I could not well discern it ;

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all that I was able to observe, was, that she had already put on her Night-dressing, and that the rest of her Apparel was Black, suitable to the Condition she then was in. *Perdiccas* went up to her alone, and all those that came in with him staying at the end of an Alley, *Roxana's* Women did the same, and left her at Liberty to talk with him. We could not hear any thing they said, but within a while after, seeing them take their Walk in an Alley, upon the Edge of the Stream, close by which I knew there was another that was covered, wherein I might follow them step by step, and hear all their Conversation, I resolved to hazard something, that I might find an Occasion to do you some Service. That which made me have such a Desire to hearken to them, that to satisfy it, I put myself in danger, was the Knowledge I had of the mortal Hatred *Roxana* bore to Queen *Statera*; and my Belief that in that Revolution of Affairs, and in those Interviews with *Perdiccas* by Night, she might perhaps contrive something against her. That Suspicion, which within a while after I should have thought had been inspired into me by the Gods, if they had suffered me to make use of it to prevent those Mischiefs, incited me to play the Spy; and for that Purpose slipping along a Pale without being taken Notice of, or having any Intention so much as dreamt of, I stole into that covered Alley, on the outside whereof *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* were walking. My Design succeeded to my wish, and thinking no body overheard them, they spake not so low, but that having nothing between them and me except a few Boughs, I could easily understand all they said; I walked just as they walked, and turned at the End of the Alley as they did, but with as little Noise, and as much Circumspection as was possible. I knew by the first Words I heard, that my Suspicion was not without Cause, for after a little silence *Perdiccas* spake on this Manner. How great a Design soever I have to please and serve you, Madam, I cannot but feel a Repugnancy against the Proposition you make to me; and I cannot without Horror remember that to obey you I must imbrue my Hands in the Blood of two Women, of two great and vertuous Princesses, whereof one was the Wife of my King, and the other is



the Widow of my Friend ; their Sex, their Quality, and the Memory of their brave illustrious Husbands, divert both my Arm and Heart from that Attempt ; and I could willingly wish some other more gentle and more fitting Expedient might be found to satisfy you, and to establish that Security you demand. It is not (and I call the Gods to Witness) that I would refuse the most dangerous Occasions to obey you ; nor, but that the Honour your Majesty does me to link my Interest with yours, is more considerable to me than all the Fortune I can pretend to by other Means ; but yet I cannot overcome those Difficulties in my Soul, which some Remainders of Verue produce there against this Enterprize, and in this Execution even my Hand it self refuses to serve in the Design I have to obey you. *Perdiccas* without doubt would have said more, if the Queen had not interrupted him thus. One may be scrupulous as you are *Perdiccas*, when the Question is concerning less than the Empire of the World ; and I protest to you, I feel little less Repugnance than you do against this Cruelty, to which we are compelled by the Necessity of our Affairs ; but do you think there can be any Security for the Son and for the Widow of *Alexander*, or for the *Macedonian* Princes, so long as *Darius's* Daughters are alive ? Do you believe that this Calm which *Alexander* settled with so much Blood, and with so much Difficulty, can last after his Death ? and that the *Persians* who submitted but by force to the *Macedonian* Yoke, will not take Arms now for their lawful Princes, and use their Endeavours to restore the Blood of their first Masters to the Throne ? If the Cruelty of this Enterprize strike Horror in you, remember, *Perdiccas*, that it is not without Example in all Monarchies, and that both amongst us, and amongst our Neighbours, we have no Age that cannot furnish us with a good Number of Precedents. Did not *Artaxerxes*, whom the whole World held for a very good Prince, and his Successor *Ochus*, both Predecessors to *Darius*, secure their Estates by the Blood of their Children, and of their Brothers ? And if you would have fresher ones even in your own Country, did not Queen *Olimpius* who is yet alive, the Mother of our deceased King, after King *Philip* was dead, cause her Ri-  
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val *Cleopatra* to be put to Death, having first caus'd a Daughter she had by him, to be killed in her Presence, because she might possibly have one Day rais'd some trouble in her Dominions ? And did not *Alexander* himself, our dear Husband, and most honoured King, whose Memory is most sacred to us, and all whose Actions ought to be the Rules of our Life, begin his so glorious Reign by the Death of those that were nearest to him ? And when he came out of *Macedonia*, did he leave one of them alive who could disturb the Calm he left there ? Consider now, *Perdiccas*, whether these Persons whom I have alledged, had so important Reasons as ours are, and whether they upon light Surmises and Occasions of small Weight did not execute that, which we do out of pure Necessity, and for the Conservation of our Lives, and of the Empire of the World. Those Persons (replied *Perdiccas*) have by those Actions left Blemishes upon their Lives, which all the most gallant Ones they ever performed, will never be able to wipe out ; and all the blackest Deeds they ever did, can no way Parallel the Infidelity you enjoin upon me ; me, I say, who am not only a Kinsman, and a Subject of *Alexander's* ; but who amongst all about him, receiv'd the last glorious Marks of his Affection, and of being preferred before so many other Princes worthy of the Kingdoms he hath left. In this Action (added *Roxana*) you will be so far from offending *Alexander's* Memory, that you will give him Proofs of your Fidelity, since it is only to secure the Empire to his Son, that you take them out of the World who might dispute it with him ; And if to this Consideration, it be permitted to add that of your own Interests, *Perdiccas*, remember what you do for your self, since the least Recompence proposed to you, is the sovereign Authority which you will have over this Son, whose Guardian you shall be ; and which you shall share with his Mother, whom you will have established in it.

*Perdiccas* demurred a while, before he Answered to this last Discourse of *Roxana's* ; and they walked almost a whole Turn in the Alley without speaking, but in the end *Perdiccas* breaking Silence ; I wish to the Gods, Ma-

dam, (said he) that you could content, and secure your self by milder Ways ; these methinks are such strange Ones, that I cannot dispose my self to follow them, but I desire this Night's Respite to finish the conquest of those Difficulties I find in my self ; to-morrow as soon as you are stirring, I will let your Majesty know my last Resolution, and I will rather die than give you occasion to repent the Trust you repose in me, and the Favours you do me. Well *Perdiccas* (replied *Roxana*) I grant you the Time you demand, and I hope that by your last Resolution, we shall both have cause to be satisfied. After these Words, *Perdiccas* bad the Queen good-night, and retiring to his Followers went out of the Garden. I might have gone away with him, but I was so surprized, and astonished at the Things I had heard, that I thought not of my Departure, and seeing that the Queen without stirring out of that Ally, called *Hesione*, whom she loved best of all her Women, and commanded the rest to stay where they were, I had a mind to hear that second Conversation, whereby I believed I might fully instruct my self touching that detestable Design which was in Agitation against those poor Princesses. *Roxana* sat down upon a green Bank, and as soon as *Hesione* came near her ; I have much ado (said she) to persuade *Perdiccas* to what I desire for our common Security, and he sticks at Considerations, which the Ambition of Reigning out to have extinguished in his Mind. I do not think it strange, (replied *Hesione* ; ) and that which your Majesty requires, hath something so cruel in it, that I cannot remember it without Horror, nor without Wondring as at a Prodigy, how the Thirst of Reigning can have choaked in you that Pity which is natural to Women, and have carried you to such Bloody Resolutions against Princesses who have a near Relation to you, whom heretofore you accounted dear, and who have no way offended you. Pardon me, Madam, if I speak with too much Liberty ; I am so affrighted at this horrible change of your Humour, that I have not Understanding enough left to approve these inhuman Reasons of State, which demand such violent Executions. *Roxana* hearkned to these Words of *Hesione*, without interrupting her, and having remained a while without answering other-

## Book II. CASSANDRA

otherwise than by two or three Sighs. Ah! *Hesione* (if she at last) how just would thy Wonder be, if thou w  
not well-instructed in my most secret Thoughts, and w  
how much Reason might'st thou appear affrighted at  
Change of my Humour, if I had not trusted thee w  
the Cause of it a Thousand times? Thou knewest  
dissembling *Hesione*) that my Inclinations to Cruelty  
not strong enough to move me to such bloody Tragedi  
merely out of Maxims of State, and out of a desire  
Reign; that only serves for a Pretext to more power  
Incitements, and to cover a Passion more violent th  
Ambition; nor do I love the Crown enough to viol  
both Divine and Human Laws for it alone. Alas! *He  
one*, thou art not ignorant of this Truth, thou know  
that Love hath blotted out of my Soul; all that was go  
and reasonable in it heretofore, and that my Jealous  
arms my hand more potently against my Rival, than A  
bition doth against my Competitor for the Empire. T  
Remembrance of ungrateful *Oroondates* kindles my Indi  
nation against her that took him from me; and his Image  
never comes into my Memory without enflaming my A  
ger against that proud Beauty which triumphed over  
in the Soul of that inhuman Prince. While the hope  
her lawful possessing him was forbidden her by the L  
of the King her Husband, I bore my Misfortune patier  
ly; but now that by the Death of *Alexander* the way  
it lies open for her; and I see them upon the very Bri  
of that Felicity, which I have vainly opposed, I had  
that she should perish, and that the whole World shou  
perish with her, than that I should become subject to the  
sensible Afflictions. I know by the Report of *Arbit*  
who is returned out of *Scythia* whither I had sent him  
that *Oroondates* is still alive, and he hath quitted his ov  
Country to return again into ours; he sees her perhaps  
very Day, that victorious Enemy of *Roxana's*, and co  
trives with her the last Effects of that Ingratitude whi  
he always was guilty of to me. Here it is, O *Hesione*  
that I confess my Weakness, and that I am constrain  
to avow, that neither Time, Repentment, nor Duty, ha  
been able to prevail against my former Passion, and th  
notwithstanding I am *Alexander's* Widow, notwithstan

ing that *Oroondates* is ungrateful, I love him still more than my self; and that sleeping or waking, that insensible Man, too lovely, and too much beloved, comes incessantly before me, and that inveterate Passion hath taken too deep a Root in my Soul, to be ever pull'd up but by the end of my Life.

After this Confession, *Hesione*, dost thou think I will suffer my everlasting Rival to enjoy a Happiness, which she cannot build but upon the Ruins of my Repose? and that I will permit that insolent Woman, who during the Life of my Husband, deprived me with Tyranny of the better part of his Affections, should make her self sport with my miserable Destiny? Ah! no, *Hesione*, hope not for such mean-spirited Effects of my Patience, and believe that to free my self of that bitter Enemy of my Life, I will trample underfoot all the Considerations of Blood, of Duty, and even of the Fear we have of the Gods: After her Destruction, let the ungrateful Man persevere in his hard-heartedness toward me, and let him be insensible both of the Proofs of my Love, and of the Advantages I can offer him in the condition of my Fortune; I shall however have this Satisfaction, that if I cannot make his Disdain to cease, I shall at least have taken away the Cause of them, and that *Statira* shall not brag, she triumphed over *Roxana* unpunished. *Roxana* brought forth these Words with a Vehemence which sufficiently shewed the Violence of that Passion that animated her, and *Hesione*, who had given Ear to her without Interruption, said thus at the end of her Discourse; But, Madam, what is your last Intention? And if you will permit my Zeal to beg of you the continuation of that Trust wherewith your Majesty hath ever honoured me, what do you pretend to by the Death of those Princesses? I thought: (replied *Roxana*) I had explained my self enough, and that I had left thee no occasion to be ignorant of my Intentions; but since thou demandest a more ample Declaration, know, that I will first dispatch that Rival out of the World, which hath gotten those Advantages over me both in the Heart of *Oroondates*, and in that of *Alexander*, whereby I have been dishonoured; and when *Oroondates* with her, hath lost his utmost Hopes, I do not think he will

will be so blind as not to know his Fortune, nor so disdainful as to condemn those Greatnesses to which I can raise him ; in the condition I now am, I am not so ill-favoured, but that with a good part of the World, whereof I can offer him the disposing, I may pretend to some part of his Affection ; and perhaps there is not a Prince in all the World, that would not buy his Condition even with the hazard of his Life ; to this Consideration, I presently join those of the State, and in contenting my Passion I secure my own Authority, and that of the Son, which may be born of me ; that Reason was not strong enough alone to persuade me to an Action against which conscientious People would have some Repugnance, but if I be so unfortunate as to see my self deceived in my first Hopes, and to strive in vain to change *Oroondates's* Inclinations, I shall at least have this Pleasure to have wreaked my Hatred, and satisfied my Jealousy, in destroying her, who hath destroyed my Repose, and in depriving that ingrateful Man of the Object of his Hopes, and of the Occasion of his Scorn ; and since there is a Necessity of shedding Blood to secure the Throne to my Son, and to my self, I shall have this Consolation, to have sacrificed no body to those Maxims but those Persons, whom by more powerful Reasons I was compelled to hate.

I believe *Roxana* would have said more, and I had continued to hearken to her with the same Attention, if I had not been unfortunately surprized in that Employment. I had thrust my Head almost quite among the Boughs, which grew along the side of the Alley, and was so attentive to her Discourse, (though there was great occasion to fear, and to mistrust, in an Enemy's place, as that where I then was) that some of *Roxana's* Maids were come into the same Alley, and were gotten close to me before I perceived them. As soon as I turned my Head, I saw my self encompassed with them, and the more fearful of them crying out on a sudden, the Guards that were in the Garden, and who by *Roxana's* express Command stood but at a little distance from her, came running presently, and entering at both Ends of the Walk,

deprived

deprived me of all Possibility of escaping ; I would have attempted it, which made me the more suspected, and the more guilty, but I was instantly laid hold on, searched and examined ; they found no other Arms about me but my Sword ; and, being examined by them, I answered, that I was a Volontier in *Perdiccas's* Troops, that I came into the Garden with him, and that having wandered through Curiosity into that Alley, I had not seen when he went away. They to whom I gave this Account (not being satisfied with my Answers, and suspecting me of some wicked Design) began to threaten me with Death if I told not the Truth, and presenting the Points of their Javelins at me, they indeed struck me with some Apprehension. I was in fear of my Safety among those Men to whom I was unknown, and who with Probability might accuse me of some evil Intention ; and 'twas easily to be observed in my Face, and in my Words ; when *Roxana* who had heard the Noise, and who began to learn the Cause of it, commanded me to be brought before her. They quickly fetched in a great many Torches out of the next Court, and they that held them putting them near unto my Face, gave the Queen and those that were with her, Means to consider me attentively. She asked me the same Questions, and I answered in the same manner as I had done the rest ; but the State of her Affairs, and that of her Conscience, making her sure of all things, she sent to *Perdiccas* to see if he would own me, and seeing me falter in my Answers, she began to have a very ill Opinion of me, and was ready to give some fatal Order against me, when one of those who stood near me, having known me by the Light of the Torches, went away, and coming to me, *O Toxaris*, (said he) is it you ? I instantly lift up my Head, overjoyed to meet one of my Acquaintance, in that Necessity ; and fixing my Eyes upon his Face, I knew the Man who had spoken to me, to be *Arbates*, that faithless Servant of yours, who corrupted by *Roxana's* Presents, stole the Bracelet from you at *Damascus*, which you had received from *Statira* ; who a great while after carried it to her with the Letter you writ unto *Roxana* ; and who in short, had managed all that

that Treachery which caused such bloody Effects, and from which almost all our Losses have proceeded. Altho' his Treachery made me to abhor him, I confess I was glad to see him at that time; hoping that by reason of our old Acquaintance, he would be a Means to procure my Safety and Liberty: As soon as I had perfectly called him to mind, and gotten a little Confidence by that Encounter; Yes, *Arbates*, (said I) I am *Toxaris*. Then I presently saw that false Man draw near unto *Roxana*, and having desired audience for two or three Words, he spake to her a while so softly that no body could over-hear him, and when they had done talking, *Roxana* turning towards one of the Captains of her Guard; Carry this Fellow (said she) to a place of Security, and use him according to the Directions of *Arbates*, who shall let you know my Pleasure. At that Command they took me from before her, who went out of the Garden at the same time, and *Arbates* guiding him that led me out of the Palace, I was brought to a House which was appointed for my Prison, where they set Guards upon me, whose Lives were to answer it, if I escaped.

I continued that Night, and the next Day, in great Apprehensions and Disquiets, among which the fear of Death was not my chiefest Trouble; Nor but that in effect I was afraid of it, and had a Sense of the Punishment which uses to be inflicted upon Spies, especially those who hearken after the Secrets of Sovereigns, and principally of such as are in the condition *Roxana* was; since I might have been suspected to have had some Design against her Person, and to have been dealt withal by some of the contrary Party, and by those who had an Interest in her Death; but to that Apprehension I joined my Sorrow that I could not make use of the Mercy the Gods had shewed me, and that I could not prevent the Murder of those great Princesses, by the Notice I should have given them of that Conspiracy, if I had been at Liberty; I was also very much afflicted that I could not return to your Highness to give you an Account of the Commission you had employed me in; not doubting but you were impatient of my Delay. That Day I was visited by *Arbates*, who highly endeared the good Office he had done me,



me, and protested to me with Oaths, that, but for his Intercession with the Queen, my Ruin had been inevitable ; he afterward promised me the Continuation of his Endeavours on my behalf, and made me hope for all manner of good Usage. To say Truth, that I received was not ill for a Prisoner, and the next Day I saw a Companion brought in to me when I least expected him ; it was *Loncales*, whom your Highness had sent after me to *Babylon* by reason of my stay ; and who having unluckily met *Arbates*, was known by him, and by his Direction seized upon by *Roxana's* Guard, who brought him presently to the same place where I was. In that *Arbates* was Imprudent, for if he had kept us in several Prisons, he might much more easily have drawn from us what *Roxana* had a mind to know, than by putting us both into the same Chamber, where we had leisure enough to instruct one another, and to conform our Answers, that we might not be insnar'd if they examin'd us apart. When I had given *Loncales* an Account of the Cause of my Imprisonment, and of the Words I had heard from *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* touching the Design they had against the Queen *Statira*, and the Princess her Sister ; *Loncales* with a sorrowful Look told me he began to hear a whispering in the Town, that those poor Princesses were dead already ; and that he, having been at the Palace of Queen *Syngambis*, had heard Cries, and seen Faces, that confirmed him in that Opinion. That News surprized me with a mortal Affliction, and considering how it suited with the Words I had over-heard, I no longer doubted of the lamentable Destiny of those poor Ladies.

We spent all the rest of the Day, and the next, in bewailing a Loss, wherein we knew you would have the greatest Share ; and we had not yet dry'd up our Tears, when *Arbates* (followed with a Guard) came into our Chamber, and told us he had Order to bring us before the Queen, and that we might hope for good Success from the sight of her. We were so dejected with Grief, that we received that Message with an indifferent Countenance ; and without informing our selves of *Roxana's* Intentions, we followed *Arbates* to the Palace. It was  
already

already a good while within Night, and *Roxana* was in her Bed ; the Guard brought us to the Chamber-door, but only *Arbates*, and some of her Women, went in with us; and bringing us to the far side of the Bed, shewed us *Roxana* in a condition able to have caused Love in Persons that had not been prepossessed with powerful Reasons to hate her ; the Season being very hot, she was almost half naked in her Bed, and her Arms and Neck quite uncovered, set forth such Beauties as in the Opinion of other Judges would have found few Equals in the World ; her Head-dressing though negligent was not unbecoming, and her Whiteness in a place where all things were Black, had a very extraordinary Lustre. Only *Hesione* staid at her Bed's Feet, and her other Maids being retired into the next Room with *Arbates*, *Roxana* after having looked a while upon us, spake on this manner : If I did not believe you to be civil Men, and that you have gained Vertue and Discretion by being near the Prince whom you have the Honour to serve, I shall not use you in a manner quite extraordinary for Persons of my Quality ; since, however, you cannot deny but that you are faulty, and that one of you has been taken in an Action, which in all Nations is reckon'd to deserve Death : But the breeding you have had with a Prince who is an Enemy to all evil Thoughts, does partly justify your Intentions, and altho' they should be Criminal, the consideration of him is sufficient to make me forgive the most unpardonable Offences, and to move me to forget all the Designs you could have had even against my Life it self. I will therefore Pardon you, whatsoever you can have attempted against me ; but I will have your Master thank me for it, and after this small Proof of the Continuation of my good Will to him, he shall receive others that are greater, and of more Importance. I see my self now in a Condition, wherein I can make the Greatness of my Fortune supply the Defect of those Qualities of my Person which he hath disdain'd, and wherein nevertheless after his Disdains, *Alexander* found something he thought considerable. I am ashamed to make you this Confession, but my Weakness has shewed it self but too much already.

she could, to sift that out of us which she desired, received us with a great deal of Gentleness, and as soon as we were come near her ; Well *Toxaris*, well *Loncales*, (said she, for she had learnt our Names from *Arbates*) will you not at last be sensible of the Request I have made to you ? And if the Consideration of Interest cannot move you, will you not out of Generosity oblige a Queen who has trusted you with her most secret Affections, and who demands nothing of you, that is not Advantageous to your Master ? For, briefly, that Fidelity he stood so much upon to the deceased Queen *Statira*, is no longer now in Season ; and since the Cruelty of her Destinies has taken her from us, he ought also, to take her out of his Remembrance ; he has too good a Judgment to fix himself obstinately upon the Love of that which hath now no Being ; and to disdain a Fortune in mine, which perhaps no other Prince in the World would condemn. Consider, Friends, what I represent unto you, and be no longer wilful in concealing the Retreat of him whom I love more dearly than my self ; you are cruel in this Action, and I am confident he will not justify you in it himself ; for this small Service I require of you, you may certainly hope for extraordinary Recompences ; and you shall find me so sensible of this Obligation, that your Fortune shall be envied by Persons of the highest Quality. To these Words, flattering *Roxana* added many others, which were all without any Effect ; and *Loncales* answering, protested with many Oaths, that we knew not where you were : I accompanied his Protestations with mine, and we might safely swear it without offending the Gods, or wounding our Consciences, being well assured that you staid not for us still in the same Place where we had left you, and not being able to guess what way you had taken afterward. *Roxana* was no more satisfied than before, but because she, by common Fame, knew the Nature of *Scythians*, among whom Death is so little considered, that the Fear of it shakes them not from the slightest of their Resolutions, she would not so soon fly to Extremities, but contenting her self with telling us, that by her good Usage she would force us to oblige her, she

com-

commanded *Arbates* to carry us back again, and to give us; except Liberty, whatsoever we in reason could desire. We for some Days after that, had a better Table, and were less strictly looked to than before; but all the Courses that were taken could never get any thing out of us. The Reasons that made us so firm in our Resolution were sufficiently powerful; we knew the Hatred which with so much Justice your Highness bore unto that Woman, from whom you had received such ill Offices through the whole Course of your Affection, and whose Treachery alone, by depriving you of *Statira*, had deprived you of your Rest for ever; and to complete the Occasions of detesting her, we knew by her own Confession, (tho' she was very careful to conceal it from all the World) that she was the Murthress of that fair Queen; by that Knowledge we were assured, that you would prefer the most cruel Deaths before the Vexation of falling into the Hands of that bitter Enemy, and moreover by those bloody Testimonies of her Cruelty, we judged her to be of a Spirit dangerous enough to run to Extremity, to break forth into a violent Rage against you, when she should once be certain that she could not move you by her Artifices; these Considerations confirmed us in the Design of suffering any thing rather than subject you to such sensible Afflictions, or expose you to such manifest Dangers.

*Arbates* visited us every Day, and that Traitor to seduce us, flattered us a Thousand ways, and feigned to have a wonderful Confidence in us; he discovered those Affairs to us which seemed to be of the greatest Importance; and gave us account of part of those Matters which passed at Court, and in *Roxana's* Cabinet. One Day being in our Chamber, he by Chance let fall a Paper; *Lonicates* took it up as soon as he was gone, and though it was close-folded up, and fast sealed, we considered him so little, that we made no Difficulty to break it open: It had no Superscription; but the Words were to this Effect:

' F to adore you, if to die for you, be Crimes worthy.  
 ' of those Thunders wherewith you have so often  
 ' threatned me, dart them (my Sovereign) at this guilty  
 ' Man, who cannot cease to adore you, and who cannot  
 ' repent his design of dying for you ; but if that Silence  
 ' your Majesty has enjoined me, be not religiously enough  
 ' observ'd, expect the Punishment of it from that san.e  
 ' Death, from which I expect both my Remedy, and my  
 ' Recompence ; 'tis in it alone I have bounded my most  
 ' glorious Ambition, and I have no Thoughts that are  
 ' unworthy of it, since I have none but such as tend  
 ' wholly to you. In commanding me to hold my Peace,  
 ' you make use, Madam, of the double Empire you have  
 ' over me, and I should obey you with a perfect Resig-  
 ' nation, if you had left me any Power either to Com-  
 ' mand or to Obey my self ; not that I groan under the  
 ' Yoke you have impos'd upon me, I received it without  
 ' Murmuring, and I have born it without Complaining  
 ' of its Weight ; but why is it insupportable to you,  
 ' since it is I that undergo all the Pain of it, and that ha-  
 ' ving defended your self against Compassion, it hath  
 ' made you suffer nothing that can render it burdensem  
 ' to you ? It hath made you suffer my Complaint indeed,  
 ' alas, if a discreet Complaint like mine be so Criminal,  
 ' where will you find Innocence ? And if you will par-  
 ' don it in none but *Alexander*, or in Persons worthy of  
 ' you, where will your Clemency find Matter to exercise  
 ' it self ?

The Reading of this Letter wrought some Curiosity  
 in us ; and *Loricates* and I endeavour'd in vain to guess  
 at the Author of it ; we conjectured easily that it was  
 address'd to *Roxana*, and that *Arbates* who had serv'd her  
 only in Affairs of that Nature, had there some new Prac-  
 tice in hand, but we could not imagine which of the  
 Princes was bold enough to speak to her of Love before  
 the Obsequies of *Alexander*. We were thus busied, when  
*Arbates* who had perceived what he had lost, came back  
 into our Chamber in a great deal of Trouble. He seem'd  
 to be much stricken when he found that Letter in our  
 Hands,

Hands, and he was in doubt which way he should receive that Trick of Familiarity, but *Lomates* stept to him, and restoring it with a smiling Countenance, Be not offended at our Curiosity, *Arbates*, (said he) our Design was only to instruct our selves in your Loves, to jest with you a little, and not at all to do you any Disservice; but if that desire hath made us commit an Incivility, you have at least this Satisfaction, that tho' we have Read it, we are not a jot wiser than before.

*Arbates* his Face began to clear up a little at those Words, and taking the Letter again from *Lomates*, after he had bethought himself a while; I should have been very sorry (said he) if this Letter had fallen into the Hands of other Persons less Discreet than you are, but the knowledge I have both of your Fidelity, and Constancy in keeping a Secret, would even oblige me to declare this to you, if you would promise me not to abuse the Confidence I have in you. Our desire to know that Business, caus'd us to make him all the Protestations he could wish for; and when he believed he was secure enough, we sat down, and he spoke to us on this manner:

I hazard not so small a Matter in discovering what you desire to learn of me, that you should think it a light Obligation; for in revealing this Secret I offend a Man of great Authority, and one that would never pardon me, if I should deserve him: But besides the Assurance I have in your Promises, which I believe inviolable; I see this Man carries Matters in such a manner, that they cannot much longer be concealed; and that the Mistress whom I serve, condemns his Follies, and would be much displeased that I had meddled in them. You have heard of *Cassander* the Son of *Antipater*, whom *Alexander*, when he came into *Asia*, left Vice-Roy in *Macedonia*, and in all those Territories he had conquered in *Europe*; where he acquired so great Credit and Authority, that among the *Greeks* and *Macedonians*, *Alexander* himself was never more absolute than he. We know very well (said we) the Reputation of *Cassander* and of *Antipater*, and we are not ignorant, that among the Prin-

ces of *Alexander's* Court, there were very few that held so lofty a Station as they. 'Tis that *Cassander* (replied *Arbates*) who writes this Letter you have read unto the Queen ; he is most desperately in love with her, and he has given her Testimonies of it which have mortally offended her, and redoubled the Aversion she has naturally against him ; 'twas almost by force that he obliged me to take charge of delivering this Letter, and I foresaw so little Satisfaction to my self in this Commission that I have not been very zealous in performing it ; but because *Hesione* has acquainted me with some Particulars of that Love, and of the first Intimations he gave of it, I will be very free in relating them to you.

It was a little before the Expedition into the *Indies* that *Cassander* came to be near *Alexander*, having been bred up in *Greece* with his Father *Antipater*, who, as I have told you, had an absolute Authority there. The Consideration of the Father, who by many Victories, obtained to the Advantage of the *Macedonians*, made himself necessary, and almost terrible to the King, advanc'd the Son to one of the chiefest Places about him, so that at the very first he was treated as the nearest, and most considerable Princes. I know not whether it was then that he fell in Love with the Queen ; but the first Knowledge she had of it was at *Pasargada*, where a Sickness she had, detained her for some time, while *Alexander* arrived at *Susa*, where he married Queen *Statira* in the absence of his former Wife. The King taking his way toward *Susa*, where all Things were quiet, left *Cassander* and *Seleucus* to guard the Queen with some part of his Forces, and those two Princes never went from her till she was returned to *Susa*. I had been her Servant from the taking of *Tyre*, and your Departure from *Sidon*, which was five or six Months before the Battel of *Arbella* ; and that great Princess was pleased so much to value some small Service that I did her, that from an ordinary Condition, she raised me to a considerable Rank amongst those about her. During the Queen's Indisposition, *Cassander* stirred not from her, but when his Presence was unseasonable ; and in all his Actions he shewed an Uneasiness which could not proceed merely from his Zeal, and Fidelity to his King.

King. When he was near her, his Eyes were perpetually fix'd upon her Face, but 'twas with Troubles and Distractions of Mind, which took away part of his Understanding ; and if he was obliged to speak to her, he did it with so much Confusion and Disorder, that it was easy to judge he was possessed with some very strong Passion. One Day when the Queen asked him if he had heard any News out of *Greece* since the return from the *Indies*, instead of answering to that Question, It is a Decree of the Destinies (said he) who dispense not all things with Justice. The Queen by that Reply easily knew in what manner his Mind was engaged ; she had begun to observe it on many such like Occasions, and at that time not being able to forbear Laughing ; Behold (said she) a very satisfactory Answer, and very much to the Purpose ! *Cassander* coming to himself, perceived the Fault he had committed ; he excused it as well as he could, but tho' he had a very good Wit, he did but entangle himself the more, and by that last concern shewed greater Marks of the Confusion of his Mind than before. At such Hours as the Queen took her Rest, or was not in a condition to be seen, he stirred not from her Chamber-door ; and as soon as any of her Maids, or necessary Officers of her Chamber came forth, he ran to enquire how the Queen did, with such a Care as visibly testified the particular Interest he had in her Health. The Queen who was told of it, and who knew not the true Cause, was very well pleased with him for his Diligence ; she writ the King word of it her self, and many times expressed her acknowledgment to *Cassander* in very obliging Words. As soon as she was able to leave her Bed, and that within a while after she began to go out of her Chamber, he would never suffer any body but himself to attend upon her ; in doing which, he had the advantage to hold her by the Hand, and the liberty to entertain her almost all the day. One time being in the Chamber with her, and some of her Maids, the Queen went to the Looking-glass to mend her Head-dressing, and in the interim the blinded *Cassander* seeing her Back turned toward him, and not considering that by the Reflection of the Glass she saw all that was done in the Chamber, could not forbear stretching.



out his Hands by his side, bowing down his Head with  
 a beseeching Air, and doing Postures, which had some-  
 thing in them very ridiculous, if considered by Persons  
 without Passion : The Queen who easily discerned all he  
 did, turned toward him quite surprized, and that so sud-  
 denly, that she found him still in the same Condition.  
 What's the matter *Cassander*, (said she) are you foolish,  
 and do you take Notice what you do ? *Cassander* was  
 confounded at this Encounter, for which he was not pre-  
 pared ; but seeing himself forced to Reply ; I am not  
 very wise, Madam, (answered he) but your Majesty sees  
 but the lightest Marks of my Folly. These Words cau-  
 sed some Suspicion in the Queen, which kept her from  
 pressing him further ; and reflecting upon many other  
 Actions of that Nature which she had observed, she be-  
 gan to doubt something of the Truth ; but that same day  
 she discovered more evident Proofs of it. She received  
 unwelcome News from *Susa*, by one of her Servants she  
 had sent thither, who brought her word that the King,  
 more than ever in love with the Princess *Statira*, was de-  
 termined to Marry her, and that the Business was gone  
 so far, that there was very little likelihood of hindering  
 it. This touched the Queen with so sensible a Grief, that  
 'twas impossible for her to dissemble it ; she wept all  
 the rest of the Day, and complained of the King's Incon-  
 stancy in Terms which sufficiently testified how much she  
 was afflicted. *Cassander* hearing of it, went to wait upon  
 her, and seeing some Tears fall from her Eyes, he could  
 not so far command his Passion, but that it forced him to  
 say aloud, Those precious Tears, Madam, cannot be  
 recompenced but by all the Blood of those that are the  
 Cause of them ; but if your Majesty be offended, why  
 do you not make use of the Power you have over *Cassan-  
 der* ? The Queen, who knew not at first how she should  
 interpret those Words, turning toward him ; And what  
 would you do for me (said she) in a Misfortune to which  
 the Gods alone can give Remedy or Consolation ? I would  
 do all (replied *Cassander* briskly) that can be expected  
 from a Man to whom Empire, to whom Life, and to  
 whom even Honour it self is not considerable, in respect  
 of your Commands, and of the Occasions to serve you ; I  
 would

would neither regard Blood, nor Sex, nor Dignity, and to obey you I would violate the Faith that is due to Men, the most sacred Rights, and all the Laws of Nature. *Cassander* pronounced these Words (which were violent enough of themselves) with such a Violence, as did sufficiently discover the Passion that animated him; and the Queen from thence being confirm'd in her Suspicions, would not give him any occasion to clear them more fully, but contented her self with replying: You would be able to do nothing for me, *Cassander*, since that in this Misfortune I am injured only by my Master, and my King, against whom I ought not so much as to complain. *Cassander* was ready to make answer, (and perhaps such an one as would no longer have suffered her to doubt of his Passion) if the Queen, who had a mind to break off that Conversation, had not removed out of her place, and began another Discourse. In the mean time, finding herself strong enough to undergo the Journey, and being desirous to take her way toward *Susa* the next day, she commanded that order should be given about her Equipage, and prepared her self for a Departure which she believed she had deferr'd but too long already. That Evening she went down into the Garden, where she walked in a covered Alley with *Seleucus* and *Cassander*; but *Cassander* having found Means to free himself of *Seleucus*, by some occasion which he put him in mind of on the sudden, remained alone with the Queen, and seeing that *Hesione*, and her other Maids, were far enough off not to overhear what he said, he thought he could not find a more favourable Opportunity to discover his Passion to the Queen, than now when she was in an ill Humour against the King, judging with Reason that nothing is so powerful to alienate the Affection of a Wife from her Husband, and make her capable of another, as her knowledge that she is undervalued by him. 'Twas this Opinion that made him the bolder, and drawing an Occasion of Discourse from the Queen's Trouble, after he had continued a while in some Disorder; Madam, (said he at last, with a Voice full of Concern and Fear) the King must needs be very much blinded, since he for

another Beauty forsakes the most charming, and the most accomplished one the Gods ever created. Ah ! if they had but granted such a Fortune as his to other Men—— He made a stop at these Words, and the Queen whom they had displeased, being willing to put an end to them ; The King (said she) *Cassander*, knows me for such as I am, nor is it necessary you should take further knowledge of it. I would it had pleased the Gods (cried the passionate *Cassander*, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven) I would it had pleased the Gods that I had never had that fatal Knowledge which hath drawn me from that of my self, which has deprived me of my Reason, and destroy'd my Repose for the whole Remainder of my Life.

The Queen needed no more to make her apprehend that he had utterly lost the Respect he owed her ; nor indeed did she suffer him any longer, but thrusting him back with the Hand he held her by, after she had looked upon him with Eyes kindled with a just Indignation : Get you gone, insolent Man, (said she) go die for the Expiation of your Fault, and believe that only my contempt of you, saves you from those Punishments you deserve, and prevents the King's Ears from hearing of the Impudence of his Subject. At these Words, without staying for a Reply, she left him quite confounded, and besides himself ; and calling *Hesione*, and the rest of her Maids, she went to the other side of the Ally, so provok'd at the Offence she had received, that for all the rest of the day, it was impossible for her to settle her self again.

The next Morning she departed from *Pasargada* ; but *Cassander* came not near her Chariot that day, nor did he so much as appear before her during all the rest of the Journey ; but when she was come to *Susa*, and that he no longer was in Office about her, he pass'd by no Occasion of seeing her : yet had he never the Boldness to speak to her, nor come near her, and he only hid his Sight, without contenting himself any other way. At the Temple he always took a place from whence he might behold her at Liberty, and be seen by her, and as  
often

often as she lift up her Eyes, she perpetually met *Cassander's* fix'd upon her, and saw him do an hundred Actions that were sufficient to make his Passion observ'd by any body that had been concern'd in it. The Queen who had other Occasions enough to be in ill Humour, and who since the King's last Marriage was fallen into a deep Discontent, was exasperated at this Perseverance of *Cassander's*, and was often ready to let her Indignation break forth; but she was with-held by many Considerations, and satisfied her self with only complaining to *Hesione*, and giving her express Charge to rid her of him. Tell that insolent Fellow, (said she) that I forbid him my sight for ever, that I will ruin him, if he shun it not, as carefully to obey me, as he hath sought it to displease me; and that, in short, I will make the King acquainted with his Folly, at the first sign he gives me of its Continuati-on. *Hesione* told *Cassander* what the Queen had commanded her, and he was thereby reduced to great Extremities. He was afraid of *Alexander*, who on some Occasion had already shewed an Aversion to him; he feared *Roxana*, upon whom his Life depended with a much more absolute Power, but he had much ado to dispose his mind to that tyrannical Obedience she required of him. The Queen (said he to *Hesione*) is not satisfied with having forbidden me to speak to her, but she also forbids me the sight of her; Ah! *Hesione*, this is a strange kind of Usage, and tho' I am not ignorant what I owe to *Alexander's* Wife, I am not ignorant what I shall be able to do upon my self to shew my Obedience; her Anger is much more terrible to me, than that of *Alexander*, and I love my Life too little to be touched with any other fear, save that of displeasing her. From that time forward, nevertheless, he was more wary than he had been formerly, and as much as possibly he could, avoided the Occasions of offending her. But not long after she went from *Susa* to *Babylon*; and *Cassander*, to whom the Cause of her departure was not unknown, meeting *Hesione* a little before her going away; Tell the Queen (said he) that I am still the same; that her rigorous Usage cannot make me change; and if in the Discontent that carries her from

hence, she hath need of a bold and trusty Person, either to revenge, or free her self, she may remember the Power she hath over me, and the Offers I made her at *Pasargada*. This Message was told the Queen ; but it was to no Purpose at that time, and hath since only serv'd to strengthen her in the Suspicions she hath against him. The Queen being come to *Babylon*, led a very melancholly Life ; and the Remembrance of those Advantages which Queen *Statira* had over her, in the mind of the King her Husband, fretted her with so sensible a Vexation, that she could not possibly dissemble it. I know not whether that Resentment awakened the Memory of Prince *Oroondates* in her, or whether she had preserved it all the time of his Absence ; but however it were, when I least thought of it, she sent for me into her Closet, and did me the Honour to say ; *Arbates*, I cannot conceal from you the Thoughts I still have for the ungrateful Prince of *Scythia*, and tho' I have so many just Causes of Complaint against him, and that I am not ignorant what I owe unto the King my Husband, yet can I not oppose that dear Remembrance, and the Image of that insensible Man comes still into my Mind with as much Power as ever : Not but that I am resolved to keep my self within the strictest Rules of my Duty, nor but that I would pay unto the King, (as changeable and inconstant as he is) whatsoever he could have expected from me in his most ardent Affections. I have not any Intention to draw that ungrateful Man hither to me, nor to endeavour yet to win him ; but I must learn what is become of him, and I cannot be satisfied, till I know whether he be yet alive, what his Fortune is, and in what Climate he makes his Abode. 'Tis the Cruelty of my Fate, which even in my highest Prosperity impos'd that rigorous Remembrance, to moderate all my Jeicities ; and the Gods have been pleas'd to counterlaunce the Greatness they heretofore bestowed upon me, by a Misfortune which hath hindred me from tasting the Sweetness of it. To these Words, and some others, the Queen added a Command she laid upon me, to go into *Scythia*, to enquire after the Prince, demanding nothing else from my Journey, but that I would bring her back

word

word in what Place, and in what Condition he was. I went from *Babylon* with this Intention ; but I will not trouble you with the Particulars of my Journey, all I shall need to tell you, is, that I arrived in *Scythia* without any considerable Encounter, and that having spent some time secretly in the Court, which I found desolate for the Prince's Absence, and for that of the Princess his Sister, who had been stolen away not long before, and whose loss the King had not been able to bear without an extream Displeasure, nor without having armed all the Men for her Recovery, which were capable to serve him on that Occasion ; all the News I could learn of the Prince, was, that a while after the Defeat of *Zopirio*, he had secretly left the Army he commanded, and had passed over at *Byzantium*, without any other Company, save *Araxes*, your two, and a Man that had been brought to him during the Siege of *Orobilackia*. Not being able to get a more ample Information, I returned the same way, and arrived not at this Town till two days after the King's Death. Altho' I found the Queen as deeply buried in Grief, as it was fit she should be for the Greatness of her Loss, yet would she hear the Success of my Journey, and her Sorrows were augmented by the Account I gave her of it. From the Time of her Departure from *Susa*, she had received no new Importunities from *Cassander* ; but after the King's Death, he did her exceeding good Offices, and being one of the most powerful among the Princes, as well for the Consideration of his Father *Antipater*, as for his own, he declared himself loudly for her in all the Assemblies that were held for the Election of a Successor, made Parties in favour of her, and embraced her Interest with much Affection, and with much Success. The Queen, whose Ambition never was the least of her Passions, and who naturally loves to reign, took his services kindly ; yet I do not believe she has any design to requite them with a particular Affection, but that she received them without any intention of engaging her self to him by these Obligations.

The Multitude of *Cassander's* Affairs have hindred him, as yet, from making his Addresses to her again ; tho' by reason of the King's Death, and of the Alteration of Af-

sairs, he hath some Cause to hope for more success than before ; but of late the Queen and many other Persons with her have had Suspicions, which I may not yet discover, and which do not only redouble the Aversion she had to him, but make her abhor, and detest his very Name. His Quality, and the Condition he is in, forbid a clearer sifting of the Matter ; but tho' it be dissembled, and not spoken of, there are some Presumptions against him, which begin to make him suspected of the blackest Perfidiousness that ever was.

He had done me the Honour sometimes to speak to me when he came to the Queen's Lodgings, yet not with so much Familiarity as that I should expect the Employment he has given me. But this Morning, as I was standing at the Palace Gate, one of his Servants came to me, and brought me to his Chamber. I will not repeat all the kind Words he used to me, nor the Hopes he gave me of a greater Fortune, in earnest whereof he forced me to take a Diamond of good Value ; but in the end all his Endearments, and all his Liberalities ended in praying me to take the Charge of delivering the Letter you have seen. I refused it as much as possibly I could, and represented to him the danger I was in of being turned away by the Queen, and perhaps more severely punished for that Action ; but notwithstanding all I could alledge to put off that Employment, I could not get away without promising that I would use my Endeavour to serve him.

You hear all I know touching his Loves, wherein I have no design to entangle my self for him ; the difficulty he found in winning *Hesione*, made him address himself to me, knowing that the Queen has some Confidence in me ; but I love my self too well to seek my Ruin in this Business, and I shall find some way or other to ease my self of it.

The treacherous *Arbates* made us this Relation of *Cassandra's* Loves ; and after having ended his Discourse with new unprofitable Conjurations to obey the Queen, he took his Leave, and left us in quiet for the rest of that day.

He

He solicited us often from her after that with a great deal of Mildness; but we having still resisted with the same Constancy, she grew so incensed that she commanded they should put us in Irons, and offer us the Rack, to extort that from us by Violence of Punishments, which she had not been able to get out of us by other Means. Her cruel Ministers obeyed her, altho' the disloyal *Arbastes* shewed a feigned Compassion of us; we were tormented with great Severity, but we had the same Firmness of Resolution in Tortures, and those that persecuted us, were almost in despair of Success by their Persecutions. After that cruel Day, we had seven or eight of Intermision, but that time being expired, they began to torment us again; they used us as Spies, and as Persons that had some Design against the Queen's Life, but me especially who had been surprized in the manner I have told you. It is certain also that in that Accident there was Occasion enough to suspect me; but I believed that that which would be more hurtful to me, was the having heard by the Queen's Discourse, the cruel Intention she had since executed against the Princesses, and I thought with reason that being desirous to conceal from all the World the share she had in their Death, which she caused to be reported in a way very different from the Truth, she would infallibly dispatch me out of the World, if she suspected me to be a witness of her Designs. I believe indeed it was that which made her resolve upon it; for Yesterday the Captain that had us in his Custody, being come into our Chamber, took off our Irons, and telling us that he would set us at Liberty, he made us get up behind certain armed Men, and brought us out of the Town: I know not for what Reason the Queen caused us not to be put to Death in *Babylon*, as she might easily have done; but whatsoever it was, they carried us a great while along the River-side, before we could guess at any thing of our Destiny, but at last we came into a Valley, not far from hence, where those cruel Men having tyed us to two Trees, after having in vain tormented us, to force a Confession of what we had so carefully concealed, they were going to execute their last Resolution, when the Gods sent us this valiant Queen, who by the Effects of her



admirable Courage, saved our Lives, and restored us our Liberty, and our Prince, who is dearer to us than both Life and Liberty.

*Tixaris* ended his Narration thus, and the Princes, and the *Amazon* Queen, who had hearkned to him with Wonder, remained sad and penfive at the end of his recital. Prince *Oroondates* found much Matter of Thought in it, and after having been a good while silent; I know not (said he at last) by what Crimes I can have moved the Gods to stir up this Woman to torment me. Her Cruelty ought to be satisfied with the Ills she has already made me suffer; but when I thought I had been secure from all her Practices, she revives again to persecute me more than ever. It is probable (said *Lyfimachus*) she will not stop at these Beginnings, and since she knows you are come out of *Scythia*, and that by great likelihood she may conjecture you are in this Country, she will leave nothing unattempted to find the Certainty, and to have you in her Power. I should think it convenient, if you were of the same Opinion, that to keep your self from being known to her, and to many other Persons who might hurt you, your true Name should not be declared but among those whom you shall judge worthy of your Friendship; and that among others you should be made to pass for *Arfacomes*, or for some other stranger Prince, whose Name may abuse those that are less interested.

All the Company approved *Lyfimachus's* Motion, and *Oroondates* himself having consented to it at the entreaty of the Princes; I do not think (added *Lyfimachus*) that in the Condition *Roxana* now is, it is hard for her to discover you, and to do you a Mischief if you continue longer here, where I do not believe you are in safety, being in a place without Defence, and so near to *Babylon*; and if your Health would permit, I should think it good to remove you into one of those Towns which are at our Devotion, or into the Body of our Army. It would be very dangerous (said *Ptolomeus*) to carry the Prince far in his present Condition; I know a more easy Expèdient for his Safety, and one that is almost necessary for us; we must draw our Forces hither, and encamp our Army about

about this House, by that Means we shall guard him till he be cured, and bring our Men from a place where they have hardly any thing left to subsist on. You know that where they are, Victuals and Forrage begins to fail them, and that on this side all things are in a better Condition; some of the neighbouring Towns are at our disposing, and the open Country will make no Resistance against us; the Situation of the Place is fair and advantageous for us; the Nearness of the River is commodious for our Camp, and since we yet are Masters of the Field, we ought to make use of our time to take all these Advantages. Our Army is not so far from hence, nor the Days so short, but that sending Order thither to day, our Cavalry and part of our Infantry may be here to morrow. *Eumenes* and *Lyfimachus* presently confirmed *Ptolomeus's* Advice, and only *Oroondates* opposed the Care they took of him; but when he saw that it was advantageous for them however, and that that Order was almost necessary, he consented to their Opinion, and approved the Choice they had made of that place for the Encamping of their Army. It was thereupon resolved that *Eumenes* should instantly go away to the Camp to fetch the Forces, and such Provisions as could be gotten, and that *Ptolomeus*, whose Credit was great, and whose Vertue was much consider'd in that Country, should take Horse, attended by *Araxes*, *Cleantes*, and some of his own Followers, to spend the rest of that Day, and part of the next, visiting some Neighbouring Places, from whence they hoped for Subsistence. This Resolution was no sooner settled, but it was put in Execution, and the two Princes taking a short Leave of those they left, at the same time went two different ways; and only *Lyfimachus*, the fair Amazon, and some Servants, remained still with *Oroondates*.

Then it was that he began his Endearment again to *Lyfimachus* with more Liberty than before, and then these two generous Friends gave one another a mutual Account of their particular Adventures, and of their most secret Thoughts. They both asked *Toxaris* and *Lomates* many Questions, but they could tell them nothing of their Princess, and protested to them, that till their coming

thither they never heard of their being alive ; that in *Babylon* every body believed them dead, and that their Loss had so stirred up the People, that nothing but their fear of the Forces of *Roxana*, *Perdiccas*, and their Associates, kept them in Obedience ; that *Roxana* declared her self innocent of their Death, and disavowed all that *Tyrens* had reported before he died.

*Lyfimachus* having asked *Loncales* concerning the Order that was observ'd in the Towns, he told him their Guards were very strict, and that the Wounds *Perdiccas* had lately received, hindered not *Cassander*, *Seleucus*, *Alcetas*, and the rest from keeping all things in a good Condition, nor from drawing Forces together on all sides ; this was all the two Princes could learn from those two Men, whose Imprisonment had deprived them of a more particular Knowledge of Things. Part of the Day was spent in this Conversation, and the Remainder of it was given to the wounded Prince's Repose ; but scarce was he awake the next Morning, when he saw *Lyfimachus* come into his Chamber with a certain Herb in his Hand, and with an extraordinary Joy in his Countenance.

*Oreondates* after he had received, and returned the good morrow, asked him the Cause of it, and *Lyfimachus* sitting down by his Bed-side ; I believe (said he) that I bring you a speedy Cure, and if I am not the most deceived in the World, I shall see you in perfect Health within this Week ; and to make you give Credit to my words, Know that in our Journey to the *Indies*, *Ptolomeus* our dear Friend having been dangerously wounded in a Fight we had against the *Barbarians*, *Alexander* who loved and considered him very much, was so extreamly grieved at it, that he could receive no Consolation ; he caused him to be put in his own Bed, and lying there with him, saw his Wound dressed with a great deal of Concern. The Chirurgions were in despair of his Life, when the Gods to whom it was dear, sent the King a miraculous Dream in favour of that Prince ; for he was no sooner asleep, but he dreamed that he saw a Dragon holding an Herb in his Mouth, which was to serve for *Ptolomeus's* Cure,

When

When the King awaked, he told his Dream to those that were present, and described the Form of that Herb, whereof he had preserved the Remembrance ; and some of the Inhabitants of that place having assured him, that there grew such a one in that Country, he caused it to be sought for every where, and those that were sent about it, employed their time so successfully, that they brought him the wonderful Herb he had seen in his Dream ; it was presently applied to *Ptolomeus's* Wound, and by an unheard of Prodigy, the Pain was instantly assuaged, and the Wound quite healed up within three Days. The marvellous Effect of this Herb made us all observe it carefully, that we might be able to know it again, to make use of it in the like Occasions, but I never found any of it in this Country till this Morning, when as I was walking in the Wood, I thought I saw something very like it growing by the side of the Brook ; I gathered it with a great deal of Satisfaction, and I am the most deceived of all Men living, if it be not the very same which produces those miraculous Effects. *Amintas* came into the Chamber as they were talking, and *Lyfimachus* having shewed it him, he cry'd out joyfully, and confirmed his Master in that Opinion. He presently took the Herb, and having prepared it, he apply'd it to *Oroondates's* Wounds. That new Remedy quickly drew sleep upon his Eye-lids, and *Lyfimachus* retiring, went to tell the Queen of his good Fortune, and of the hope he had conceived. *Thalestris* was extremely joyed at it, and coming into the Prince's Chamber some Hours after, he told them at his awaking that he felt himself strangely eased, and that he hoped his Remedy would be as successful as he had promised. *Ptolomeus* came in within a little after, and having presently heard that welcome News, he by his Testimony redoubled the Prince's Hopes. *Oroondates's* fear of being kept in Bed by his Wounds while others were fighting, made him sensible of his Fortune, and 'twas that rather than any Love of his Life that made him with Joy expect his Cure, without which he could not second his generous Friends in his own Quarrel.

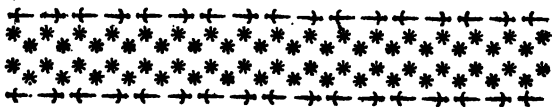
The Sun was beginning to decline, when *Lyfimachus* looking out at *Thaleftris's* Chamber-Window, observed a Dust, which rose from under the Feet of the Cavalry which *Eumenes* brought; within a while after they discerned the Troops, and saw *Eumenes* himself arrive, accompanied with some Commanders of the Army. *Thaleftris*, *Lyfimachus* and *Ptolemens* went out of the House to meet him, and having received him according to the Friendship that was among them, they went forward towards certain Chariots that came after him, wherein were the two Princesses *Apamia* and *Arfinoe* the Daughters of *Artabazus*, and Wives of *Ptakmens* and *Eumenes*, with many other Ladies whose Husbands were in the Army. *Thaleftris* who was instructed in the Quality of those Princesses, welcomed them with much Kindness and Civility, and *Cleone* who was come out with her, no sooner saw them, but she ran to them with open Arms, and receiving them with an Excess of Joy, by her Rencontre gave them a marvellous Consolation. They had heard by *Eumenes* that the two Princesses were alive, to whom they had a very near Relation, and to whom they had ever been most dear, and their Gladness at that News was easily observed in their Faces. While the Princes gave order for the Encamping of the Army which began to arrive, the Princesses under the Conduct of *Thaleftris* went into the House, and so up into *Oreondates's* Chamber; The Prince who was advertised of their coming, and who considered them extremely, both for the sake of *Barsina* their Sister, and for that of their illustrious Husbands, gave them a Reception full of Respect, and by all manner of ways testified how great a Sense he had of the Honour they did him.

After the first Compliments, their Discourse was of *Barsina*, whose Goodness the Prince commended, in Terms which made her Sisters see he was not ungrateful for the good Offices he had received from her. They told the Prince who asked where she was, that she had been detained at *Susa* by some small Indisposition, and by the Noise of those cruel Revolutions that had happened at *Babylon*; that she had lately sent them Word she would ere long set forward on her Journey toward them, where  
by

by reason of the Authority of their Husbands she believed her Retreat would be more safe. They were in this Conversation with *Oroondates*, when the other Princes after having disposed the Camp, and taken such Order in all things as was necessary, came into the Chamber, and join'd all together in a very pleasing Entertainment. It was resolv'd, by *Oroondates* his Advice, that as soon as he was recovered, and the other Ladies arriv'd who were to come with their Husbands to the general Rendezvous, the Men should leave *Polemon's* to the Ladies, and retire to lie in far more commodious Tents, which the Princes had caused to be brought along with the Army, since the House could not be big enough for so great a Company, and that the Princes had a great deal of convenient Room in their Tents. When they had spent part of the Night in these Discourses, the Company withdrew to their several Chambers, where they were accommodated as well as possibly they might, and where they all rested with much Tranquillity.

*The End of the Second Book.*





# CASSANDRA.

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## BOOK III.



**P**olemon's House was seated at the Foot of a little Hill, about five or six hundred Paces from the *Euphrates* : On that side toward the River it was sheltered with a high Wood, which reached from the Garden-Walls almost to the Bank of it ; on that toward the Hill there were many Vineyards, and on the other two, an open Plain of a vast and spacious Breadth ; on the side towards *Babylon* it spreads it self to the very Gates, and on the other as far as the Temple of *Apollo*. It was in that the Princes caused their Army to encamp, covering themselves on the side toward their Enemies with the Wood, and with the Hill. By break of Day all their Tents were set up, and part of the Field was possessed with Soldiers, who made an end of seating themselves

commo-

commodiously enough ; yet were they shut up within certain Limits, and the greatest part of it was reserved for the Forces that were still to come up, whose Number also was like to be much greater than that which was already quartered.

*Oroondates* having rested very well all Night, at his waking found himself visibly amended ; and as a Prodigy admired the wonderful Effect of *Ptolomeus's* Herb ; the Princes no sooner heard it, but they went into his Chamber to congratulate the beginning of his Recovery. After some Discourses they had upon that Subject, they fell to deliberate of their Affairs, and causing those to withdraw who were not of the Council, *Ptolomeus* asked the Prince of *Scythia's* Advice touching the beginning of that War. *Oroondates* received that Respect very civilly, and for a long time desired to be excused if he told not his Opinion before so many experienced Commanders ; but being willing to gain Time for his Cure, and to retard the Progress of those Things which might be done without him, when he was forced by the Entreaty of the rest to speak his Mind, he declared, that he thought it not fit to make any Attempt before their Allies were come up, thinking them yet too weak to undertake any thing against so many Princes as were of their Enemies Party ; but to this Proposition *Ptolomeus* answered, That it was true they were weak, but they were sure their Enemies were not stronger in the Field than they, and that the Supplies they expected could not arrive before theirs. *Oroondates* seeing himself stopped by that Reply ; However (said he) you ought to make known the Reasons you have to begin this War against them who heretofore were your Friends, as well to keep the Reputation you have gotten, as to Interest all the World in the Justice of your Quarrel ; if I be not mistaken, 'tis the ordinary Course : And many Persons who would cast themselves into your Enemies Party if you made an unjust War, will without doubt embrace yours when they shall know the Equity of your Cause. Since it is only for the Liberty of the Princesses you take up Arms, you shall first send to demand them of your Enemies, and if they refuse to deliver them, you may then denounce War against them ; thus you will  
shun



shun the Reproach they might cast upon you, of having surprized them under the Shadow of your ancient Friendship, and by this Declaration you shall make, they can learn nothing of your Design which is not known to them already, and for which they are not already prepared. After this Caution, which frees us from Blame both before the Gods and Men, we shall march to the Battel with more Confidence and more Approbation ; and if the Gods bless our Enterprize with a happy Success, *Lyfimachus* and I by your Assistance shall recover our Princesses, and so many gallent Men who so charitably engage themselves in our Fortune, shall by their Armies enlarge their Dominions, and obtain the Territories of those we conquer. The Gods know with how much trouble I shall remain almost useless amongst you, being unable to augment your Numbers with more than a single Man, who perhaps will be one of the most inconsiderable of your Party ; but you will be pleased to pardon my want of Power, in regard to the distance of my Country, and of my Inability to do any thing there, by reason of the severe Humour of the King my Father.

*Lyfimachus* interrupted the Prince at these Words : We hope for more Advantage (said he) from your single Person than from a potent Army, nor shall we ever doubt of the Victory so long as we shall fight near you. These Words were accompanied with many others which the Princes uttered in praise of *Oroondates*, and they presently approved the Counsel they had given, of sending to demand the Princesses. To that end, having thought upon it a while, they made choice of *Cleantes* and *Lycastes*, the Squires of *Lyfimachus* and *Prothomeus*, whom they judged proper for that Commission, as being known for Men of Courage, Wisdom, and Conduct ; they were instantly called, and when they were fully instructed what they should do, they took Horse together, and went to *Babylon*. Within a little after, *Apamin*, *Arstene*, *Cleone*, and the other Ladies came into the Chamber, and finding *Oroondates* so well that he might endure Company without Inconveniency, they sat down by his Bed, and began a pleasing Conversation. *Thalestris*, who knew

knew that *Cappadocia*, whereof her Kingdom made a part, was now the Lot of *Eumenes*, and who had need of his Support and Friendship for the Conservation of her Estate, laid hold of that Opportunity to make her self sure of both ; and sitting down by him, after that by a Look full of Sweetness she had prepared him for the Alliance she desired with him ; Sir, (said she) we have hitherto preserved our little Dominion either by Arms or gentler Means, and all those that have been Masters of *Cappadocia*, have by one of those Ways suffered us to live within our Limits ; I know that the Province where my Predecessors and I have Reigned, makes a part of what is now at your disposing, but *Darius* and *Alexander* who had the same Right, have let us enjoy them peaceably, altho' our Forces were too weak to defend them against such potent Monarchs ; and you are too worthily their Successor, not to have the same Civility towards Women who will esteem you as they ought to do, and whose Neighbourhood shall never give you any just Cause of Complaint against them. *Eumenes* who was exceeding Generous and Civil, received the Queen's Discourse very respectfully, and answered her with that Grace which accompanied all his Words and Actions ; I would it pleased the Gods, Madam, that I could as easily imitate *Alexander* the Great in the rest of his Actions, as while I live I will surpass him in the Consideration he had of you ; the Honour of your Neighbourhood makes me prefer my part before any of all the rest of *Alexander's* Successors, and if I could merit that of your Alliance, I would employ the Credit of this Company to help me to obtain it.

The Queen reply'd to this Compliment with a great deal of Submission ; and having enter'd into Alliance with him on the sudden, she offered to encrease the Army of the Princes with some Troops she would cause to be raised in her Territories, to which *Eumenes* should give Passage, and let them march with those he expected out of *Cappadocia* ; for that Purpose she pray'd him to lend her a Servant of his to accompany one of her Women whom she meant to send into *Themiscira*, with Order and Commissions

missions to *Menalippa* to leavy Ten Thousand *Amazons*, and march the same way with his Forces. The Princes, who could not undervalue such a Supply, gave very great Thanks to *Thalestris*; and that fair Queen not being willing to defer the Effect of that Resolution, went presently into her Chamber to write her Letters, and get her Dispatch in such a Readiness, that her Messenger might depart the next Day after: Part of that having been spent in these Employments, the Night began already to draw near, when *Cleantes* and *Lycastes* returned from *Babylon*. As soon as *Lyfimachus* saw them come in; How now, Friends, (said he) what do you bring us? War, Sir, (answered *Lycastes*), and 'tis for War you must prepare your selves. We receive War then, (replied *Ptolomeus*) and 'tis War for which we are already prepared. At these Words the Princes rose up, and having encompassed the two Squires, they desired to know the Circumstances of their Negotiation; whereupon *Cleantes* began on this manner:

By your Command, my Lord, we went to *Babylon*, where we arrived without any Difficulty; we found an Out-guard on this side the Gate, the Soldiers whereof having presently stopt us, we desired him that commanded them, to cause us to be brought unto *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, to whom we were deputed by the confederate Princes. The Captain, who knew the Law of Nations, having given us a Guard to the Gate, we there met *Pencestas*, to whom we declared the same. You could not come more fitly (said he) to do your Embassy; the Queen is now at *Perdiccas's* Lodging, where the Council is held to Day, by reason that his Wounds will not suffer him to go to the Palace. At these Words he made us pass between two long Files of Soldiers which stood on both sides of the Street, and led us himself to *Perdiccas's* Lodging, where we found a Guard little different from that which was wont to be about *Alexander*. We went up the Stairs, and entred into *Perdiccas's* Chamber, where the Council was already assembled; *Pencestas* being gone in before, and having given Notice of our Business, all the Princes rose up, and coming close about us to hear what we

we would say, put us into the midst of a half Circle which they made about *Perdiccas's* Bed, at the Head whereof *Roxana* was sitting. The Company consisted of *Seleucus*, *Cassander*, *Leonatus*, *Alcetas*, *Pencestas*, *Neoptolemus*, and some others whom I could not well discern. After having shewed our Letters seal'd with your Seals, and declared the Power we had to speak to them from you, *Lycaestes* addressing himself unto *Roxana*, began thus. The Princes *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, *Eumenes*, and their Associates, armed for the same Quarrel, (we made no mention of the Prince of *Scythia*, because you had forbidden us) protested that their keeping those Forces on Foot which they commanded during the Life of the late King, and their calling the Assistance of their Friends, has neither been out of any particular Enmity, nor out of any design to invade the Territories of those who were heretofore their Companions; but to render what they owe unto the Memory of *Alexander*, and to settle Queen *Statira* his Wife in her due Authority, restoring her to Liberty, and the Princess *Parisatis* her Sister, whom you have cruelly and unworthily used, and whom you keep Captives contrary to all Justice; it is to demand them at your Hands that they have sent us to you, and to promise you, that as soon as you shall free and satisfy them, they will draw their Forces out of these Parts, and retire into those Provinces which belong unto themselves. After that *Lycaestes* had spoken on this manner, we were carried into another Room to give them time to deliberate what Answer they should make. We staid there above an Hour, and then we were called in again to the same place, where *Roxana* speaking by the Consent of all the Princes; We have heard (said she) the Proposition of your Masters, which we account as strange, as we well know that it proceeds not from the Motive you have alledged; the Princesses whom you demand, neither are, nor ever were in our Power, and we cannot take their raising of Arms for other than a manifest Rebellion against those to whom they yet owe Obedience, and for a Remainder of *Meleager's* Sedition; yet are we ready to pardon them this Fault if they presently depart out of our Terri-

Territories, without putting us to the trouble of driving them out by open Force. These Words of *Roxana's* were followed by the Murmur of the whole Assembly, which expressed how much they approved that Answer. *Lycaſtes* having asked *Roxana* if ſhe had nothing more to ſay to him, and receiving only a Command to retire ; Since you will give no other Satisfaction (ſaid he) to the Princes that have ſent us, I denounce War againſt you on their behalf. He no ſooner had uttered theſe Words, but all that were preſent, caſt forth a loud Cry, and by clapping their Hands teſtified that the word WAR was not capable to terrify them who had been bred up in it ; and *Perdiccas* putting one Arm out of Bed, and ſtriking his Thigh with an Air of Indignation ; We accept the War with Joy (replied he) from them whom we deſire not for Friends ; and we will make it with them on ſuch a Faſhion, that without doubt they ſhall be weary of it firſt. At theſe Words calling for a Javelin, he broke it in our Preſence, and caſt the Pieces of it at our Feet ; and *Seleucus* and *Neoptolemus* drawing near unto *Lycaſtes*, Tell *Ptolomeus*, (ſaid *Seleucus*) that we ſhall now have a fair Field to decide our ancient Quarrel. And tell *Eumenes* (added *Neoptolemus*) that we will quickly make appear the difference there is between a Man of Counſel like him, and a Man of Action like me. I well perceived that all the Company, to whom *Eumenes* his Valour was ſufficiently known, did but Smile at *Neoptolemus's* Rodomontado, and we were ready to have made him a Reply, but preſently after *Roxana* commanded us to retire, and *Alcetas* following me to the Stair-head, whiſpered me in the Ear, and ſaid ſo low that no Body could overhear him ; *Cleantes*, I did not threaten in publick, but you may tell *Lyſſimachus* in particular, that at our firſt Encounter, we'll change a Blow or two for *Parisatis*. He ſtaid not for an Answer, and our Guard leading us inſtantly from the Houſe, accompanied us out of the Town, where we were not ſuffered to make any ſtay ; yet as we paſſed by we ſaw all manner of Preparations for the War.

*Cleantes*

*Cleantes* gave this Account of the Business they had been employed in ; and *Oroondates* looking upon the Faces of his three Friends at the end of this Discourse, saw them all kindled with a just Indignation. *Ptolomeus*, who knew *Seleucus's* Vertue, and esteemed him extreamly, tho' he had been his Enemy, received his Challenge very modestly ; but *Eumenes*, whose Hatred to *Neoptolemus* was of another Nature, could not dissemble his Choler, nor keep himself within the Bounds of his ordinary Moderation. We'll see (said he) whether that valiant Man of Action can make this Counsellor fly in the open Field as he braves and injures him within Doors. And *Lyfimachus*, whose Jealousy was revived by *Alcetas* his Message, and who dy'd with Grief to know his Mistress was in the Hands of that indiscreet Rival ; And I (cried he) swear by all the Gods, that *Alcetas* shall have the Satisfaction he desires, and that the Death of one of us shall assure the other of the possession of *Parisatis*. To this talk of theirs *Oroondates* added, *Perdiccas* and I are not in a Condition to threaten one another, and I am so destin'd to do him good Offices, that I can hardly hope he should ever receive any ill ones from me. The Princes had some other Discourse, the Conclusion whereof was, that now they ought to stand upon their Guard, since the War was declared, and that they must content themselves with making little Excursions till their Allies came up, and not undertake any Action of Importance, before all their Forces were united. The next Day was employ'd in fortifying the Camp, and in drawing a Line on that side toward the Town, from the Hill unto the River ; *Lyfimachus* took that care upon him, while *Eumenes* with certain Officers, and Five Hundred Horse, went to the Neighbouring Boroughs and Villages, to make them by fair Means contribute to the Maintenance of the Army ; yet would they not use their Power tyrannically ; and tho' those Towns belonged unto their Enemies, not being willing to oppress a People that were Innocent, they liberally gave the Money they had, to pay for part of what they took ; and by this Order, or by the Terror of their Armies, they brought all the Places on this side the

the *Euphrates* under their Subjection, and those that were on the other remained still in the Power of their Enemies. They had a particular Care to hinder good old *Polemon* from receiving any Damage in his Fortune, and instead of burthening him with any Charge, they, to recompence the Inconveniency he suffered, made him Presents, of sufficient Value to satisfy the Ambition of a Man more in love with Riches than he was. In the mean time *Oroondates* recovered visibly, and *Ptolomeus* having taken care himself to seek some of his Herb for him (for it had retained his Name in the Court of *Alexander*) had luckily found a good quantity of it; he was by his Bed-side with the *Amazon* Queen, the two Daughters of *Artabazus*, and *Araxes*, when certain Troopers having obtained Permission, brought a Man of a tolerable Appearance into the Chamber, whom they had seen walking above their Camp, and whom they had taken for a Spy: After they had learned from his Mouth that he came from *Babylon*, and that he was of the Enemy's Party, *Ptolomeus* asked him gently who he was; and what he came to look for so near their Camp. I look (said he) for that which we lost upon the Bank of this River; and I am the Squire of the valiantest Man in the World. *Thalestris* having pray'd him to explain himself a little further; You must not know what I look for, (replied he) since by a sovereign Power I am forbidden to tell you, and that I can protest to you that you have no Interest in it; but if you would know my Master's Name, it is too glorious to be concealed from you, and I will confess I have the Honour to belong to the Great *Arfaces*. At the Name of *Arfaces*, *Oroondates* thrust part of his Body out of Bed, and desiring to learn News of him to whom his Country was so much oblig'd, and of whom he had heard so many Wonders; My Friend, (said he to the Squire) is it possible that the valiant *Arfaces* should be in the Party of our Enemies? He is so without doubt (answered the Squire) but he is there in a condition which suffers them not to draw much Assistance from his Valour, and which frees you from the damage you might receive by it. Tell us I pray you, (replied *Oroondates*) in what condition he is,  
and

and fear nothing from us, who will give you all manner of good Usage. My poor Master (said the Squire) is kept in Bed at *Seleucus's* Lodging, by five or six great Wounds, whereof the Physicians and Chirurgions do yet fear the Event ; he received them a few Days since upon the Bank of this River, in a single Combat, which he fought against a Stranger, whose Valour was little different from his ; their Advantage was equal, and those two valiant Enemies falling from their Horses at the same time, my poor Master fainting away thro' loss of Blood, had also lost his Life in my Arms, if I had not bethought my self to seek for help, and if by the Goodness of the Gods, my Cries had not been heard by a Company of Horsemen who passed near me, and as we have known since were *Seleucus* and *Cassander* with their Followers : Some of them out of Pity caused my Master to be carried away from thence at my earnest Entreaty, and afterward to be brought to *Babylon* ; where having learned his Name, and that Reputation which spreads it self over all the Earth, they caused him to be so carefully looked to, that out of Gratitude he has engaged himself in their Party, and is sorry for his want of Health, only because it hinders him from requiting part of their good Offices on those Occasions which are like shortly to present themselves.

While the Squire spoke on this manner, *Oroondates* melted deeply upon this Discourse, and judging by so many Probabilities, that he with whom he had fought was certainly *Arfaces*, he felt a Chilness which ran thro' all his Body, and caused extraordinary Alterations in him : *Ptolomeus*, and *Thalestris* perceived it ; but the Prince being desirous perfectly to clear his doubt, Tell me (pursued he, with a Tone somewhat different from his former Voice) what Day this Combat was, what arms thy Master wore, and if he had not fought with *Perdiccas* before his meeting with that Stranger. This is the eighth Day (answered the Squire) since that fatal Encounter : My Master's Arms were russet, and before that last Combat he had fought two others, in the first whereof he left *Perdiccas* on the Ground, and in the second he beat half



a score Horsemen ; but tho' he won the Honour, and the Field, he lost a Person whom he had taken from *Perdiccas*, and whose loss he was as sensible of as he could be of that of his own Life. *Oroondates* needed no more to perfect his Assurance that it was in the Person of *Arfaces* he had found the Rival, who had so unjustly robb'd him of his Princesses Affections, and who had so valiantly disputed them with him ; this Knowledge grieved him very much, and remembering what that Man had done in favour of his Friends, he was assisted that the Gods had not raised him up another Enemy, against whom he might without Ingratitude let loose all his Resentments. His Sadness appeared in his Countenance, and his Thoughts were known to *Ptolomeus*, and to the fair *Amazon* ; he continued a good while in this Perplexity, which discovered it self by his Silence, and by the Motions of his Eyes. He considered as much as possibly he could, how much his Country was indebted to *Arfaces's* Services, and called to mind that Friendship he had conceived himself, at the recital of *Lyfimachus*, and of all those he had heard speak of him ; and that Reflection was strong enough to grieve him very sensibly, but it was too weak to resist the impetuosity of his Jealousy ; and at the first Assault it made upon him, all these powerful Remembrances vanished out of his Mind. What ! (cried he furiously) is it *Arfaces* then who steals from me the Heart of my ungrateful Princess ? And have the Gods decreed, that he, who was so officious to my Country, should be cruel to me alone, and should now be the unjust Ravisher of a Happiness I had so lawfully acquired, and so dearly bought ? Ah ! he shall die, that injurious Supplanter, who has robb'd me of a Prize which was due to none but me ; he shall die, that *Arfaces*, that pitiless Enemy, for whom I had more gentle, and more grateful thoughts ; and since he tears away my Life with so much Injustice and Inhumanity, let him know that our Enemies Walls are not able to defend him against a Rival whom he has precipitated into Despair. *Oroondates* brought forth these Words with such a transported Action, that they surpriz'd the whole Company ; and *Arfaces's* Squire was so aston-

nished at them, that he durst not open his Mouth in the Defence of his Master. He afterwards revolv'd a thousand violent Thoughts in his Imagination, and when they had kept him silent a pretty while ; Friend, (continued he, addressing himself to the Squire) thou may'st tell *Araxes* that thou hast seen his Enemy, who reduced him to the Condition thou ledest him in, and who received these Wounds which keep him now in Bed, from no body but him ; that I praise the Gods for having inspired him with the design of putting himself into the Party of our Enemies ; and that to what part of the World forever he retires, I will infallibly either bring him Death, or receive it from his Hands ; let him know that our Lives are incompatible, that our Combats shall be eternal, and that our War shall never have an end, till either he die to satisfy my just Revenge, or I fall to secure his Conquest. Bid him recover his Health, and his Strength, to make an end with me ; and tell him that tho' I am his mortal, irreconcilable Enemy, I will contribute to his Cure, that I may the sooner see him in a Condition to give me satisfaction ; and indeed it is not reasonable I should make use of that Advantage which Chance, and the Care of my Friends have given me ; since our Wounds were equal, it is just our Remedies should be equal too, nor should an Herb put any difference between the states of two Men, in whom Valour left none at all at the Issue of our Combat. Take that Herb thou seest upon the Table, cause it to be applied unto his Wounds, and be most certain that thou shalt quickly see him as well as I am ; if thou distrust the Present of an Enemy, thou needst but look upon my Wounds, where thou shalt see some of the same, and perhaps it will be known by some about him, who are not ignorant of the Effect it wrought heretofore upon *Ptolomeus* ; but tell him that I neither pretend to any Acknowledgment from him, nor do him this Courtesy with an Intention to be reconcil'd to him, but with a design shortly to begin the Fight again, which our Wounds have interrupted. *Oroondates*, when he had ended these Words, commanded *Araxes* to give the Squire part of the Herb that had been gathered for him, and

prayed *Ptolomeus* to cause him to be conducted safely out of their Quarters. All the Company wondring at this Action, could not sufficiently admire the Greatness of his Courage; and generous *Ptolomeus* himself, who was ravished at it as well as the rest, could not forbear crying out, O Gods! for whom do you reserve the Empire of the World, if you give it not unto this Prince, who by so many admirable Actions testifies to Men, that he holds more of your Nature than of theirs? After this Exclamation, he confirmed the Squire in the Knowledge the Prince had given him of the Vertue of his Herb, and the Squire who would shew something of Generosity as well as they, received it upon their Word, without demanding further Proof, and thanking *Oroondates* with much Submission he went out of the Chamber, and took his way toward *Babylon* with the convoy *Ptolomeus* had appointed him. But *Araxes*, who knew his Master's Intention, would not leave him, for fear he should learn *Oroondates's* Name of some of those that convoyed him, and took so good Order amongst them, that tho' he often enquired, he could not possibly inform himself. Within a while after, *Lysimachus* coming into *Oroondates's* Chamber, and having heard the recital of what had passed, expressed a great deal of Trouble, that *Araxes* with whom he had made a Friendship, and of whom he had a marvellous esteem, was in the Enemy's Party, and was himself *Oroondates's* particular Enemy; but in the end, the Interests of that Prince, and his own together, stifled part of his Grief, and disposed him to bear that advantage of his Enemies with Patience. After that day the Princes made some little Excursions towards *Babylon*, and began the War with some slight Encounters; but because the Enemy kept close, waiting for the Succours of their Allies, and that the Parties which were sent forth had order to hazard nothing, there happened no memorable Action.

It would be tedious and superfluous, punctually to relate all the Discourses, and all the Actions of less Importance, which passed during the time that *Oroondates's* Wounds detained him in his Bed, and before the arrival  
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of those Forces the Princes expected ; it will suffice to know that his Cure went on with a prodigious Success, and that his Health returned so suddenly, that within a Week after his Discourse with *Arfaces's* Squire, he was well enough to leave his Bed ; which he did, with the Chirurgions Permission. Three or four Days after that, the Princes considering their general Rendezvous drew near, and having had notice that their Allies advanced by quick Marches towards the Town appointed, *Lyfimachus* and *Eumenes* went from *Polemon's* House with a thousand Horse to meet them, and bring them to the place where they were already encamped. *Oroondates* who saw them go away, and who felt the return of his Strength, began to take up his former Pierceness, and as a young Lion wakens his Anger with his Tail, he animated his Courage by the Remembrance of his Losses, and excited himself with Motions of Joy, unto the War he saw already kindled. Yet did not that Object smother the Remembrance of his Love, but as often as he was alone with *Cleone*, he renewed the Discourse of it with a Vehemence able to ruin a Health not well confirmed. *Cleone* to cure him of those violent Thoughts, justified her Mistress as well as possibly she could against his Accusations, protested to him with a thousand Oaths, that she did not so much as know *Arfaces*, and that she had waited constantly enough upon the Queen her Mistress to swear for her, that she had never been in his Company but some few Moments, and 'twas very unlikely, that great and vertuous Queen, who in the sad state of her Fortune, and even when she thought her self forsaken by him, had so long resisted the suit of *Alexander*, should so suddenly, and so lightly cast her Affections upon that Stranger. *Oroondates* saw a great deal of Probability in what she said, and but little Ground for his Suspicions ; but when he remembered the Testimony he had received with his own Eyes, and the Conformity thereof with the Report of *Perdiccas*, with that of *Cleone* her self, and with that of *Arfaces's* Squire, he was constrained to fall again into that cruel Belief, which struck him into Despair, and deprived his Reason of all the Power it was wont to have over him ; to confirm that Opinion he alledged to

*Cleone* the wonderful Effects of Inclination, and what he heard *Lyſimachus*, and many others ſpeak, touching the good Qualities, and graceful Perſon of *Arſaces*. The Election *Arſaces* had made of the other Party, joined it ſelf alſo to that remembrance. It is not likely (ſaid he) that after having fought againſt *Perdiccas*, and put him in a condition which promiſes him but little ſecurity, he ſhould caſt himſelf on his ſide, if he were not moved to it by ſome ſtronger Conſideration than his Friendſhip to *Selenus*; No, no, he is advertiſed that *Statira*, or *Cassandra* (call her which you will) is now in *Babylon*, and 'twas to be near her, that he forgot his Reſentments, and the Peril which threatens him near ſo dangerous an Enemy; but be it how it will, *Cleone*, we ſhall ſee the Succeſs of it after the end of this War, and if it pleaſe the Gods that *Arſaces* ſurvive me, the Queen ſhall poſſeſs him in Tranquillity, which ſhe ought never to hope for while I am alive. Theſe were his ordinary Thoughts, wherein he was often comforted by the fair *Amazon* Queen, and by the dear Wives of *Ptolomeus* and *Eumenes*, who knowing moſt part of his Diſcontents, and having ſucceeded their elder Siſter in her good Will toward him, endeavoured to moderate his Trouble, by Reaſons like thoſe which *Cleone* repreſented to him, and which he himſelf could not diſapprove. He was in this Converſation with them at one of the Windows of his Chamber, when caſting his Eye over the Neighbouring Field, he obſerved an extraordinary Shining a great way off. All the Company looked that way after him, and when the Objects were a little nearer, they diſcovered that the Sun-beams produced that Effect upon the Arms of the Troops that were advancing; and within a while after, they diſtinctly perceived the firſt Squadrons, and the firſt Battalions of that great Army which had been ſo much expected, and which *Lyſimachus* and *Eumenes* were gone to meet. He likewiſe ſaw *Ptolomeus* take Horſe, with Queen *Theſtis*, and ſome of the Officers of his Camp, to welcome thoſe illuſtrious Friends, who diſbanding themſelves from their ſeveral Commands, came galloping alſo to receive thoſe dear Embaſſies, and made a little Body of the greateſt Men that were in the World. This Reception

was made between the two Armies, who at that fight sent forth Shouts of Joy, which made the Banks of *Euphrates* echo to the very Gates of *Babylon*. A thousand flying Banners, a thousand Standards display'd, and the glittering Lustre of well-polish'd Arms were discerned by *Oroondates*, and even the sound of the Trumpets, and the Neighing of the Horses already came into his Ears. The Princesses who stood by him grew Pale at these Objects, but they entirely roused up the Prince's martial Temper, and made him with some kind of Shame and Repentance remember that glorious Trade, his good Beginnings in it; and the Progress he might have made if it had not been interrupted by his Love. This Reflection drew some Sighs from him, and kindled an extraordinary Colour in his Face. He burned already with a desire to know all those valiant Men, whose Fame was spread thro' the whole World, and amongst whom he was sure he should yet find a good number of his Friends; and without doubt his Desire had been satisfied that very day, if *Lyfimachus*, who had a mind to shew them to the Prince in all their Gallantry, which so well became them, had not prayed them to defer their Visit, and to rest themselves the remainder of that day in Tents that were prepared for them, while he busied himself with *Eumenes* in making their Forces encamp, whose Quarters were all appointed, and their places set out for them. The Order that had been taken many Days before facilitated their Encamping, and that great number of Men was in a short time lodg'd commodiously, and without Disorder or Confusion; the Provisions were already come, as well those they brought along with them, as the other which by *Eumenes* his Care were gotten from the neighbouring Places, and from the open Country; and those Forces which were encamp'd already, received them that were newly arrived, and accommodated them with such as they had, so that contrary to the ordinary Custom, that Army was lodged almost at its very arrival, and passed the Night very contentedly. *Ptolomeus*, *Lyfimachus*, and *Eumenes*, after having employ'd the rest of the day, and the beginning of the Night in lodging their Friends,

and accommodating the Soldiers, returned to *Oroondates*, and having excused themselves that they could keep him company no better, by reason of the Necessity of their Affairs, they gave him account of what they had done, and of the Order in which they had put the Camp. *Oroondates* received their Civilities with much Respect, and *Lyfimachus* having asked him, if he would not see their Army in Battalia, and all the Commanders at the Head of their Men, the next day, in case his Health would permit him to be carried in a Litter as far as the Plain, he shewed an extream Desire to do so; and the Chirurgeon having assured him that he might without danger, he prepared himself for that Sight with great Satisfaction. He passed that Night very impatiently, and the next Morning getting himself ready, he no sooner heard that the Army was in Battalia, but he went out of his Chamber with the Ladies, and when he was come down the Stairs, finding a Litter which waited for him, he got up into it, with Queen *Thalestris*, who as well and as warlike as she was, would needs keep him company; the other Ladies seated themselves in the Chariots prepared for them, and all of them together, under the Conduct of *Cleantes* and *Araxes*, crossed thro' the place where the Forces had been encamped, and from whence the Commanders had drawn them out in Battalia that Morning on the Plain a few Furlongs below.

The Prince found them in excellent Order, and presently admired the *Grecian* Discipline, and the *Macedonian Phalanges*. That which had facilitated the Levy of so many Men, and their so sudden Arrival, was, that all they who commanded them at that time, and who had raised them partly in those Territories that were fallen to their Share, and commanded in those same Provinces in *Alexander's* Life time, in the quality of Governours; and many of them resided in them already, had had there received the Request of *Lyfimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, to arm those in their favour, who since the King's Death were become their Subjects. Those People who were accustomed to obey them, acknowledg'd them gladly, and followed them without difficulty in that Expedition; and  
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in those Provinces where the Princes were absent, as those of *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and many others, the Lieutenants they had left there, took Arms at their first Summons, and had found no Trouble in making those People obey them, who adored them for their Vertue, and who hoped to enjoy the same Happiness under their Reigns, which they had tasted under their Government. The Forces were not drawn up in Battalions and Squadrons fit for a Battel, nor was the Cavalry upon the Wings separated from the Infantry; but they were ranked according to their Nations, and followed their several Commanders, who without such Order as is proper for Service, marched at the Head of their new Subjects. The first that appeared to *Oroondates's* Eye, were those of the greater *Phrygia*, under the Conduct of their Prince *Antigonus*, consisting of four thousand Horse, and eight thousand Foot; they had something of the Effeminateness of their Country, but they began to grow warlike under their new Master, and to learn a Trade of him, wherein he had served under King *Philip*, and had acquired so great Reputation under *Alexander*. *Antigonus* was mounted upon a very large bay Horse, all his Body was covered with well-polish'd Steel, emboss'd with Gold, and his Hair which began to turn Gray, was pressed with a little Head-piece after the Fashion of the *Greeks*, shaded with a Plume of Feathers; he had two Steel-headed Darts in his Right-hand, and with the left he bore a weighty Shield, the Workmanship of the most industrious Masters in *Greece*. The comely Presence of *Antigonus*, and that high Renown of him, which spread it self every-where abroad, would have obliged *Oroondates* to observe him with a long Attention, if his Sight had not been withdrawn from him, to fix it self upon a more pleasing Object; It was his Son the young Prince *Demetrius*, who rode by his Father's side, with a Grace able to attract the Eyes and Hearts of all the World; his Beauty was nothing Inferior to that of the fairest Ladies of *Asia*, and his Eyes had a charming Sweetness in them which gained Affection insensibly; if he was handsome, he was yet more valiant, and tho' he was scarce full eighteen Years old, he in the last Exploits of *Alexander*,



had given Proofs of a growing Valour, which even in its Beginnings yielded not to that of the most renowned Warriors ; but if he was Handsom and Valiant, he was yet more Amorous. Never was Soul more capable than his, of sweet Impressions of Love ; and in the whole Course of his Life, which was one of the most glorious and illustrious that ever was, the severest Minds never found any other Blemish, save a too great Propensity to that Passion which rigid Philosophers had condemned. He was upon the Back of a white Horse full of little black Spots, who by his proud Carriage, and stately trot, set off the graceful Mein, and pleasing Garb of his Master ; all his Armour glittered with Gold, and precious Stones, his Coat of Arms was all covered with an Embroidery which did not ill accompany the Richness of them ; and to shew that soft Inclination was predominant in him, he in his Shield had the Image of the God of Love, painted by the Hand of the admired *Apelles*. The Sight of this young Prince did marvellously delight the great *Otondates*, and the generous *Tbalestis* ; but presently after, they were not less satisfied with that of two renowned Captains, whom Fame had already made known to the whole World ; they were *Craterus*, and *Polypercon* ; *Craterus*, who by his admirable Vertue, was worthy to share *Alexander's* Affections with *Hephestion*, and who lost nothing in his Inclination, which he gained not with advantage in his esteem ; *Craterus* who alone obliged that great King to Respects, and Honours, from which his Greatness excused him toward all the World, and briefly *Craterus*, who only by his Vertue did till his Death preserve the chief Authority among the *Macedonians*, and the chief place in the Hearts of all the Soldiers. *Polypercon* for his Valour was not less considerable than he, and he kept up his Reputation so well among *Alexander's* Successors, that not long after, he in the Opinion of the great *Pyrrhus* was preferred before all the rest. These two brave Men together led the half of those thirty thousand *Macedonians*, which deceased *Alexander* had caused to be raised for his Guard, and which he had drawn about him a while before his Death ; the rest of them had refused to follow their Companions, and had taken part with *Perdic-*

*diccas* ; they were all Foot, but their Arms were light, their Persons well chosen, and their Discipline so good, that the Princes grounded the better part of their Hopes upon them. After these appeared the *Syrians* under the Conduct of *Laomedon*, they were heavily armed, and never fought but standing still, yet tho' they did little incommode the Enemy by going out upon Parties, and were exempted from all Duties of light-armed Men, they made profession to fight in their Ranks to their last Breath; and to suffer themselves to be cut all in pieces, before they would let their Battalions be broken ; their Number was three thousand Horse, and seven thousand Foot, and their valiant Leader was able to shew an hundred Scars; received under *Alexander*, in a Thousand Encounters wherein he had made himself remarkable. The *Syrians* were followed by the *Cylicians* under their Prince *Philotas*; who worthily bore the Name of the first *Philotas*, *Parmenio's* unfortunate Son, that ended his Life in Torments by the command of *Alexander*, whose Favourite he had been a while before ; they were two thousand Horse, and six thousand Foot : After which appeared the brave *Eumenes*, at the Head of the *Cappadocians*, and *Paphlagonians*, from the Territories of *Amasia*, and the Banks of the *Iris* ; and *Thermodcon* had drawn six thousand Horse the best of the whole Army, making use of that advantage which *Cappadocia* hath above all the Provinces of *Asia*, to breed such as are extremely handsom, and excellent good for service ; and out of *Paphlagonia* he had six thousand Foot, who were armed only with little Motions, and light Corsets, and who (quite contrary to the *Syrians*) fought little standing still, but tired out an Army by continual Excursions, and thought no Passage difficult, nor any strait so dangerous, but they would get thro' it with a wonderful Nimbleness. *Menander* came next to them, followed by six Thousand *Lydians*, a tender effeminate People, and little able to endure the Hardship of War, but yet very apt to learn, and obey the Commands of their Officers, with much Dependence and Fidelity. Those that drank the Waters of *Nilus*, and the scorched Inhabitants of those Parts of *Africa* and *Arabia*, which are near to *Egypt*,  
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came after them under their valiant Prince *Ptolomeus*; but they marched with a Pride which they drew from the Glory of their Prince, and seemed by their bold and stately Pace to promise that they would be invincible so long as *Ptolomeus* was at the Head of them; and certainly the military Presence of their Commander, suited not ill with their Piereness; for Queen *Thalestris* who shewed him to *Oroondates*, compared him to those Images of the God *Mars*, which she had often seen in the Temples of his Country; if he had his Garb, he also had his Virtue, and among the most valiant in the World, there were few that fought in their own Person with more Courage, nor led Men on to Battel with more Prudence. His Forces, as well those he commanded during *Alexander's* Life, as the others which *Cleomenes* had brought him out of his Province, consisted of Eight Thousand Horse, and Twelve Thousand Foot. Scarce had the Prince taken off his Eye from *Ptolomeus*, when he fix'd it upon an Object, which wakened his old Remembrances with much Tenderness. It was Prince *Oxyanes*, who for the Quarrel of his Nieces had armed the *Bastrians*, and marched at the Head of them with a Countenance which sufficiently expressed with what Affection he still considered the Reliques of his Brother's Family; he was in the Flower of his Age, and in the Majesty of his Face one might easily see, both the Greatness of his Courage, and that of his Quality. With him was the good old *Artabazus*, whose Forces were mingled with his, and what with *Bastrians*, and *Zogdians* made the number of Six Thousand Horse, and Ten Thousand Foot, armed with boiled Leather, and upon their Left Arms bearing large Targets, wherewith they covered most part of their Bodies. *Oxyanes* was on Horseback, and that gallant old Man *Artabazus* was carried in a Litter, not being willing to make his Age an Excuse to exempt him from what he owed unto the Blood of *Darius*, and to the Interest of his Sons-in-Law; by him rode his own two Sons, *Cophes* and *Ilianus*, all that were left of a greater Number, who first for *Darius's* Quarrel, and then for *Alexander's*, had nobly lost their Lives in War. *Oroondates* considered these dear and ancient Friends  
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with very affectionate Motions, and would have gone straight toward them, if the *Amazon* Queen had not told him it would be better to defer his Endearments, which else would disturb the Order of those Things that still were to be seen. *Oroondates* forbore at the Queen's Entreaty, and next saw *Philip* pass by with Four Thousand *Hyrcanian* Horse; *Phriataphernes* with a like Number of *Armenians*, and *Archefilais* with Six Thousand more, drawn from the further Parts of *Mesopotamia*. The last that appeared at that famous Review was the brave *Lyfsmachus*, and certainly it could not end by a Person that could more worthily fill his place, nor that could leave the Spectators a more pleasing Idea of the last Objects of that day; among so many Thousand Men, there was not one that knew better how to use a Sword, or Javelin, but neither in so great a Number, was there any Body, whose Pierceness in Arms was so becoming, and whose Presence was so Majestick. He mounted an able Chestnut Horse, which *Alexander* had given him at the last Battel he fought against the *Cisseans*; that noble Beast, whom the sight of other Horses, and the sound of the Instruments had animated, was all white with Foam, and went with a proud sprightly Action, which seemed to express the Satisfaction he had to be subject to none but such great Masters. *Lyfsmachus*, since the News of his Princesses being alive, no longer clouded his arms with Black as he was wont, to declare the Sadness of his Heart, and the Loss of his Hopes, but that Day they were covered with green, and enriched with Emeralds of great Value, which gave an extraordinary Lustre, being set in antick Heads upon his Shoulders, in those upon his Buskins, and in other places, where they seemed to stand with some shew of Necessity. The Crest upon his Head-piece was a Serpent of the same Metall with his Arms, which stretched it self with long Windings round about his Head, and darting out a tripple pointed Sting, seemed by the Industry of the Workman to fend forth real Hissings; his Shield was of the same Matter, but *Lyfsmachus* by *Alexander's* Command, had laid aside his former Devices, to cause the dreadful Lyon, which he had slain with so admirable a Valour, to be engraven in

it with these Words underneath in *Greek* ; *Parisatis conquered it*. His Cassock (the Sleeve whereof appeared under his Poldron, and the Skirt came down as far as his Knee) was of the Colour of his Arms, embroidered with little Suns of Gold, and Emeralds like those upon his Arms, fastened in certain places of it. He had a long Javelin in his Right hand, and by his side a rich Sword hanging in a curious Skarf wrought by the Hands of *Parisatis*, who by the Intercession of *Alexander* himself, and the Command of *Syfigambis*, had given it him when he went with the King to fight against the *Cossians*. In this Equipage marched *Lyfimachus* at the head of the *Tbracians*, of the Inhabitants of *Pontus*, and of the *Bosphorans*, valiant, warlike Nations, out of which their new Prince had drawn Six Thousand Horse, and Twelve Thousand Foot. This was the Number of their Forces, the Names of their Nations, and of those that commanded them; but besides them, there was also a great many eminent Men, who without any Command served in their own Persons with their Friends, or Kindred. Among these were Prince *Oxidates*, *Mitbranes*, young *Pharnabazus*, *Leostenes* the Son of *Ariobarfanes*, *Menelaus* Brother to *Ptolemeus*, *Leocaris*, and *Dioxippus* the Sons of *Mentro*, *Callicrates* the Son of *Philotas*, *Demochares* the Son of *Laomedon*, young *Alexander* the Son of *Polypercon*, *Trasillus* the Brother of *Menander*, the valiant *Tyridates*, *Cambyses* and *Araspes* the Sons of *Mezens*, *Cleobulus* Son to the unfortunate *Orsines*, *Lisander* the Son of *Phrataphernes*, *Philistratus* the Son of *Archestilaus*, and many others, who in Valour, and Greatness of Courage, were no way inferior to those whose Fortune was more advantageous than theirs, both in the Favour of the late King, and in the sharing of the Provinces.

This stately Review being ended, all these famous Warriors alighted, and under the Conduct of *Lyfimachus*, drew near to *Oroondates's* Litter. That gallant Prince received them with Civilities worthy both of him and them, and payed them such Respects as were only due to the chiefest and most illustrious Persons upon Earth; he gave a most courteous and submissive Reception to *Antigonus*, and his Son, to *Craterus*, to *Polypercon*, to *Laomedon*,

*medon*, and the rest, whose Reputation had produced in him a high Esteem of their Merit ; but as soon as he saw *Oxiartes* and *Artabafus* come toward him, he endeavour'd to get out of his Litter, and embraced them with Tremblings of Heart, and Sighs which stopp'd the Course of his Speech : Prince *Oxiartes* and old *Artabafus*, expressed the same Tenderneſs to him, and remembering together their first Acquaintance, the fall of *Darius's* House, and the Change of their Fortunes, they solemnized that Interview with many Tears, in which a good part of the By-standers were Interested. The Number of so many considerable Persons hindred *Oroondates* at that time from saluting every one of them particularly, but that hindred not all the Princes from looking upon him with the admiration which had already seized them, at the Recital of his gallant Actions : *Craterus* put him in Mind of the Encounter he had with him at the Battel of *Iſſus*, and of the Disadvantage the Gods had sent him, for offering to oppose that Valour, to which all human Valour ought to yield. *Oroondates* received *Craterus's* Discourse with a great deal of Humility, and excused his fall, by the disorder of a Throng, wherein valiant Men and Cowards come down together. These Words drew on a noble and pleasing Conversation among so many Persons of Note, from whom the fair *Amazon* Queen, (who was known to many of the Company that had retained the Idea of her from the time of her Voyage to *Alexander*) received the Honours that were due unto her Merit, and to her Quality ; all the eminent Persons in that great Army desired to partake in that Acquaintance ; and the Press which began to incommode the Princes, obliged them to think of retiring, when from Man to Man there came a Rumor among them, that there was some Disorder at one end of the Camp. *Lyſimachus*, *Enmenes*, *Demetrius*, *Laomedon*, and many others with them, turned toward that side, and caused Room to be made for them to go and appease that Tumult ; while the rest, with *Oroondates* and *Thaleſtris*, went toward *Polemon's* House. The Cause of the Noise that had been heard, was this ; five or six Troopers being three or four hundred Paces from their Body, and following

following on the Bank of the River, either by Order from their Captain, or for some particular Intention, saw coming softly toward them a Cavalier attended only by one Squire ; his Garb, and the Pace he rode, shewed that he was very weary, or deeply buried in his Thoughts ; but whatsoever his Posture was, one might see he was of a very fair Stature ; the Colour of his Arms was near to that of withered Leaves, but they were scattered over with black Spots, and with some Sparks of Fire in many Places ; his Coat of Arms was of wrought Steel, and his Cask was covered with Plumes of the same Colour, and with a long black Horse-Tail, which waved upon his Shoulders ; with his Left-hand he carried a Shield, wherein he also bore Sables, a Man's Heart torn by many Vultures, and these Words in Greek, *Or cease to tear me, or make me cease to live.* In his Right-hand he held a strong Javelin, whereof having set the end of the Shaft upon his Foot, he seemed to lean upon it with all his Weight. These Horsemen having looked a while upon him, and seeing him come still nearer to the Camp in that melancholy Fashion, whether it were that they took him for a Spy, or that they had a mind to know who he was, advanced toward him uncivilly enough, and asked him bluntly, what he was, and whither he went ? The Stranger lifted up his Head at the Noise they made in coming to him, and seeing himself encompassed and examined by those Fellows ; Friends (said he) I follow my way ; I know not who you are, and you have nothing to do to know who I am. The forwardest of the Troopers provok'd at this disdainful Answer, Whosoever you are (replied he) you shall come before our Generals, to give them an Account of what I have asked you, and what Business bring you so near unto our Camp. Saying these Words, he seized upon his Bridle, and presenting the Point of his Javelin at him, commanded him to follow him. The Stranger who naturally was none of the most Patient, could not suffer the Violence that was offered him, and without considering the Number of his Enemies, he rushed against him that had laid hold of his Rein, with his Shield, and with the Breast of his Horse,

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so impetuously, that he sent him and his tumbling breathless to the Ground ; the rest exasperated by the fall of their Companion, ran all furiously to revenge him ; and the Stranger who had already prepared himself to receive them, made at the first so unfortunately for him, that he struck his Javelin at his Throat, and laid him Dead among the *Hories* Feet. After this Action, letting go his Javelin, he drew his Sword, and falling in among them with an incomparable Fierceness, he made them quickly know, that they had vainly hoped to get the advantage over him by their Number ; the third of his Enemies was already gnawing the Earth, having received a Thrust which ran him quite thro' the Body, and those that were left began to think of running away, when the Noise of the Fight so near the Camp was heard by the nearest Troops ; some of the Troopers ran presently thither, who seeing their Companions dead and wounded, resolv'd to take their part, and without considering the Laws of Honour, fell all together upon the Stranger, who received them with a Courage able to strike that Terror into them whereof he himself was incapable. Come, base Cowards, (cry'd he) come, and believe that tho' I care but little for my Life, I'll sell it you at as dear a rate as if I loved it very much.

At these Words he flew amongst them like a Thunderbolt, and covering himself with his Shield with an admirable Dexterity, he dealt his Blows to the boldest of them with so great a Force, that every one of them carried either Death, or an incurable Wound along with it. But the Number still encreased, and how valiant soever he was, yet being neither Immortal, nor Invulnerable, he began to know the Danger which he could not fear, and tho' stoutly assisted by his Squire, he must infallibly have sunk at last, if *Menander*, *Phrataphernes*, *Oxidates*, *Ilionos*, *Tiridates*, and a great many more, had not come to the place of that unequal Combat. *Menander*, when he saw those Horsemen to be his, made himself known to them by a loud Cry, and commanding them to retire, he disengaged the valiant Stranger from the imminent Danger that threatned him. When he was delivered from  
the



the Assaults of so many Enemies, he put up the Beaver of his Cask a little to take Breath; and *Menander* coming up softly to him, after having considered the number of Men he had lost, and observed the greatness of their Wounds, and the force of the Hand that made them, looked very earnestly upon him, and thro' the opening of his Cask perceiving something in his Face that was extremely Handsom; Whosoever thou art (said he) I know not upon what Occasion thou hast killed my Men here before my Eyes, and in sight of the whole Camp. I am obliged to ask Satisfaction of thee for their Death; but I will take it fairly without Odds, and tho' these bloody Marks of thy Valour were enough to terrify common Persons, they shall not move me to commit a Baseness, nor make use of any Companions otherwise than as Spectators of our Combat. *Menander* had just ended these Words, when *Lyfismachus*, *Eumenes*, and the rest that were with them, came unto that place, and having in short learned the Cause of that Fight, and the former Successes, they disposed themselves to be Witnesses of the Event, and to hinder that valiant Man from receiving any foul Play. The Stranger gave no Answer to *Menander*, but taking a Javelin from his Squire, he turned his Back to his Enemy, to fetch a career by his Example. Their Illustrious Spectators with Impatience expected the Issue of their Course, and the Bravery of it deceived not the Opinion they had conceived. The two Warriors struck each other with their Javelins, and shocked one another violently with their Shields, but their Force was unequal, and the Stranger being only a little shaken in his Saddle, thrust *Menander* out of his, and made him fall over the Crupper of his Horse. *Menander* got up again, and having an undaunted Courage, he drew his Sword, waiting for his Enemy in the Posture of a gallant Man; but the Stranger, who saw he was hurt with his Fall, and who esteemed the frankness of his proceeding, coming to him, I pray you (said he) let the Combat end between us. I have been more happy, but not more valiant than you; yet if your Companions will run your Fortune, I shall willingly give them this Advertisement, and perchance

in

in their Destiny, you may either find your Revenge, or your Consolation. *Menander* was so bruised, and so little able to prosecute the Combat, that he was constrained to accept the Offer, with a Grief which he could not dissemble; and leaving the List to others, I yield to thee, (cried he) O valiant Man, but 'tis with hope that I shall quickly have Companions in my Disgrace. These words and those of the Stranger animated some of the Eyewitnessers with a sense of Honour; and not enduring the Bravado of that Stranger, they all in a Cluster demanded the Combat, but bold *Ilioneus* was first ready, and ran swiftly against the Stranger with an invincible Courage, but his Fate was no better than *Menander's*, for having vainly encountered his Enemy he was thrown upon the Ground so impetuously, that he was hardly able to rise again. *Tyridates* presently took his place, but his Fortune was the same, and *Menander* had also great Matter of Consolation in the Falls of *Oxidates*, *Cambyfes*, and *Phrataphernes*. Then it was that *Lyfimachus* and his Companions lost Patience, and the brave *Laomedon*, not being able to suffer the publick Affront, spurred on his Horse toward the Stranger, and sending him the choice of two Javelins, We must either repair our Dishonour, (cried he) or thou must absolutely carry away the Glory from the Companions of *Alexander*. As he ended these Words, he shook his Javelin, and setting himself stiff upon his Stirrups, he went to meet his Enemy with a marvellous Suddenness, their Shock was worthy of the Valour of them both, and the Stranger was so disordered by it, that he lost his Stirrups, but he overthrew *Laomedon* with such Violence that he made him and his Horse rowl together upon the Sand. The Fall of *Laomedon*, whose Valour had been tried in a thousand Encounters, caused all that were present to cry out; but it filled *Lyfimachus's* Mind with Grief and Indignation; he advanced before all the rest, and holding back young *Demetrius*, who full of a generous Ambition was already beginning his Career against the Stranger, he drew near him, and saluted him with much Civility. After having a while considered his Behaviour and his Arms; I would willingly (said he) make  
Tryal

Tryal of your Strength, if the Weariness of so many Courses had not lessened it ; and tho' after the Fall of my Companions, you can get but little Honour upon me, I would do my endeavour either to revenge them, or keep them company if you were not in a Condition wherein you may have need of rest. The Stranger by this Discourse knew the Humour of *Lyfimachus*, and being unwilling to lose any of his Advantages against him, I think indeed (answered he) that I shall stand in need of all my Strength against you, but such as it is, I protest to you it is as intire, as at the beginning of the Fight, and that I have neither Wound nor Weariness that hinders me from contenting you. I fear (replied *Lyfimachus*) I shall abuse your Generosity, but I commit this Fault upon your word, and upon the Knowledge that I have need of this little Advantage against you ; therefore since you please, I will venture the hazard of a Combat which I am ashamed to demand of you, with Protestation that this shall be the last you shall be obliged to. I do not hope (said the Stranger) to get out of your Hands in a condition to fight another Combat, and I shall account my self happy, if I can keep that Glory against you, which I have gotten against your Friends. After these Civilities they turned their Backs to take their Career, and clapping Spurs to their Horses, they met with such a Violence, that their Shock was little different from that of two Ships driven against one another by the impetuous Waves ; their Javelins broke without Effect, and were shivered even within their very hands ; but their Shields, Heads and Shoulders, dashed against one another so forcibly, that such an Encounter could not happen without Mischief : The Stranger's Horse wearied with the former Courses, not being able to resist so powerful a Charge, fell with his Master upon the Dust ; that of *Lyfimachus* being more fresh, kept upon his Feet, but his Master came to the Ground with the Saddle between his Legs. The two Warriors equally ashamed of their Mischance, got up at the same time, and drawing their Swords, laid on two such weighty Blows as they closed, that they were both like to have Kissed the Ground the second time ; these  
two

two Tryals of their Strength, having changed their former Civilities into a real Anger, they were preparing to prosecute their Combat, when *Laomedon*, *Menander*, *Eumenes*, and the rest, desiring to prevent the Danger that threatened those valiant Men, opposed their Intention, and hindered them from passing further. If these Combats must be made an end of, (cried *Laomedon*) let the Stranger then make an end with me, I was not disabled to fight tho' I fell by my Horse's Fault. Some of those that had been dismounted said as much; but *Eumenes*, *Demetrius*, and those that were disinterested, judged that the Stranger was free, that the Glory was equal between him and *Lyfimachus*; and that it was not fit to oppose his Passage longer, nor to detain him by other ways than those of Civility. After this Resolution, *Lyfimachus* putting up the Beaver of his Cask, went to embrace him, and the Stranger, in doing the like, made the whole Company see that few Men in the World were equal to him in gracefulness of Behaviour. *Lyfimachus* as much satisfied with that sight, as with the Tryal of his strength, earnestly desired to engage him in his Party; and with that Design, Sir, (said he) you here see Adorers of your Valour, and you shall quickly know the Esteem and the Affection, which it has already produced among them; if you refuse not to be their Companion in a most just Quarrel, and to put your self into a Party, wherein your Generosity alone is able to engage you. I know not (said he to *Lyfimachus*) whether these be the Forces of *Perdiccas*, *Cassander*, and their Friends, which are drawing together at *Babylon*. We are the mortal Enemies (replied *Lyfimachus*) of those you have named, and of their Party, and 'tis only against them, we have raised the Forces which you see cover this Field, I cannot be your Friend then, (answered the Stranger) and tho' I particularly esteem your Virtue, a more ancient Obligation calls me to your Enemies; 'tis only to serve them against you, that I am going to *Babylon*, and if you be so generous as to afford me Passage thither, we shall every Day have Occasions to end the Combats we have begun. *Lyfimachus's* Anger was a little kindled at this Reply, but he dissembled it the best he

he could, and said to the Stranger with much Moderation ; You are too gallant a Man not to find free Passage every where, and tho' your Assistance be very considerable, we fear not our Enemies so much, as to go about to weaken them of the succour they will receive from you. We shall see you upon Service, since you desire it, and if you be distinguish'd in the Throng by that Impress of the Vultures, 'tis by that of the Lyon you may always know *Lyfimachus*. At these Words, without desiring further Conversation with him after the Declaration he had made, he caused the Stranger's Horse to be led to him, and presently gave him a Convoy to bring him thro' the Troops, and to conduct him within sight of the Gates of *Babylon*. The Stranger departed on this manner, and taking his way toward the City, left *Lyfimachus* and his Companions a high esteem of his Valour, and Matter enough to talk of him all the rest of that Day. If our Enemies (said *Lyfimachus*) have many Men in their Party like this Stranger, and like *Arfaces* who has already embraced it, we shall not be without Employment ; but I know not why the Gods should permit so unjust a Quarrel to be supported by such valiant Persons. After this Discourse, and some Orders they gave to make their Troops draw back into their Quarters, they went to find the rest of their Friends who were retired to *Polemon's* House with *Oroondates*. There with more Leisure and more Liberty than in the Field, *Oroondates* expressed his Endearments to his old Friends, and perfected his Acquaintance with his new ones. *Oxyartes* and *Artabazus* could not tell which way sufficiently to testify their ardent Affection to him, and the young Princes *Oxydates*, *Ilioneus*, *Cambyses*, and many others, who had formerly seen, and adored him in the Court of *Darius*, considered him as a Demy-God, and kissed his Hands with Submissions, and Respects, which they could not have showed to any other Man without Idolatry, and to which he answered with a Confusion worthy of his Modesty. *Artabazus* made him remember his first being in Arms against *Darius*, his Arrival at the Court, and the bloody Battel of *Selena*, where he had fought in Person against the Forces of

of the King his Father. *Oxyartes* and *Craterus* put him in mind of the Battel of *Iffus*; *Ilioneus* spake to him of *Damascus*, and of his Encounter with *Artaban* and *Parmenio*; *Ptolcmens* and *Antigonus* of his Passages with *Alexander*, *Eumenes* of the Battel of *Arbella*, and *Polypercon* of what he had done for the saving of *Alexander* at *Susa*. In that Illustrious Company there were few, who, tho' they never knew him till then, had not been Witnesses of some of his marvellous Actions, and by that Recapitulation of his Life, they called things into his Memory, which instead of comforting, did most sensibly afflict him. When that Entertainment broke off, *Laomedon* had time to tell the Company the Encounter of the Stranger who had dismounted him with so many others, and who had found no Resistance but in *Lyfimachus*, and spake of his Valour in Terms, which made them all sorry to hear he had chosen the contrary Party. The Day having been thus spent, all the Men retired into their Tents, and left *Oroondates* alone in the House with the Ladies, whose Number was augmented by the Arrival of the Wives of *Polypercon*, and of some other; the most considerable of them lodged in the House with them that were there before, and the rest went down into the Tents with their Husbands. That Night, as many others, was passed by our Lovers in violent Disquietets; *Oroondates* tormented with his Jealousy, was little capable of rest, and *Thalestris* was racked with the same Passion, but with more Vehemence, and with more furious Resentments against what she formerly had loved. *Lyfimachus* free from that Torture, and delivered from his former Grief, suffered now only for the Absence and Captivity of his Princess. True it is, that to the Sorrow for that Separation, which deprived him of a Sight so earnestly longed for, he likewise added Fears grounded upon very reasonable Probabilities; he was in fear for the Life and for the Humour of his Princess; he was afraid that *Roxana* would vent her utmost Cruelties against her, and if the Love of *Alcetas*, who for his own Interest was like to be watchful in the Preservation of her, had not a little secured him, that Apprehension would have been sufficient to deprive him of all

all Repose. And moreover, he feared lest *Parisatis*, from whom he had received none but very light Testimonies of Affection, should have changed with her Fortune, and have taken a general Aversion to Men, by those Accidents which might have incensed her against them; this was his Mistrust, for to suspect her of any other Lightness after the Knowledge he had of the Firmness and Solidity of her Mind, was what could never fall into his Thought. That which augmented these cruel Doubts, and made him the more unsatisfied with Fortune, was the little reckoning his Princess had made of him since her Misfortunes, having neither deigned after so many, and so great Proofs of his Affection, to command his Service, nor so much as to make her self known to him, in the strange Occasions she had, and in the Dangers she had run. Not being well able to digest this Effect of her Severity, he took it for an Effect of Ingratitude, and this thought plunged him into a deadly Affliction. After he had done all he could possibly to flatter himself, and to banish that killing Opinion out of his mind, he set himself to search out Means to see her, or to hear some News of her, not having Patience in that condition to stay till the end of a War which might be of a tedious Length, and whereof the Events as yet were doubtful.

In these Agitations of Mind he passed a good part of the Night, and the next Morning came betimes into *Crocodates's* Chamber: Finding no body with him but *Araxes*, he presently communicated his Disquiets to him, and the Desire he had to attempt all things possible to see *Parisatis*, or to learn something of her. The Prince of *Scythia*, who for all his Jealousy was more inflamed than ever, declared unto *Lyfimachus* first by his Sighs, and then by Discourses which were all fire, that he was racked with the same Desire, and that notwithstanding he was betray'd, abandoned and forgotten, he could not possibly take any rest in that Ignorance of his Princess's Condition. What do we know (said he) but that they may be fallen again into the Hands of merciless *Roxana*, or that our Enemies may with Tyranny and Indignity make use of their Power over them? Ah! without Doubt, if I  
were

were in a condition to do it, I would go thro' a thousand Swords, but I would see my ungrateful *Statira*. I should already have attempted the same, (said *Lyfimachus*) if I could undertake it without ruining our Affairs; but my Face is so known to all that are at *Babylon*, that 'twould be impossible I should be a Minute concealed among them. *Araxes* coming to them during this Discourse; If you think me capable to serve you, (said he) why do you not put me upon this Employment; you cannot chuse any body that will perform it with more Fidelity, nor that can do it with more Facility; I am unknown to all your Enemies, and provided I can but hide my self from *Arbates*, I may be amongst them without danger whole Years together. Ah! *Araxes*, (cried *Oroondates*) after *Toxaris's* Adventure, I should be in too much fear of thy Life, I should never be at quiet, if I had cast thee into so manifest a Peril. I am not worthy, Sir, (reply'd *Araxes*) of the care you have of my Safety, and since it is dearer to you than I have deserved, I will manage it so well, that I will run no hazard. *Toxaris's* Misfortune shall make me take Care to shun *Arbates*, and all other Persons that might discover me, and you may be certain, I will bring you News of the Princesses, if it be possible to learn any, and will give you a pretty good account of the Condition your Enemies are in. *Araxes* to these Words added so many others, that he at last obtained the Commission he desired from his Master; he promised *Lyfimachus* the like Service, and that Prince who acknowledged himself obliged to him, returned him Thanks with extraordinary Kindness and Civility. The Princes would not give him any Instructions, knowing he was capable of more important Businesses, and they relied absolutely upon his Prudence for the whole Conduct of that Enterprize. *Araxes* advis'd them to venture two Letters, which should be delivered to their Princesses, if he could be so happy as to get a sight of them; or be brought back to their Hands again, if he returned without having been able to do them that Service. *Oroondates*, in the state he believed himself to stand in *Statira's* Mind, and in that she her self stood in his, found great Difficulties before



he could resolve to write to her ; but in the end, by the Persuasions of *Lyſimachus*, who sweetned his Discontents as much as possibly he could, and who was not much better satisfied himself, he took a Pen, and writ these Words unto the Queen :

*Prince Oroondates to Queen Statira.*

“ YOU might think this Meanness of Spirit strange,  
 “ if for your sake I were not accustomed to be  
 “ guilty of the like. I reproach you with nothing, O  
 “ *Cassandra*, but I come to die for you, since you have  
 “ judged me unworthy to live for you ; I will endeavour  
 “ by my Blood to establish your Repose, but with that  
 “ Blood I will also ingrave in your Heart an eternal Re-  
 “ morse of your Infidelity to me. As much cast off, and  
 “ as much forsaken as I am now, for the last time, I  
 “ will without Trouble give that Life for you, which  
 “ you have used to sacrifice to Despair : But pardon me,  
 “ O *Statira*, if in the Service I do you in general, I  
 “ offend you in particular ; and if in the number of your  
 “ Enemies, I comprehend my cruel and pitiless Enemy :  
 “ he shall fall, if the Gods favour the Justice of my  
 “ Quarrel ; but if I be capable to injure you in his Per-  
 “ son, I shall be so without doubt to satisfy you in mine,  
 “ and you shall not have the Displeasure of seeing *Oroon-*  
 “ *dates* out-live the Offence he shall have committed a-  
 “ gainst you.

This was *Oroondates*'s Letter ; and that  
 of the discontented *Lyſimachus* was in  
 these Terms :

*Prince*

*Prince Lyfimachus to the Princess  
Parisatis.*

‘ **H**E from whom you concealed your self so care-  
‘ fully, cannot conceal himself from you, O *Paris-*  
‘ *atis!* and you may know him by his ordinary Marks ;  
‘ he comes to do you a Service, which you will not  
‘ vouchsafe to receive from him, rather than to make  
‘ Complaints of your disdain. — I ought to drown that  
‘ Sorrow in the Joy of your Safety, and since it pleases  
‘ the Gods that you are alive, I ought without Murmur-  
‘ ing to suffer that you should still be insensible, and that  
‘ you should still be *Parisatis*. The Unchangeableness  
‘ of your Humour cannot be truly compared to any thing  
‘ but that of mine, and you are not more firm in keeping  
‘ your ordinary Insensibility toward me, than I am in  
‘ keeping within the Terms of an inviolable Fidelity to-  
‘ wards you.

They had just made an end of writing their Letters, and had given them to *Araxes* with most pressing Recommendations, when the Chamber was filled with Princes that came to visit *Oroondates* ; and while they were drawing near unto his Bed, *Araxes*, who had no further Orders to receive, went out of the Room, and so directly about the executing of his Commission. After that the Princes had paid their Civilities to *Oroondates*, and enquired concerning his Health, they entered into Counsel about their Affairs, and *Antigonus* having demanded Audience to propose something of Moment, spake to them on this manner : Besides the knowledge of your Valour, that of the Justice of our Quarrel, gave me very good Hopes of the Issue of our Enterprize ; and I believed that in prosecuting our Enemies before as those that had murdered, and now as those who unjustly detain the Widow of our deceased King, and their own lawful Queen, we had

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had

had a Pretext reasonable enough, to arm all our Forces against them ; but yet as if the Gods had judged that Cause too light to divide so many Princes who heretofore were Friends, and make them turn those Arms against one another which they have made use of for the Conquest of the whole Earth, they have been pleased to bring to light the Crimes of our Enemies, and compleat our raking Arms against them by Reasons able to arm all virtuous Persons with us. Amongst the false Murtherers of *Statira* and *Parisatis*, we assault the true Murtherers of *Alexander* ; our Suspicions are now but too much confirmed, and I cannot aver that *Perdiccas* and *Roxana* had meddled in this Parricide, yet are they criminal enough to be detested both of the Gods and Men, since they uphold the perfidious *Cassander*, who has taken away the Life not only of his King, but of the greatest of all Kings. Do not believe it is upon light Conjectures that I discover this Fact to you, 'tis not upon the Jealousy we had of it, nor upon the Knowledge many of us have had of his Love unto *Roxana*, and his Aversion to *Alexander*, from the time he took him by the Hair, and beat his Head against the Walls in our Presence ; no, we have a certain Assurance of it, and I can produce two Men, who very innocently served as Instruments in this horrid Treason ; they are two *Macedonians* who were bred up with *Antipater*, and who by *Cassander's* Command brought unto the Court that Poison which put an end to the gallantest Life that ever was ; 'twas of the Water of *Nonacris*, a Fountain in *Macedonia*, which is of such an excessive Coldness, that it extinguishes all natural Heat, and cannot be contained in any thing but a Horse's Hoof. These two *Macedonians* having brought it to *Cassander*, he found Means to procure them places about the King's Cup-board, and within a while after discovering himself to them, as to two old Servants of his House, he by hope of extraordinary Recompences, would have persuaded them to pour this Water into the King's Drinks ; but they affrighted at that horrible Design, refused to obey him, and strove to divert him from that cruel Resolution. *Cassander* having vainly solicited them again, made use of his Brother

*Iolas,*

*Iolas*, whom for that design he got to be made chief Cup-bearer ; and for fear those two Men should declare his Wickedness, he caused them to be taken by others of his Dependants, who under some Pretence carried them out of the Town, with a Command to kill them. The Villains followed the Order they had received from their Master, and having brought these miserable Wretches into a by-place, they stabb'd them in many Parts of their Bodies, but it so pleased the Gods that they had not time to make an end of them, and that seeing certain Persons coming toward the place where they were, they fled away leaving those poor Men half dead ; they were taken from thence by Country People, who carrying them to their Houses, caused them to be dressed so carefully, that they at last recovered, and but Yesterday being able to walk Abroad, they came to me, desiring I would protect them against *Cassander*, making me the Relation more at large, of what I have told you in a few Words.

*Antigonus* had no sooner ended his Discourses, but he sent for the two *Macedonians*, and in the mean time all the Princes began with Imprecations to detest *Cassander's* Wickedness, and by so powerful a Motive, were more strongly animated in the Hatred they bore his Party ; they had suspected *Iolas* before upon many Conjectures, but having noble and generous Souls themselves, they could hardly imagine that others were capable of a Crime of that Nature. In the interim the two Men came, and having made a Deposition every way conformable to what *Antigonus* had said, and answered many Questions which were asked them about that Matter, they left the whole Company fully confirmed in the Belief of that Parricide. All those great Princes whose Hearts did most sacredly reverence the Memory of *Alexander*, trembled at this Confirmation, and sent forth Threats against those Monsters full of a true Zeal and lawful Anger. Even *Oroondates* himself, who honoured the Remembrance of that mighty King as of a miraculous Person, was highly concerned in their Resentment, and with them swore to revenge the Death of that illustrious Rival. The Princes not being

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contented that the Justice of their Cause should serve for their own private Satisfaction, were desirous to manifest it to the whole World, and to make all Men know, it was not for light Occasions that they had taken Arms against their Companions and ancient Allies. With that Intent, after they had agreed upon it among themselves, they set forth a Declaration which *Artabafus* and *Eumenes* drew up in these Words :

*The Princes joined in League for the Revenge of Alexander, and for the Liberty of the Queen his Wife, and of the Princess his Sister.*

AS we have ever believed, that without very powerful Reasons, Men could not with Honour unloose themselves from the Bonds of Friendship, and violate their ancient Alliances : So have we also desired, that all those to whom our Actions shall be known, might be made acquainted with our Intentions, and might have no occasion to expound them according to the Sense our Enemies would give them. We protest therefore both before the Gods, and before Men, that it is not any Discontent about our Shares in the lately divided Empire, nor any Design to make our selves greater, that hath put Arms into our Hands against those who heretofore were our Friends and Companions, but much juster Causes, and such as ought to make all the generous Persons upon Earth to rise up with us. It is for *Alexander* that we have taken Arms, and we have at last discovered that that Demi-God, who found none but Adorers thro' the whole World, hath found Monsters amongst his own Subjects, who by an execrable Parricide, have deprived Mankind of the greatest Personage that ever lived. *Cassandra*, whose Name ought to be abhorred by all the Princes upon Earth, and of whom no body ought henceforth to speak without

Detesta-

' Detestation, the base Poisoner of his Master, and of his  
 ' King, does not only find Safety amongst those who  
 ' wear nearest to him, and amongst those who hold all  
 ' their Honour and their Fortune from him, but also a  
 ' Support against those that were his faithful Servants,  
 ' and a Protection that would be refused him even among  
 ' the greatest Enemies of his Memory. *Roxana* whom he  
 ' honoured with his Bed, and with the Participation of  
 ' his Crowns, whom from the Daughter of *Cobartanus*, he  
 ' raised to be the Wife of *Alexander*, and whom from  
 ' Captivity, he exalted to the highest degree of Honour  
 ' that ever Woman attained ; *Perdiccas* whom he favou-  
 ' red during his Life, and whom he honoured at his  
 ' Death with the chiefest Marks of his Affection and E-  
 ' steem, and a great many others who are little less in-  
 ' debted than they to the Ashes of their Master, arm  
 ' themselves in Defence of his Poisoners, of his Parri-  
 ' cides. But was there any less to be expected from  
 ' those who by Actions of the same Nature have suffici-  
 ' ently testified that they were of the same Inclinations,  
 ' and that they would yet prosecute *Alexander* in the Per-  
 ' son of them that were as dear to him as his Life. Did  
 ' not *Perdiccas* and the rest of *Roxana's* Accomplices by a  
 ' Violence without Example, force the great Queen *Sta-*  
 ' *tira*, and the Princess her Sister, out of the Hands of  
 ' their Attendants, to murder them before the Eyes of  
 ' that pitiless Woman ? Did they not even bring the  
 ' Knife unto their Throats ? And if *Perdiccas* out of Con-  
 ' sideration of his own Interest spared their Lives, hath  
 ' he not changed the Pain of their Death into that of a  
 ' cruel and unworthy Captivity ? Those great Princesses  
 ' who were so dear and considerable to our mighty  
 ' King, now languish in Slavery to his Subjects who  
 ' impose shameful Laws upon them, and who from the  
 ' Blood of *Darius*, and from the Alliance of *Alexander*,  
 ' would make them stoop to that of the meanest of his  
 ' Followers. These are the only Considerations that  
 ' make us take up Arms, with a firm Protestation before  
 ' all the World, and at the Foot of our Altars, that we  
 ' will never lay them down till *Alexander* be revenged,

' and the Princesses freed and satisfied. And if our E-  
 ' nemies would persuade indifferent Persons, that we  
 ' make use of these Pretences to cover our Ambition, or  
 ' other less lawful Causes of Division, let them do Ju-  
 ' stice themselves upon the Murtherers of *Alexander*, and  
 ' restore the Princesses to their Liberty, and to their for-  
 ' mer Authority, and they shall find us most ready to  
 ' withdraw our Forces from these Countries, and leave  
 ' them in a perfect Tranquillity.

The Princes having caused a great many Copies to be  
 taken of this Declaration, made them be spread abroad  
 thro' the Army, and were careful to send them to all  
 Places where they desired the Justice of their Quarrel  
 should be known. The next day they proceeded to the  
 Election of a General, and to make choice of a Prince a-  
 mong them, that should give Orders, and command the  
 rest with an absolute Power ; but in this Enterprize there  
 was no small Difficulty, and their Contestations were  
 very different from those which are usual on the like Oc-  
 casions ; all of them equally avoided that Advantage ;  
 and that Glory which elsewhere is wont to be so much  
 envied, found nothing but Aversion and Disdain amongst  
 those generous Souls. All with a joint Consent yielded  
 that Honour to Prince *Oroondates*, and protested to him  
 with great Submissions, that they would not march with  
 him unless they might obey him. *Ptolomeus*, *Lyfimachus*,  
*Oxyartes*, *Eumenes*, and many others, pressed him to it  
 with most earnest Entreaties, but he resisted them with  
 so much Modesty and Constancy, that 'twas impossible for  
 them to move him. It is enough (said he) that you do  
 me the Honour to suffer me amongst you, and I receive  
 that Favour with great Acknowledgment, I who am use-  
 less among you, and who am here utterly destitute of  
 Forces, in the midst of so many Princes, the weakest of  
 whom have brought whole Armies. Altho' I had with  
 me all the Strength of *Scythia*, I should still make it my  
 Glory to obey Men so worthy to command me, and I  
 should be as firm as I now am, in refusing an Honour,  
 which

which you cannot offer me without making me remember my want of Ability. By such like Reasons *Oroondates* rejected the Command, but not one of the Princes could be persuaded to take it from him, and *Ptolomeus*, *Lyfimachus*, and the rest, were no less obstinate than he in denying to accept of that Authority. At last by Voices of all the Officers, the chief Command was put into the Hands of Six among them, who should Command by Turns every one his Day. These were Prince *Oroondates*, Prince *Oxyartes*, *Ptolomeus*, *Lyfimachus*, *Craterus*, and *Antigonus*. *Eumenes*, *Polypercon*, Queen *Thalestris*, old *Artabafus*, and *Laomedon*, who might with justice have pretended to the same Dignity, refused it so absolutely, that 'twas impossible to make them come into the number. *Artabafus* excused himself by his Age, *Thalestris* by her Sex, *Eumenes* by his Temper, which was an Enemy to Command, and by the Union between him and *Ptolomeus*, to whom he remitted the whole Care ; *Polypercon* and *Laomedon* by other Considerations. The Six Princes seeing themselves constrained to submit to that Election, condescended to it at last, protesting to their Companions that they accepted nothing of that Charge but the Care and Trouble, and that for the Honour of it they would always yield it totally to them. That Day being spent in this Election, all retired to their Tents, and the next Morning certain Scouts that had been sent abroad, brought word to *Craterus*, (to whom, by reason of his Experience, of his Credit with the Soldiery, which he still preserved since *Alexander's* Time, and of *Oroondates's* Indisposition, all his Companions had given the first Day) that they had seen a Body of seven or eight hundred Horse come out of the City, who made as if they would draw near unto their Camp, wheeling about toward the side of the Hill. The young *Demetrius* excited by a generous Ardor, asked Leave of *Craterus* to go with a like Number of Men, to drive the Enemies back into the Town, or draw them to a Fight ; and having with some Difficulty obtained it from his Father *Antigonus*, who loved him with an extraordinary Tenderness, and who could not without great Repugnance see him go into danger, he took Horse with



long uncertain ; but in the end *Demetrius*, who in those Beginnings of his Arms resolved either to overcome or die, and his valiant Companions who fought close by him, animated their Men so bravely by their Words, and by their Examples, that *Leonatus's* Party began to give Ground. *Demetrius* who saw them Waver, pursued his Advantage fiercely, and continued his Charge with so much Vigour, that at last he made the fiercest of them turn their Backs. *Leonatus* strove to stop his Men by Entreaties and Threats, but when once fear had seized them, it was impossible to make them face about. *Cambyfes*, *Avasspes*, *Tiridates*, *Alexander*, and *Ilioneus*, seconded their young Leader so gallantly, that in the end their Enemies were utterly routed.

*Leonatus* not being able to rally, fought like a desperate Man, and having overthrown *Tiridates*, he came up to *Demetrius* a second time ; but Fortune was against him in that last Combat, for having received two Wounds, he with much ado was rescued by some of his most faithful Soldiers, out of the Hands of that young Warrior, for whom Victory had already declared her self. *Leonatus* was carried off by his Men whether he would or no, and the rest of his Party fled toward the City without Order, and without Resistance. The Conquerors prosecuted their Victory eagerly, and were already within sight of the Walls of *Babylon*, when there came forth a Body of Horse consisting of three or four Squadrons. *Demetrius* at that Sight made a Halt, and all his Friends counselled him to retire, while he had a free Retreat ; but he having a fiery Courage could not dispose himself to hearken to their Advice, and would rather perish than turn his Back to them who fled still before him.

The Remainder of *Leonatus's* Squadron taking Heart, began to face about to amuse him ; and without doubt his youthful Ardor was going to precipitate him into a manifest Danger, when some of his Soldiers casting their Eyes towards the Camp, perceived the *Amazon* Queen, who with her Two Thousand Horse came up at a large Trot to have her part in *Demetrius's* Glory. That young Warrior finding his Men recover Spirit at the sight of that Supply, could no longer contain himself, but utterly  
defeating

defeating those who yet made Head against him, (as it were to rough-hew the Victory before the Queen came up) he ran fiercely to give a Charge to those new Enemies. *Cassander* was at the Head of them, and with him the valiant Stranger, who a few days before had dismounted so many gallant Men upon the Bank of the *Euphrates*. *Demetrius* knew him by that dreadful Impress of the Vultures, and animated with a desire to seek Honour where the Danger was greatest, he took a Javelin, and gave his Horse a loose directly toward him ; but *Cassander* opposed his Design, and coming to receive that Encounter, constrained him to employ those Arms against him, which he intended against another ; but he was quickly punished for his Presumption, for having only shaken *Demetrius* a little, he was met with so furious a shock, that he tumbled amongst the Horses Feet, which had trampled out his Brains, if the care of his Safety had not caused many of his Soldiers to alight, who drew him out of that Danger, and set him again on Horseback, tho' extreamly bruised with his Fall. In the mean time the invincible Stranger had overthrown *Ilioneus* and *Tiridates* ; and falling in amongst the rest, cast Fear and Death into all places whithersoever he turned. *Demetrius* fought him with his Sword in his Hand, and strove by his Valour to make his small Party subsist, but his Endeavours were in vain, and he could no longer defend himself against those vigorous Enemies, whose Number was four times as great as his, if he had not been seconded by the *Amazon* Queen, who presently stoppt the Enemies Impetuosity, and made the Combat equal. Amongst those that accompanied *Cassander*, were the young *Aristander*, Brother to *Leonatus* ; *Cleophon*, the Son of *Cenos* ; *Cleomedes*, the Brother of *Egeolocus* ; and many other Men of Courage, and of Noble Blood.

The brave *Thalestris* had laid *Aristander* and *Cleomedes* on the Ground with two several Blows, *Aristander* with one of her Javelin, which ran him thro' the Shoulder, and *Cleomedes* with another of her Sword, which made him fall under the Horses Feet ; she seconded those two mighty Strokes with many others, which soon made her to be taken Notice of, and forced the boldest of her Enemies

mies to turn the Point of their Arms against her, but she behaved her self with such a Fury as made them believe she could not possibly be wounded. The Noise of this Supply, and of her Valour, came quickly to the Ears of the furious Stranger, whose Reputation, and the Slaughter he had made in another place, was already come unto the Queen ; this mutual Report animated these two valiant Persons with a desire to get to one another, and forcing their Passage with their Swords, they sought the way that might soonest bring them together. The two courageous Sons of *Mazens*, who had made themselves remarkable that day by a thousand gallant Actions, and who (bloody all over) had done Things truly worthy of the Memory of their Father, opposed the Stranger's Passage before he could come up to the Queen ; and *Gambyses* defying him with a loud Cry, discharged such a weighty Blow upon his Cask, as made his Head sink almost to the Saddle-bow, and scarce had he recovered his Seat when *Araspes* vigorously seconding his Brother, laid upon him again in the same place with such a Force, that being shaken before, he was like to have reeled out of his Saddle ; the two Brothers, proud of those mighty Blows, already promised themselves a happy Success, but Fortune seconded not their Hopes, and the Stranger's Anger was raised to such a Pitch, that Iron and Steel were thenceforth too weak to resist the Violence of his Arm ; the first he met withal in that Fury, was the unfortunate *Araspes*, at whom making a Thrust with such a Strength as had few Equals, his Sword finding the Defect of his Cuirass, dy'd it self in his Blood to the very Hilt, and appeared all Crimson on the other side of his Body ; *Araspes* dying opened his Arms, and calling upon the Name of his Brother, fell without Life among those Heaps of dead Bodies wherewith the Field was already quite covered. What should the grieved *Gambyses* do at that woful Object ? Anger and Pity touched him equally ; on the one side he would fain lend a Hand to his dying Brother, who called for his Assistance, and on the other he fears to lose his Murderer in the Throng, if he employ himself in that Office ; he was yet wavering in his Choice, when his Irresolution was determined by the  
same

same Sword, which taking his Head from his Shoulders, made him fall with a River of Blood upon the pale Body of his Brother. The *Amazon* Queen was near that place, and being present at that sorrowful Spectacle, she was touched with Compassion for the lamentable Death of those two noble Brothers, and with ardent desire to revenge them. Ah ! cruel Man, (cried she to the Stranger) this Inhumanity shall not remain unpunished ; and rushing toward him at the same time, she found him most ready to receive her : Their first Blows shewed Marks to all those that were about them, of their Force, and of their Animosity, and they redoubled them with such a fierceness, that many Soldiers of both Parties, gave over fighting to become Spectators of their Combat. In the mean time the Troops on both sides were weakened by more than half their Men, and young *Demetrius*, while the brave Stranger was otherwise imploy'd, encourag'd his so vigorously, and charged the Enemies with such Valour, and good Fortune, that they began to give back a little. They of *Babylon* were sending new Squadrons out at their Gates, but casting their Eyes toward the plain, they saw other Troops coming from the Camp, which *Craterus* sent to succour those of his Party, and fearing to engage themselves insensibly in a Battel which they were not in a condition to give, they changed their Design, and sending to *Gassander* to retire, contented themselves with drawing up those Forces without the Gates, to favour his Retreat. In the interim the Stranger, and the high-spirited Queen had vainly sought their Advantages with the Sword, and not being in a place where they could freely bring their Combat to an end, they let their Swords hang by certain Chains wherewith they were fastned to their Wrists, and seizing one another about the Body, they at the same time clapt Spurs to their Horses, and firmly keeping their hold, pull'd each other out of their Saddles, and began to rowl upon the Ground. The Stranger had the advantage of the Queen a little in strength, and perhaps might have got the better in that struggle, but they were not in a place where they could continue it, and fearing to be trodden under the Horses Feet, they rose up with an equal Nimble-

bleness ; and betaking themselves to their Swords again, were again beginning their Combat on foot, when *Cassandra* came thither, and knowing the Stranger, spurr'd on his Horse upon the Queen, and rushing against her Shoulders, threw her all along at her Enemy's Feet ; he would also have ridden over her, but the Stranger catch'd hold of his Bridle, and giving his Horse a sudden stop, made him run back almost like to have reared quite over, and at the same time covering the Queen with his Shield, Ah ! *Cassandra* (cried he) wilt thou dishonour thy self, and the best of thy Friends to day ? In this interim the Queen got up so furious, that if *Cassandra* had staid for her, he had been punished for his Incivility, but at that very instant he received the Order from the Town, and commanded to sound a Retreat. The Queen casting her Eyes upon the Stranger, saw her self separated from him by a Croud, which it was impossible for her to break thro' ; yet getting upon a furious Horse, whereof there was a great number in the Field, she rode after him a good way, and seeing it would be hard for her to join with him, I will remember (cry'd she to him) that thou art generous ; but do thou remember also, that at our next Encounter, thou must end this Combat with me, wherein all the Advantage thou hadst was by the Baseness of thy Friend. The Throng was so great before she had ended these Words, that she could not hear the Stranger's Answer, only she observed that he put forth one of his Arms towards her, and followed *Cassandra* who led him away by the other. The Reinforcement which came from the Camp was already near, and that was it which made *Cassandra* hasten his Retreat the more. The Queen, and young *Demetrius*, would have followed them to the very Gates, but the most prudent Commanders dissuaded them, and shewing the Troops which stood to sustain them, and which advanced gently to receive them, they hindred them from engaging themselves in the Pursuit. The valiant Stranger retired softly in the Rear of his whole Party, and as often as he faced about he sent Terror into that of his Enemies. *Demetrius* already obey'd the Counsels of those that dissuaded him from advancing

vancing further, when a Cavalier of the Enemies side, galloped single from the Troops that came last out of the Town, and advancing straight towards him with his Sword drawn ; For my part (cried he) I'll have no Quarter ; and ending those Words he struck at *Demetrius*, yet with so little Force, that the Blow having hardly made any Mark upon his Arms, slid thence upon his Horse's Head, were it left a very inconsiderable hurt ; but so was not that he received in exchange from *Demetrius*, for running imprudently upon his Sword, which he held forth against him, it gave him an exceeding deep Wound in the Body, at which he cried out, and being but of a weak Constitution, sunk from his Horse upon the Ground. O Death ! (cried he as he was falling) how sweet do I find thee, and how much have I desired thee ! In these like Words, he spoke something so lamentable, as touched young *Demetrius* with Compassion ; and causing some of his Soldiers to alight, he commanded them to take off his Cask, and see if he were yet in a condition to receive help : His Men obeying him, uncovered the Head of the wounded Person, but scarce had they done so, when by long Hair, and a delicate Complexion, they discovered that it was a Woman. *Demetrius* first by the Report of his Soldiers, and then by the Assurance he had of it himself, being come close to them, was seized with an unparallel'd Astonishment, and leaping from his Horse he ran to the fair wounded Stranger with an extraordinary Perplexity. Ah ! (cry'd he, coming to her) whoever you are, you are most cruel in having made me imbrue my Sword in the Blood of that lovely Sex, to which I am a Slave, and an Idolater. In bringing forth these Words, he looked more nearly upon her Face, and tho' it began to grow Pale with loss of Blood, he found such beautiful, such taking Features in it, that Compassion continued not long alone, in a Heart so ready to receive the Impressions of Love. This young afflicted Prince, sitting down by her, and unbuckling her Cuirass to try to stanch her Blood, did her that Service with a Flood of Tears, and with Sighs which powerfully enough expressed the greatness of his Sorrow. What Crime

Crime (said he) O great Gods, can I have committed against you, that you should inflict so severe a Punishment upon me ? And why did you not suffer this unworthy Sword to find a Passage rather into my own Bowels, than into this fair Body : He spoke these Words with a despairing Action ; and the Woman, who understood the one, and observed the other, was moved with them herself, and turning her Eyes upon her Enemy's lovely Face, which she saw drowned in a River of Tears ; Whoever thou art (said she) O pitiful Conqueror, do not envy me the Glory of dying by thy Hand ; my Crimes deserved not so noble a Destiny, and I am unworthy of the Tears thou shed'st upon my Occasion ; I sought for Death, and I have found it, but since thou art too full of Pity to hasten it, tho' I should entreat thee, suffer it to come of it self without opposing the Satisfaction I receive by its Approaches, and the Repose I could not hope for during my Life. These Words, which tho' pronounced with a mournful Tone, had something in them very sweet and pleasing, pierc'd the Heart of the afflicted *Demetrius*. He was of a most excellent Nature, and Pity having at first possess'd every part of his Soul, prepared it quickly for that Master-Passion, to which he had an exceeding strong Inclination. He was about to shew Marks of the new Effects it began to produce in him, when the *Amazon* Queen, who was present at that Spectacle, and in whom Compassion had wrought very powerfully, counsel'd him to break off his Complaints, to think of the wounded Lady's safety ; and at the same time calling Soldiers, caused them to take her up gently upon their Bucklers, that they might carry her to the Camp more easily than on Horseback. She seem'd to suffer that Assistance only to satisfy *Demetrius*, whose Grief was so obliging to her ; and by her Actions she shew'd such an Aversion against Life, that they who did her that Office, knew they labour'd but in vain for her. *Demetrius* walk'd by them on foot, and tho' he was completely arm'd except his Cask, which he had thrown off, and his Sword which he had broken in a thousand Pieces, it was impossible to make him get on Horseback, or stir one Step from her he had wounded ; he forbore to make her speak for fear of hurting her, but he kept his Eyes full of

of Tears, incessantly fix'd upon hers, and by their Looks drunk in great Draughts of that Poison which insensibly took Possession of his Soul. He vouchsafed not so much as to speak to *Eumenes*, who had brought up the Reinforcement for which the Enemies were retired; and when he was come to the Camp, he hardly looked upon Prince *Antigonus's* Father, and many his Friends who came to congratulate the Glory he had gain'd that Day: Tho' he had great Cause to be satisfied with his good Success, he was not capable of tasting the Sweetness of it, in that extremity of Sorrow, and not so much as hearkning to those that talked to him of it, he went directly to his Tent; where laying the fair wounded Stranger in the best Room, he called the Chirurgions, and promising them extraordinary Recompences for the Cure, he, to make them the more careful, protested that his Life depended absolutely upon it.

*The End of the Third Book.*

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# CASSANDRA.

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## BOOK IV.



THE Encounter which Queen *Thalestris* and young *Demetrius* had with *Leomatus* and *Cassander*, was not so light, but that of *Roxana's* Party there were fifteen or sixteen hundred slain upon the place, and on the side of our Princes above a thousand ; yet they won the Field, and the whole Advantage, and from that glorious Beginning, drew most happy Presages for the Continuation of that War : Nor did they neglect to shew their Thankfulness to the Gods by Sacrifices which they made throughout the Camp, both to the Gods  
of

of Greece, and the Divinities of *Perſia* : Preſently a hundred Altars were ſeen to ſmoke, and a hundred Victims ſlain, whoſe Intrails were obſerv'd, and gave no Cauſe of Apprehenſion to the Priests. The fair *Amazon* receiv'd a thouſand Praises from the whole Camp, and moſt particular Endearments from thoſe with whom ſhe had more Familiarity ; they who had ſeen her that Day in the thickeſt of the Fight, made Reports ſo much to her advantage, that they had ſome Difficulty to gain Belief, and when they went about to ſeek Compariſons to expreſs her, could find nothing ſo proper as Thunder and Lightning. *Oroondates* imbracing her all armed as ſhe was, ' Pardon me, (ſaid he) Madam, if I cannot hate *Orontes*, ſince his Infidelity has brought us ſo powerful an Aſſiſtance. Nor can I (added *Lyſimachus*) repent the ſacrilege I committed, in liſting my Sword againſt you, ſince from that Crime we have drawn Advantages which can never be ſufficiently valued.' The fair Queen reply'd to theſe Diſcourſes exceeding gracefully, and the Princes themſelves would needs eaſe her of her Arms, and look upon ſome ſlight hurts from whence they ſaw the Blood trickle down ; ſhe had two upon her Body, but ſuch inconfiderable Ones, that they had much ado to perſuade her to keep her Bed for two or three Days. By the Recital ſhe made to Prince *Oroondates* of the Stranger's Valor, ſhe gave him an ardent Deſire to try his Strength, and to revenge the two brave Sons of *Mazeus*, whom on their Father's account, as well as their own, he had always particularly eſteemed : And indeed they were lamented thro' the whole Camp, their loſs much abating the Joy for that fortunate Beginning. As the *Amazon* Queen received great Praises, the whole Army was not ſparing of them to young *Demetrius*, and all the World extolled the Actions, which in ſo early a Youth, he had been ſeen to perform againſt Men of great Experience in War, and known Reputation, in Terms able to have ſtir'd up Joy in him, if at that time he had been capable of it.

That poor Prince was then in no Condition to taſte his Victory, and tho' his Tent was full of Princes and Commanders who were come to viſit him, he had forgotten all

all his Civility, and left all the care of receiving the Company to his Father, while he stirr'd not from the Feet of her he had wounded, and by whom he was likewise wounded himself in a most sensible place. When the Chirurgions were searching her Wound, he kept his Eyes fix'd upon their Faces, to draw an Omen thence, of what he ought to fear, or of what he ought to hope ; and when after they had done, he saw them look one upon another with a somewhat doleful Countenance ; O Gods, (*cried he*) *she's a dead Woman, and your Faces promise me no good : Well, Philip, (continued he, turning towards his Father's Chirurgion) no Life, no Safety, neither for her, nor for Demetrius. Sir, (said the Chirurgion) we cannot so soon make a certain Judgment, but to morrow at the second Dressing, we shall speak with more Assurance ; let her rest for four and twenty Hours, if you have any care of her Health, and come not into her Chamber till that time be expired. Poor Demetrius, nearer Death than Life at this Discourse, kneeled down by her, and taking her by the Hand, which he bedewed with his Tears ; Madam, (said he) I protest to you by all the Gods, that if you die, I'll live no longer, and that you cannot take a more cruel Revenge upon your Murderer, than in neglecting your Cure ; the shame of having kill'd a Woman, as you are, were enough alone to send me to my Grave ; but since to so lawful a Grief, the Gods, to punish my Crime, have added the Passion I have for you ; know, that now your Life is mine, that by all my Blood, I cannot recompence that which I have drawn from your fair Body ; and that no Man shall ever see me out-live the Grief of having deprived the World of that which now is dearest to me of all the Things that are in it. Demetrius brought forth these passionate Words so movingly, and his Beauty added so great an Advantage to what he said, that the Lady, as great an Enemy as she was unto her Safety, and as much prepossess'd as she was with another Passion, could not keep her self from being nearly touch'd with them. Sir, (said she) you make me receive a Death with Grief, for which I had prepared my self with Joy ; and I protest to you by those same Gods you have invoked, that your Sorrow does most sensibly aggravate my former Afflictions, and that if they had left the disposing of it unto me, I, to cure you of your Grief, would*  
still

*still endure this Life, which my Remorse, and my Misfortunes make me to abhor. Afflict not your self any longer for me, who am unworthy of these Marks of your Goodness, and suffer me to die without other Sorrows, than those which have brought me to a just Despair.* Demetrius would have reply'd, if the Chirurgions had not persuaded him to retire, after having imprinted an ardent Kiss upon her Hand, and used some other blindly transported Actions.

As he went out of her Chamber, he gave Order that Women should be fetched to serve her ; and presently some were sent for to Polemon's House, who came readily to do their best Endeavours. Antigonus, who was acquainted with his Son's Nature, and who according to the Report of all those that have spoken of his Life, was the most tenderly Affectionate, and the most perfectly Indulgent, that ever Father was to a Son, instead of reproving him, and blaming his Passion, was really afflicted with him, and gave him the gentlest Consolations he could desire ; then having gotten him to suffer two slight Wounds he had received, to be searched and dressed, he at his Entreaty left him to his Rest, and dismissed his Friends who came thronging to visit him. When Demetrius saw himself alone, and in that Solitariness, made Reflection upon the strange Capriciousness of his Fortune ; he fell into such violent Thoughts, that he was like either to lose his Senses, or suddenly to end his Days. Men have been often seen to love (said he,) and Lovers have often been seen to lose by Death the Person whom they loved ; but that a Lover should in the same Day, love, see, die, nay and with his own Hand kill her whom he loved, is a thing which never hapned to any body but Demetrius. It was Shame enough to Demetrius, to dishonour his first Attempts by the Death of a Woman, without adding this bloody Surcharge unto his Shame, to make him kill a Woman whom he was to love, or to make him love a Woman whom he had kill'd ; My Crime was before my Love, my Love is the Punishment of my Crime, and both my Crime and Love will have an equal Destiny. O Heavens ! did you ever see a Fortune that could have any Resemblance unto mine, and could you not have made

made the Face of it less strange, less cruel ? If you had so decreed that I must love this Woman, could I not have loved her without killing her ? And if you needs would have me kill her, could I not have killed her without loving her ? Others may have kill'd, others may have lov'd, but never any except *Demetrius*, loved and killed both together. Love everywhere else begins, and declares it self by Services, only mine begins and declares it self by Death, nay and by a Death which foreran both its Declaration, and its Birth ; Ah *Demetrius*, how cruel are the Marks of thy Affection, and how strange a Revolution has thy Condition suffered in a short time ? This Morning thou wert both free from Love, and innocent of Murder ; this Evening thou art guilty of the one, and mortally wounded with the other ; there remains only, since thy Love and thy Crime are inseparable, that thou prosecute both to the uttermost, and that in this Heart, the Seat of thy Affection, thou give the last Blows to that unfortunate Image, which is engraven in it by thy Crime alone. These were the Discourses wherein the disconsolate *Demetrius* passed the whole Night, and if he interrupted them, 'twas only to leap out of his Bed, to run to the wounded Lady's Chamber-door, and inquire how she did of those that waited on her. She, to whom they related his Disquiets, to oblige her to desire Life, and endeavour her Recovery, seem'd to be deeply touch'd with them ; and speaking with much Calmness to those that were about her, *Intreat Demetrius, (said she) to take his Rest for my sake ; and if he will have me pardon him my Death, let him not redouble her Grievs, who wants not oiber Causes of Affliction.* These Words being told *Demetrius*, wrought some small effect in his Mind, and testified this to him at least, that the Marks of his Love were not indifferent to her. As soon as Day began to appear, he would have risen, and run to her Chamber ; but the Chirurgions not having been able to hinder him by the Consideration of his Wounds, withheld him at last by that of the Person whom he loved, and made him, with great Impatience, defer the sight of her, till the Hour her Wound was to be dress'd, and that Sentence pronounc'd, which

which he waited for with mortal Apprehensions. During that tedious space, the Conversation of his Father together with that of *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and *Oroondates* himself, who hazarded his Health so far as to come and visit him, was not able to divert him so much as a Moment from his violent Disquiets. These Princes, who from the Chirurgions had learned how little Hope there was in the Stranger's Wound, endeavoured to prepare him insensibly for the worst Event; but they found him so little disposed to hearken to them, that they were fain to give over their design. At last the hour he so much desired being come, he caused himself to be made ready, and going into her Chamber with all the Company, he came softly to her Bed-side, and kneel'd down against the Opening of the Curtain, without being able to speak one Word. The wounded Lady, who saw him in that Posture, and who could no longer be ignorant of his Passion, said to him, '*Demetrius*, if my Life were as innocent as yours, our Fortune would have some resemblance; and if you will love me after my Death, there will be much Conformity in our Destinies. I would love you after your Death, (replied *Demetrius*) if I could possibly survive you, but I should be unworthy of Life, if I were of so mean a Spirit as to preserve it after the loss of you.' These Words struck *Antigonus* into a very great fear, and upon this Discourse the Chirurgions being come in, began to apply themselves to their Work. *Demetrius* trembled all the while they were dressing her, and looking upon the Wound he had made, 'O cursed and sacrilegious hand, (cry'd he) why did not the Gods suffer the Sword of *Cassander*, or of *Leonatus*, to take thee from my Body before this fatal Encounter? *Philip* and *Amintas* having taken off the Plaister, and seen the Wound, knew presently that it was Mortal; but being forewarned by *Antigonus*, would not deliver their Opinion before him, and only said, that the Success was still doubtful, and that it was to be hoped for from the Gods, and from the Virtue of the Remedies apply'd. Their Patient asked them Leave to entertain *Demetrius*, and the Company, and they told her she might do it

without any danger ; which Liberty so freely granted, made her soon know, that her Cure was despaired of, and *Demetrius*, if he had not been so much blinded, might easily have judged with the rest of those there present, that that Permission had not been given her, but that Rest and Silence were no longer available for her Recovery. She intreated *Demetrius* to sit down by her Bed-side ; and *Oroondates*, *Antigonus*, and the rest placed themselves round about ; which done, addressing her Speech to *Demetrius*, she spake in this manner.



*The*



## *The History of* HERMIONE.

I Know very well that I shall die ; but I feel I have yet Strength enough, both to live some few Days, and to make a long Discourse ; which obliges me, *Demetrius*, to give you the recital of my Life, and in this you receive no small Mark of the Esteem I have of you, since it is so guilty, that I ought in reason to conceal it to all the World ; but I pass over that Consideration, because you from thence may draw the Knowledge of many Things, which will be advantageous to you : The first is, that of the Crimes of this unfortunate Woman whom you love, which without doubt will cure you of this Affection, whereof she acknowledges her self most unworthy ; the second, that of my Heart's being prepossessed, which tho' the Gods should prolong my miserable Life, would not leave me any power to answer this Friendship you express to me ; and the last, that of the Disasters which make Life odious to me, and which making you see with how much Reason I ought to detest it, will comfort you as well as me for the loss of it. Besides these Considerations which concern you, O *Demetrius*, I have others for my particular Interest, capable to oblige me to this Relation before Persons, who having perhaps known my Crime, are ignorant of the Excuses it may have, and who by this naked Confession of my Life, will have a perfect knowledge of the one, and of the other.

Altho' I have in Arms received this favourable Wound, which by one Death alone delivers me from many, yet am I neither an *Amazon* by Birth, nor of a more warlike Constitution than the rest of Women ; 'twas only Despair that put a Sword into my Hand, and a Cuirass upon my Back, under which my Death hath been my first



his Destruction, nor setting forth his Praises in the hearing, even of his mortal Enemies. I remember I was often reprehended for it by those who had Power over me, yet by their going about to suppress my Desires, they did but kindle them so much the more. In these Terms I stood, when my Father called me to him, and when he communicated to his Family the design he had to cast himself at the Conqueror's Feet : I was the first, who (with a more specious Pretence covering the desire I had to see that Prince) embraced *Crates's* Knees, and said all that my Passion could suggest to fortify him in that Resolution. If these Beginnings of my Folly were so powerful, judge what the Progress of it was : After the sight of *Alexander*, I believed him more handsome and more lovely than he had been represented to me ; methought Fame had done him wrong, and that, what she published of him, was infinitely below the Truth. O Gods ! with what a Majesty did he receive our Submissions, and with what a Grace did he raise us up, when we prostrated our selves before him ? I know not whether my Heart, prepossessed with its former Opinion of him, received that Impression thro' the powerful Inclination it had to it, or whether it were an Effect of the Merit of that great Man, or a Decree of my Destiny ; but whatsoever it were, that Moment was the last of my Liberty, and from an Adorer of *Alexander's* gallant Actions, I really became *Alexander's* Captive ; his great Employments would not suffer him to hold any long Conversation with us, yet was it not so short but that I heard him discourse a good while with my Father, and had leisure enough to swallow great Draughts of that Poison, which by degrees seized upon my Heart, and quickly left no part of it untainted. When we were come away, his Image remained still present to my remembrance ; and when by reasoning I would have made some attempt to drive it thence, it settled it self there with a more absolute Empire, and tormented me with greater Violence. Foolish *Hermione*, would I say (for that's the Name of this unfortunate Woman that speaks to you) foolish and miserable *Hermione*, what a Blindness is this of thine, to precipitate thy self with so little Reason and Discretion  
into

into an unruly Passion ? And what a Weakness is it to yield thy self with so little Resistance to an Enemy, from whom thou hast no Expectation of Mercy ? thou lovest without any hope of easing thy Passion, nay, and even without hope of discovering thy Passion ; thou, that art but the mean Daughter of *Crates*, lovest *Alexander* the Master of potent Kings, that Conqueror of all Mankind, and the Terror of the World, he to whom the greatest Princesses living are Slaves, and who nevertheless would not deign so much as to turn the least of his Thoughts upon them. Thou groundest thy Hopes perhaps upon the Knowledge that *Alexander* is a Man, that he is young, and that he is not unsensible ; that thou art born of no contemptible Family, and that thy Looking-Glass, and thy Flatterers, persuade thee thou art fair : Alas ! tho' *Alexander* be a Man, tho' he be Young, he is a Warrior, he is fix'd upon his Conquests ; and if he be not insensible, he will be touch'd with Love to another rather than to thee ; and thou wouldst yet be a greater Fool than thou art, if the Persuasions, either of thy Flatterers, or of thy Glass, could make thee imagine thy Beauty were in the least degree comparable to that of the Princesses of *Perſia*. By this kind of arguing I strove to defend my self against my growing Passion, and I thence easily drew the Knowledge of my Blindness, but not the Power to withdraw my self. I perceived, with as sound a Judgment as one unconcerned could have done, that 'twas utterly in vain to hope for any thing by my Love ; and yet that knowledge could not cure me of it, and I saw my self in the end constrained to love without all hope, and to love, because my Reason had not Power enough over my Soul to keep me from loving. At the second sight of *Alexander* my Passion grew twice as strong as before, and at last it became so potent by my Indulgence, that it made me absolutely beside my self. We followed the Army certain Days, but the King being desirous by Obligations to engage my Father to his Service, and testify the Trust he would have in him, sent him to the City of *Naracanda*, whereof, as of the neighbouring Province, he gave him the Government, with equal Authority to what Go-

vernors were wont to have under *Darius*. My Father received this Favour from the King with great Submission, and with an earnest desire to sacrifice himself for his Service : But I received it as a Sentence of Death, since it absented me from my lovely Conqueror ; and when *Crates*, after having received his Orders and Dispatches, departed from the Camp, I was like to have ended my Life at that cruel Separation. Yet was it necessary to obey without Murmuring, and without discovering any thing to my Father of a Disquiet, which instead of Pity, would only have caused his Contempt and Aversion toward me : I went with him to that City, which obey'd the King's Orders without Resistance, and I looked upon it as the place of my Imprisonment, or at least as the place of my Banishment. Alas ! how many Days did I pass there, which to me were more gloomy than the darkest Nights, and which I should have blotted out of the Number of my Life, if all those that succeeded them had not been languished out in the like or greater Misfortunes ! That adored Idea came always into my Imagination, with Charms against which my Reason was no longer Proof ; sometimes I fancied *Alexander* at the Head of his Forces, pressing the sides of *Bucephalus*, with his Sword in his Hand, his Head shaded with Plumes, and his Body glittering with polished Steel, except in some places, where the Dust, and his Enemies Blood had dulled part of its Lustre ; at other times, I represented him to my self at the Top of a scaling Ladder, laying hold of a Battlement, and throwing himself over a Wall, whither he alone carried Terror and Ruin to his Enemies : I often set him before my Eyes swimming on Horseback thro' an impetuous River, holding two Darts in his Right-hand, and casting up a terrible Look toward the Bank extremely steep, and covered with a Million of Men in Battalia ; and in all these forms I imagin'd him always with a divine Aspect, and with an Air breathing something above Humanity : But from these Reflections falling into my sadder Thoughts, *Alexander* (would I say fighting) is yet more lovely, is yet more sparkling than thou canst fancy him ; but alas ! he is not for thee ; and the higher  
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he is, and the more elevated above the common sort of Men, the less cause hast thou of Hope, the less cause of Consolation. I never ended these Words without Tears, and when I heard tell of the daily Progress he made, whereof my Father often received News, and the Perils into which he did precipitate himself, I trembled and quaked at the recital, and hardly made any Prayers unto the Gods, but to conjure them to divert all those Darts, and all the Points of those Swords which might offend my lovely Conqueror. I kept my Disquiets a long time concealed, tho' they might have been observed in my very Face, and in the alteration of my Health; but in the end I discovered them to old *Theona* my Nurse, in whom alone I could with reason have any Confidence. That good Woman blamed my Folly, and did all that she possibly could to cure me of it; but when she found she laboured but in vain, and that my Passion grew sharper, by her opposing, she resolved to follow my Inclinations, and to seek some Redress for my Discontent, as well by her Endeavours, as by her Consolations.

I lived on this manner, till *Spitamenes* came to *Macedonia*; *Spitamenes* (continued she with a Sigh) was not unknown to any of you, and they that have passed their Lives with *Alexander*, as well as they that have lived near *Darius*, may often have seen him in both Courts; you know that he was Friend to the treacherous *Bessus*, and that after the detestable Parricide of his King, whereof he was not absolutely clear, he followed his Fortune into *Bactria*; but when *Alexander* was come into that Country, and by the force of his Arms had made himself Master of it, *Spitamenes*, a false Friend to that disloyal Man, betray'd the Traytor in favour of *Alexander*, and to make his Peace with him, after he had caused his Forces to revolt, he with *Catenes* and some others, seized upon *Bessus*, and carried him bound hand and foot to *Alexander*. Having found favour with the Conqueror by means of his Treachery, he continued for some time to follow him, but afterward (growing weary of the Quiet he enjoy'd under him, and abusing the Favours he had received from him) he sowed new Seditions in the Camp, and making the *Dabab* rise, he levied seven thousand *Bactrian* Horse,

and with them marched towards *Maracanda*, to get my Father to follow his Example, and rebel against his Benefactor, and his Master. ‘ Pardon me, (O *Spitamenes*) if I renew the Remembrance of thy Perfidiousness, and believe, that it is neither to injure thy Memory, nor to seek to justify my self, that I accuse thee, but to make the Truth known unto these noble Persons, who are as little ignorant of part of thy Life as I my self.’ *Spitamenes* being arrived at *Maracanda*, and having made himself known at the Gates, was received by my Father his ancient Friend, with all Testimonies of Affection; and concealing his Rebellion from him, he made him believe that by *Alexander’s* Order, and for his Service, he was to lead those Forces upon some Expedition whither he had sent him. My Father received him into the Town, and into his House, with all manner of Welcome, and used him as a Brother, and as a Man in whom he perfectly trusted; nay, he was so imprudent, that he quartered some of his Troops within the Town, and the rest hard by as commodiously as he could wish. The subtle *Spitamenes* had already taken good Order to keep my Father from being undeceived, and sent Horsemen abroad upon all the Highways, to stop all those who by Order from the King, or otherwise, might come to give him notice of his Revolt; by this means it was concealed from him, and poor *Cradates* never shew’d the least Mistrust. In the interim, *Spitamenes* from the second day became in love with me, or at least feigned to be so, to advance his Designs; and presuming upon the Friendship my Father bore him, and upon the Power he believ’d him to have with *Alexander*, who, according to his Report, gave him Armies to command; he discover’d unto him his Intentions towards me, and demanded me of him in Marriage. The abused *Cradates* gave ear to the Proposition, and really believing that *Spitamenes* was in a high degree of Fortune, and in great Credit with the King, judg’d that he could not hope for a more advantageous Match for his Daughter; and without farther Deliberation of informing himself how I stood inclined, gave him his Word that I should be his Wife. *Spitamenes* having had this Promise, began to cast loving Glances at me, and

and to discover his Affection ;:- But alas ! how little was I in a condition to hearken to him, and with how great a Coldness did I receive his Protestations ! That very Evening, my Father made me acquainted with his Pleasure, and commanded me to resolve to marry him. The Gods know in what manner I received both that Declaration, and that Command, how many Tears I shed at my Father's Feet, and how many Entreaties I used to get him to change his Resolution ; but that poor abused Man, who believed himself engaged by his Word, and who fancied imaginary Advantages to himself by that Alliance, was inexorable to my Prayers, and being offended at my resisting of his Will, redoubled his Commands, and to them added Threats full of Severity. I passed all that Night in deadly Grievs, and a thousand times invoc'd my adored *Alexander*, to ask Satisfaction for the Violence used against me. *Thetis* could find no way to comfort me ; but representing to me that I could not pretend by lawful Means to the possession of him I lov'd, counsell'd me to take *Spitamenes*, and obey my Father. I had no Mother to whom I might address my Complaints, she was dead many Years before ; and having vented my Grief to two young Brothers I had, they blam'd my Resistance, and lay'd before mine Eyes the Duty I ow'd my Father : They were ignorant how my Heart was prepossess'd, and believing as well as *Crates*, that I should have a very good Fortune in *Spitamenes*, could not approve the difficulty I made in submitting to his Will. Till then I had lived without knowledge of any Crime ; and in that Innocency of Life, I believed, that without being extream faulty, I could not disobey my Father, to whom, besides my Respect, I had ever born a very tender and perfect Affection, to which he had oblig'd me by all manner of kind Usage, and by Testimonies of a most indulgent Love. How great Difficulty soever I found in withdrawing my Thoughts from that lovely Object whereupon they were fix'd, and how great an Aversion soever his tyrannical Proceeding had made me conceive against the Husband destined for me, I felt my self too weak to resist those that had an absolute Power over me ; I was destitute of

all shew of Help, and not so foolish as to hope for any Success in my Passion for *Alexander*. The Knowledge of these things, after having sufficiently wept, and torn myself, made me at last resolve to undergo the Yoke, which they strove to impose upon me, and to dispose myself by that cruel Necessity, to contend against my first Affection, and labour to introduce that into my Heart, which Duty ought to establish in it. Why should I keep you longer in this tedious part of my Life? *Cradates* at last found me obedient; *Spitamenes* by a hard Violence, and by the despair of my former Passion, drew from me the Consent he demanded; and my Father who loved me dearly, and who would not have forced my Inclinations, but out of a hope it would be much to my advantage, express'd a great deal of Satisfaction at it. The Wedding was celebrated with Pomp and Magnificence enough, but *Lucina*, the Goddess of Marriages, presided not at ours; only the Furies held forth their Torches at that fatal Alliance, about our Nuptial Bed, whither I was led as a Sacrifice to the Altar; nor was there any thing heard but Night Ravens, Screech-Owls, and such Birds of fatal Pre-sage. In those first Days of our Marriage, *Spitamenes* strove, at least in Appearance, by all manner of Kindness and Testimonies of Love, to make me approve of that by Inclination, which I had done out of Obedience or Constraint; and notwithstanding all my Repugnancy, he would at last have obtain'd it, and I should have forced myself with Reason to drive away that Passion, which was so great an Enemy to my Repose, and to my Duty, if by most horrible Crimes, he, instead of the Coldness I had toward him, had not introduced that bloody Hatred into my Heart, which hath since produced such dismal Effects. Here I shall only recal many Things into your Memory, which without doubt you have heard before; but since for the most part they are not unknown to you, I will pass them the more slightly over. *Cradates* now liv'd with *Spitamenes* as with his Son, he trusted him with his most secret Thoughts, and referred himself to him, both for the Government of the Town, and for his most important Affairs; and indeed who would have suspected such

such a horrid Treachery, or who would have imagined that so much Dissimulation and Perfidiousness could lodge in the Soul of a Man nobly descended? The eighth Day after our Marriage was hardly pass'd, when *Spitamenes* found means to bring in a great part of his Forces at several Gates; and when he had made himself strongest in the Town, where the Garrison and the Inhabitants were very weak, after he had given those Orders to his Men, which he resolv'd should be executed, he came attended by a great many Followers, to find my Father in his Chamber; he the day before had told him that he intended to march about the Expedition *Alexander* had employed him in, saying, it had been retarded by his Marriage, and my Father, who saw how much the Country was burden'd with his Forces, was content to let him depart, upon hope of a speedy return; at that time seeing him come into his Chamber, he believ'd he came to take his Leave of him, but *Spitamenes* quickly convinc'd him of his Error, and having desired to speak with him; *Crates* (said he) I have hitherto dissembled my Intention, because I was not yet in a condition to declare it to you, but now I must lay open my Heart, and by my Example oblige you to do what you ought, since our ancient Friendship, and the Alliance we have contracted, persuades me to move you to it by such ways as I should not have made use of toward another. Know then, I am *Alexander's* Enemy, that the Forces which follow me have taken Arms only against him, and that if you have any love to your Country, and any Consideration of your Son-in-Law, you ought to take Arms for the one, and follow the Fortune of the other. I was present at this Discourse of *Spitamenes*, and saw that my Father was not able to suffer the Continuation of it: How *Spitamenes* (cry'd he) have you betray'd me then, and was it only with this Intent that you fought my Alliance? I asked your Daughter of you, (said *Spitamenes*) because I lov'd you, and 'tis because I love you, that I do once again intreat you to embrace our Party, and not to make them your Enemies who do yet consider you, and who are stronger in *Maracanda* than your self. By these Words, poor *Crates* plainly found he was betray'd, and instead of answering to *Spitamenes* his Proposition; *Ab!*

*Traitor,*



*Traitor, (say'd he) the just God will punish thy Perfidiousness, and if I must fall, they shall see me die like a Man that was faithful to his Masters till his latest Breath.* With these Words he laid his Hand upon the Hilt of his Sword; but cruel *Spitamenes* having already drawn his, ran him thro' the Body, and made him fall dead at my Feet, weltring in a Stream of his own Blood: My two Brothers were eager to have revenged him, but those that accompanied *Spitamenes* kill'd them presently upon the place; and at the same Instant the signal being given, they began through the whole Town to drive out, and cut the Throats of the Garison.

Judge, my Lords, what a Condition I was in at that time; I saw my poor Father breath out his Life in my Arms, and my two poor Brothers fall Murdered with divers Wounds; the Blood of them all spouted forth-upon me, and made me all over in a gore; but I was not long a beholder of that dreadful Spectacle, for having scarcely had the Strength to give a Shriek, I fell upon those dear Bodies, without Sense or Understanding. I knew not then what was done in the Chamber where these Cruelties were committed, but when I came out of my Swoon, I found my self upon a Bed, encompassed with a great many Women, unto whose charge I had been delivered.

As soon as I opened my Eyes, I remembred the woful Objects I had seen; and you may believe, that at that horrid Remembrance, I neither spared my Hair, nor my Face, and that by all my Actions, I gave sufficient Testimony, that in the condition I was left in the World, I had but little love of Life remaining; I had seen those Persons murdered before my Eyes, who were the nearest, and who ought to be the dearest to me in the whole World; and I had seen them murdered by the Hands of him, who in spite of all his Treacheries and Cruelties, was still my Husband; besides the Force of Blood, and the Considerations of Friendship, the Condition I was in by that horrible Revolution of my Fortune, was very lamentable; I in those dear Persons had lost all the Support, and all the Protection I had, and I saw my self miserably exposed, and abandoned to the Mercy of that Monster,

Monster, from whom I expected as bad a Destiny. At that time I thought not of all these things, as being capable of very little Sense in that extremity of Trouble ; but fixing my self only upon those so late Objects, and upon the bloody Ideas, which I had still fresh before my Eyes, I suffered my self to be totally possessed with Grief, and with Astonishment.

As often as I named my poor Father, and my poor Brothers, I detested their treacherous Murderer, and I made not more Complaints for them, than I poured forth Imprecations against him : I kissed the Blood which was yet upon my Cloaths, and left horrible Marks thereof upon my Face. I should fear to weary you, my Lords, and perhaps I should not have Life enough to make an end of my Recital, if I endeavoured to repeat all the Words which my Despair made me bring forth ; and it will suffice me to tell you, that I passed all that Day, and the Night following, like a Person utterly out of her Wits ; and had it not been for my Women, when I was so violently transported, I had infallibly attempted upon my Life : I had continued above thirty hours without taking any Nourishment at all, when I was forced to it by the Tears of my old Nurse, who hanging about my Knees, and sighing by me, touched even me with Pity, whose Condition was woful enough to move Compassion in all the World. That second Day was passed just as the first ; and next after, impudent *Spitamenes* presented himself before me. O Gods ! with what a Violence did that cruel Sight waken my Resentments ! I felt my Strength redoubled, and leaping from my Bed, I ran to strangle that Parricide with my Hands ; and without doubt, in the Fury that transported me, I should have perished by his, or should have made him run some Hazard, but that I was stopped by those Women, who having held me back with much ado, carried me by force, and laid me again upon my Bed. Cruel *Spitamenes* was not at all moved at my Action, and being set down at a distance from me, he gave Ear a long time without Reply to the Reproaches and Imprecations I vented against him : After I had said all that Rage could put into my Mouth ; *Perfect thy crime*  
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(continued) I thou Murderer, stain'd with illustrious Blood, and with Blood for which thou oughtest to have shed all that runs in thine own Veins ; send the disconsolate Hermione after her Father and her Brothers ; pierce this Heart, an Enemy to that Parricide Hand, which but few Days before, thou joy-nedst to mine for a Pledge of thy Love, and which thou gavest to poor Cradates for an Assurance of thy Fidelity ; since it is with this noble Recompence thou hast re-paid the Favours he did thee, and with these gallant Characters that thou hast engraven in the Memory of Mankind, the Alliance which thou madest with him, spare not this Remnant that is left, and nourish not for thy Ruin, a Serpent that will devour thee, unless thou stiftest it ; know that thy Life shall never be secure, so long as Hermione is in the World, and that she preserves hers only to assault thine, by all the most cruel ways she can invent.

At this Discourse, disloyal *Spitamenes* feigned to be touch'd with Repentance and Compassion, and having looked a long time upon me without Reply, *Hermione*, (said he at last) I am afflicted with thee for thy loss ; but for the Conservation of my Fortune and of my Life, it was necessary for me to seize upon *Maracanda* ; and tho' I was already advertised that my Father had betray'd me, and that he had already promised to deliver me up to *Alexander*, I protest to thee that for thy sake I would have pardoned him, and that I would not have drawn my Sword against him, if he had not laid his Hand upon his first, with an Intention to have kill'd me, since he could not give me up alive into the Power of my merciless Enemy ; I contributed not to the Death of thy Brothers, but they themselves ran headlong upon the Arms of those that accompanied me. However it were, *Hermione*, if *Cradates* was thy Father, *Spitamenes* is thy Husband, and thou art more nearly tied to me, than ever thou wert to him ; our Interests and our Fortunes are henceforth inseparable, and thou oughtest to become an Enemy to all those that were so to thy Husband.

The faithless *Spitamenes* spake on this manner ; and to justify himself in some sort, strove to blemish the Memory of my Father by a horrible Calumny ; but his Innocence was too well known to me, and I could no longer suffer the  
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the scandalous Slanders of that disloyal Wretch. Ah! Traitor, (cried I) Traitor a thousand Times; Traitor to *Darius*, Traitor to *Bessus*, Traitor to *Alexander*, and most of all Traitor to the unfortunate *Cradates*, and to his deplorable Family; spare at least the Honour of them whose Lives thou hast inhumanly destroy'd; and content thy self with murdering their Bodies, without murdering their Reputations in the Grave: Our Blood never suffered any Reproach of Perfidiousness, and all that ever it can apprehend, is, the having receiv'd faithless *Spitamenes* into a Race that till then was without any Blemish; but let the Thunder of the Gods bury me with the rest of our poor Family, rather than thou should'st ever see *Hermione* acknowledge thee for her Husband; thou thy self shalt acknowledge her to be a revenging Fury, chain'd unto thy Life by an unshaken Resolution, and which will either give thee thy Death in the midst of a thousand Guards, or receive her own from those abominable Hands yet stained with that Blood, to which thou wert so unworthily Allied. I said a great deal more to him with the same Vehemence, but he grew weary of hearing, and went out of the Chamber, telling me that his Love made him pardon my being transported, and that time would restore me Reason, and bring me Comfort.

I continued many Days in this Condition, disposing my self to live no further than I was forced by the urgent Intreaties of many that loved me, and testified much Compassion of my Misfortunes. *Spitamenes* was peaceable Master of *Macedonia*, where he had quartered most part of his Men; and where *Alexander*, by reason of his weighty Employments elsewhere, let him alone quietly for that time; but he was not in the least degree Master of my Heart, and notwithstanding all the Industry he used to make me forget my Resentments, it was impossible for him to effect it, and I had conceiv'd so violent a hatred against him, that I could not consider him as other than the Butcherer, not only of *Cradates*, and of my Brothers, but even also of my self; I fancied him always dy'd with that Blood which had been so dear to me, and I continually fram'd horrible and dreadful Ideas of him to my self, which waking and sleeping came eternally into my Mind;  
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in short, all that a most just Anger can produce in a Heart already prepossess'd with some Aversion, imprinted it self most deeply in mine, and I then took a firm Resolution to live for nothing else, but to take Revenge, and to sacrifice to the Ghosts of my Father and Brothers, that barbarous Fellow who had inhumanly massacred them before my Eyes.

He visited me every Day, but I still received him as a Dragon ready to devour me, and if he forced me to speak to him, I only uttered such bloody Reproaches, that any other Soul but his must needs have been touch'd by them, and which so wicked an one as his would never have endured, if it had not before been really touch'd with a violent Passion. I was a Prisoner, tho' in Appearance I was free, and if I had not known how much I was observ'd, and how carefully I was kept, I should have endeavour'd to get out of *Macedonia*, and escape out of the Hands of that barbarous Man. The Gods know, and I call them to witness, that tho' I had married *Spitamenes* without any Affection, I had done all I could after we were married, to banish from my Heart the Love I bore to *Alexander*, and that I had done all that a discreet Woman could do to settle it intirely upon that disloyal Man; I could not hope to effect it easily, but at least I had taken a strong Resolution to die rather than suffer the smallest thought that could injure it. I continued that design as long as he abstain'd from murdering my nearest Friends; but after that he with their Blood had wash'd out all the Characters of that Alliance, which tied me to him, I believ'd my self free from that Engagement; and afterwards, when my Losses were no longer so fresh, and that time suffered me a little to unloose my Thoughts from them, the Image of *Alexander* came again into my Mind, but it came in such a way as made me instantly observe the difference there was between him and *Spitamenes*; I made no opposition against its return, but drove out of my Heart all the Thoughts I formerly had to love that Monster, placing more noble and more glorious ones in their Room. O Gods! (cried I) how beautiful is Virtue in respect of Vice? And how lovely is my *Alexander* in respect of *Spitamenes*? Depart from me, O unworthy remem-

remembrance of the most unworthy of all Men, and return to me, O dear Ideas of my gallant Conqueror ; we may submit our selves to him without Baseness, since the whole Earth submits it self with us, and may kindle as much Love in our Heart for him, as we do hatred against the faithless *Spitamenes*. I said many other things in the return of my Passion, which my Duty had laboured to suppress, but now my Resentment had fortified twice as much as ever.

In the mean time, *Spitamenes* endeavoured to reconcile me to him, and caus'd me to be persuaded, that by all manner of Considerations I ought to forget all that was past, and give him the same place as formerly in my Affection, and in my Bed ; but 'twas impossible for him to obtain it ; and one Day when he pressed me to it more than ordinary, Cease, *Spitamenes*, (said I) to desire what thou demandest, and believe that it shall only be to kill thee in thy Sleep, if I receive thee into my Bed. *Spitamenes* was touch'd with such a Threat, and changing colour at that answer. This cruel Obstinacy (replied he) deserves a very different Usage from that you receive of me, and you would find few Men in the World who would not secure their own Lives by the Death of so dangerous an Enemy. Why dost thou not secure thine then (said I) since thou hast no other way left to do it ? I will first (answered he) try if reason, and the knowledge of my Love, can settle you in your Duty, and will not come to Extremities against you, till my Hopes are quite extinguish'd, and till I have cleared my self of all those Reproaches you might use against me. But remember, *Hermione*, that you ought not to force a Husband upon these last Resolutions, who loves you too well, and who by your Ingratitude may be driven from one Extremity to another. The cruel Man knew that I wanted not matter of Reply to such a Discourse, but he would not stay for it, and going out of my Chamber, left me at Liberty to digest his Threatning. I was even as much moved with that, as with his Flatteries, and neither the one nor the other were able to divert me from the Resolution I had taken.

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Whilst I lived thus with him, like an *Ulysses* in the *Cyclops* Cave, he received Intelligence, that *Alexander* was sending Forces against him, and that he was preparing to follow them at the Heels himself, to punish his Perfidiousness, and make him an Example to those that might abuse his Mercy, as he had done. This News produced two very different Effects in us ; it much perplexed *Spitamenes*, tho' indeed he was valiant, and a good Soldier ; but in me it caus'd some mixture of Hope and Joy ; I hoped that *Alexander* would revenge me, and set me at liberty, that out of those detested Hands I should fall into Hands that were most dear to me, and that in that Revolution of my Fortune, I by avoiding the sight of *Spitamenes* might enjoy the sight of *Alexander*. These Thoughts restored some Chearfulness to my Countenance, which was taken Notice of by *Spitamenes*, and tho' he had no Suspensions of my Inclinations to *Alexander*, he nevertheless was much displeas'd with me for the Joy I shew'd at the Disorder of his Affairs ; and not being able to dissemble it ; You rejoice, (said he) *Hermione*, but be not too hasty in your Contentments, your Fortune is yet very unsecure. It cannot chuse but be very good, (replied I) provided yours be bad, and if *Spitamenes* perish, *Hermione* cannot be unhappy. By the like Discourses I exasperated *Spitamenes* against me, and if he had not indeed had some Passion for me (whereof I can neither tell you the Name, nor explain the Nature) 'tis probable that being wicked and cruel, as he was, he would not have spared me. My good Nurse was my only Consolation, I trusted her alone with both my Hatred and my Love ; for tho' my Hatred was publick, my Love was known to no body but the faithful *Theano*. *Alexander* made a great part of our Conversation, and seeing her alone with me one day in my Clofset, a Thought came into my Mind which I neither could nor would conceal from her : What Danger is there, Mother, (said I) since I have given my Heart to *Alexander*, and that I have more right than others to call him to my Relief, if I implore that Assistance which he grants to all Persons that are miserable ? He'll lend an Ear to me without doubt, when he shall know that I am Daughter to *Ora-*  
*dates,*

*dates*, who died for his Service, and whose Fidelity alone has been the Cause of my Misfortunes. This remembrance will be considerable to him, and perhaps he will not disdain the Inclinations I have for him, when he shall once come to know them : He has shewed Civility, nay, has shewed Affection to Women, whose Birth was neither more illustrious, nor their Person more lovely than *Hermione's*. What do we know, but that the Heavens, after such cruel Influences, may look upon us with more pity, and may have inspired me with the design I have, to deliver me out of all my Miseries at once ? Let us hazard what Love, and the Necessity of my Affairs put into my Mind, and by writing to *Alexander* an account of our present Condition, let us give him some notice of that of my Heart ; he will without doubt be pitiful to the one, and perhaps not inexorable to the other. I am forced to this Action by a Power which I cannot disobey ; and since in the condition I am in, my Life is very unsafe, I should die unsatisfied, if I died without giving my Conqueror some knowledge of the Victory he has obtained over me ; I will have him know, that even the least of his Conquests is not shameful, and that the Daughter of *Cradates* has a more noble Ambition than to be the Wife of *Spitamenes* ; yet will we manage what Love shall make us write, with such a Discretion, as shall secure us from his Disdain, and will make these adventurous Lines speak in such Terms, as shall not make us Blush for their Presumption. Only, dear Mother, think of some trusty Servant whom we may make use of in so important a Business ; I'll put both my Life and Honour into his Hands ; and in recompence of the Service he shall do me, I offer him a good part of that Fortune the Gods shall send me : It will not be hard for him to get out of this Town while *Spitamenes's* Enemies are yet afar off, and the Guard at the Ports is not too strict ; and he may easily find out *Alexander* by the Noise of his Conquests, and by that Reputation which brings him near to the remotest places. After I had said this to *Theano*, she alledged some Difficulties that were not without Colour ; but my Passion broke thro' them all, and at last made the good Woman consent to my desires, and seek some faithful Person to serve me in them ;

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she judg'd the Matter of such Consequence, as was not to be trusted to any but such an one as we had great assurance in, and therefore having studied long upon it, she bethought her self of her only Son, my Foster-Brother, who had been brought up with care enough in my Father's House, and who had ever born me an inviolable Affection. The good Woman was willing to hazard him for my Service, and as soon as she had propounded the Business to him, he with a most ardent Zeal offer'd to effect it for me. *Tham* had no sooner brought him to me, but I received him with Expressions worthy of his Fidelity, and having told him once again of what Nature, and of what Importance the service was that he should do me, I begg'd of him with Tears in my Eyes to be careful of what I trusted him withal ; I instructed him at large in his Commission, and having given him a good many of my Jewels, dismissed him to take Order for his Departure, while I shut my self up in my Closet to write that Letter whereof he was to be the Messenger ; but then I was even at my Wits end, and I found it the most difficult Matter to seek out Terms to express my self. I repented my Design a hundred times, and as often resolv'd upon it again ; Love had no sooner inspired me with Words, but presently Shame strangled them again, and my Courage had no sooner made me write a little, but my Fear made me strike it out ; I never spent so much time about so few Lines : But in the end, after a Thousand Blottings, and a Thousand Consultations, I at last finished these Words :

*The Unfortunate Hermione to Alexander  
the Great.*

‘ I T is not the Wife of false *Spitamenes*, but the Daughter of faithful *Crates*, that presumes to write to you ; If you abhor the Name of her Husband, you have  
‘ some

' some Consideration of her Father's Memory ; and if her  
 ' Husband has betray'd you, her Father died for your  
 ' Majesty's Service ; 'tis therefore by the Blood of my  
 ' Father that I implore your Justice against my Husband,  
 ' and since it is the Destiny of *Cradales's* Family to die  
 ' for *Alexander*, be pleas'd that the remainder of it may  
 ' die free from any other Yoke save what you have impos-  
 ' sed. It is your Captive, Sir, that begs her Liberty, not  
 ' that you have taken from her, but which pitiless *Spita-*  
 ' *tamen*es refuses her ; she counts no other Prison but  
 ' yours supportable, and if she must live inchained, 'tis  
 ' only in those brave Chains, and in those gallant Bonds  
 ' wherewith her Heart is tied ; her Body can no longer  
 ' endure to be separated from her Soul, that's the most  
 ' cruel of all my Torments, and I suffer less in the pre-  
 ' sence of a Monster imbrued with my Blood, than I do  
 ' for the Absence of *Alexander*. Alas, Sir, how bold and  
 ' how strange is this Confession ! but your Goodness with-  
 ' out doubt will pardon it in a Mind equally perplex'd  
 ' with its Misfortunes, and with its Passions, and that  
 ' same Goodness will arm your Hand with those Thun-  
 ' ders, which it uses to dart at guilty Heads, and will  
 ' make you demand that from a barbarous Man which he  
 ' detains from you, and which can be no Body's but  
 ' yours. Those victorious Arms of the Conqueror of all  
 ' the World, and of my particular Conqueror, can never  
 ' be employ'd with more Justice, and that infallible Suc-  
 ' cess which waits upon them cannot shun so lawful a  
 ' Design, nor be refused by the Gods unto the Prayers of  
 ' the Unfortunate

HERMIONE.

When I had ended this Letter, I found it so far from  
 that Modesty which I had propos'd unto my self, that I  
 was going to write another, and to tear this, which made  
 me blush with Reading it ; and perhaps I should never  
 have resolv'd to send it, if *Theano* and her Son had not  
 come in to me ; they entirely overcame all my Scruples,  
 and that poor young Man, who burn'd with a desire to  
 serve

serve me, urged me in such a manner, that after having instructed him, in his Commission, and in the relation he should make unto the King touching the Misfortunes of our Family, I put that fatal Letter into his Hands, and dismiss'd him. He went his way, after he had promised, that he would either procure my Satisfaction, or die for my Service ; and I remained in a great Confusion, both for the Boldness I had taken, and for the Uncertainty of the Event. I trembled in so doubtful an expectation, and good *Theano* endeavoured to settle my Fears, and laid aside her own to give me some Consolation. Part of the Day was passed in this Employment, when I was surprized with a most dreadful Spectacle ; I saw (O Gods ! I tremble at this horrible Remembrance) I saw cruel *Spitamenes* come into my Chamber, in a Posture which cannot return into my Memory without making me quake with Terror ; his Eyes and his whole Face glowed with a Colour like Fire, his Cloaths were all bloody ; in one of his Hands he held the Letter I had written some few hours before, and in the other the Head of my unfortunate Messenger. Consider, my Lords, what an Astonishment I was in at so strange an Encounter, and supply my Weakness, which will not suffer me to represent it to you. I was struck cold, and unmoveable, like sorrowful *Niobe* at the loss of her deplored Family, and at the first was neither sensible of Grief for the Mischief I had caused, nor of Fear for the Danger that threatned me. In the interim, inhuman *Spitamenes* coming towards me, when he had put the Head which he held by the Hair close to my Eyes to make me know it, he threw it at *Theano's* Feet ; and at the same time shewing me the Letter, See here, (said he) *Hermione*, see the Recompence thou givest to those that serve thee, and behold the gallant Marks of thy Fidelity to thy Husband ; thus it is I use those that undertake such honest Employments for *Spitamenes's* Wife, and 'tis by Proofs of this Nature that I can know Chaste and Modest Women like *Hermione*. I was so troubled both by the sight of such frightful Objects, and by the Cries of *Theano*, who Kissing her Son's bloody Head, fill'd my Chamber with most lamentable Exclamations, that I had neither Strength nor Confidence to answer *Spitamenes*. Consider,

sider (said he to me) whether this Husband, to whom thou daily usest bloody Reproaches of Cruelty, ought now to stand in fear of them, for having punished a double Perfidiousness like thine ; and whether thou canst disavow thy being convinced both of an adulterous Design, and of a Conspiracy against thy Husband's Life : See, how to satisfy thy Hatred, and to content thy shameful Passion, thou dost not only give up my Life and thy Honour ; but to sacrifice the one, and unworthily to prostitute the other, thou woest, (base and mean-spirited Wretch) thou suest to an Enemy that despises thee : Know, that it is not to dishonest and disloyal Women that *Alexander* gives his Esteem and his Affections ; and that as much his Enemy as I am, I must acknowledge him to have a Vertue which opposes all my Hopes. He that punished the murderers of *Darius* more cruelly than those of King *Philip* his Father, will never approve of Treachery, altho' it be to his Advantage, and the Destiny of *Bessus* should have serv'd for an Example to the Wife of *Spitamenes*. With such like Discourses *Spitamenes* aggravated my Sorrows, and having by the length of them given me time to shake off part of my Astonishment, I at last recover'd Courage, and looking upon him with a more assured Countenance than before ; Think not (said I) to confound me by thy Reproaches, nor to terrify me by thy Threats ; these Crimes that thou accusest me of, are not new unto thy Knowledge, this is not the first Day thou knewest that *Cradates*'s Daughter was the mortal Enemy of his Murderer ; this Attempt thou upbraidest me with, is only against the Butcherer of my nearest Friends, and not against my Husband : The Gods forbid that ever I should acknowledge thee by that Name, their blood has wash'd out all the Marks thou had'st of it ; and if I were guilty of that Affection thou condemnest me of, it should be to the Gods, and not to thee, that I should justify myself for it ; I owe no Fidelity to him who by horrible Parricides has extinguished all those Obligations, and I ceased to be thy Wife from the time that thou divestedst thy self both of the Nature and Quality of my Husband. After the Misfortune of *Cradates*, who was neither more guilty, nor less in thy power than I, thou needest not

think it strange that I try all manner of ways to get out of thy Hands, and that I call for help to him, who of all Men living is best able to give it me, and from whom, being interested in our Misfortunes as he is, I may most lawfully hope to obtain it. If thou hast shed the Blood of a faithful Servant, and of the innocent Messenger of my Intention, be neither the more fierce, nor the more satisfied for that, and believe thou aggravatest thy Crimes only for thy greater Punishment, and that if thou lettest me continue in the World, I will be revenged for him, as also for my Father and my Brothers. This Torrent of Words which I pour'd forth impetuously, and in which *Spitamenes*, for all his Rage and Fury, saw a great deal of Justice, abated his Violence a little; and if they were not able to make him more Mild, or more Cholerick than before, they were powerful enough to strike him into Confusion; yet did he strive to dissemble it, and labouring to put himself into his former Passion, Think not, wicked Woman, (said he) to justify thy self by these weak Reasons thou alledgest; thou art but too plainly convinced of two Crimes, the least whereof is worthy of Death; and persevering as thou dost to work my Ruin, thou wouldst perhaps scarce find one in the whole World, from whom thou could'st hope for so much Mercy as thou receivest from this cruel, this barbarous Man; I will let thee outlive thy Crime, to the end thou mayest have no Advantage over me, and that henceforward our Reproaches may be equal, since our Faults are equal: When thou tellest me of *Crates*, I'll put thee in mind of *Alexander*; but know, that thou hopest in vain both for his Help and his Affection. I am content to let thee live, so long as thou livest for none but me; but if I sink under *Alexander's* Fortune, thou shalt be sure to keep me company to my Grave, nor will I leave thee in the World in a condition to laugh with thy Lover at the defeat of thy Husband; Pray therefore to the Heavens for my Prosperity, if thou wilt pray for thine own Safety. I give thee this wicked Woman's Life, (continued he, pointing to *Theano*) and tho' she deserve Death, I am satisfied with having punished her by her Son, for the Counsel and Assistance she has given thee. Having said these Words, he went out of my

my Chamber, and left me little moved with his Threatnings, but deeply afflicted, both with Fear of never seeing *Alexander*, and Grief for poor *Theano*, whom for a Reward of her Services, and of the support I had received from her, I unfortunately had deprived of her only Son. The poor Woman lay upon the Floor, keeping the Head in her Hands, and mingling her Tears with the Blood which still ran from it, was a hideous and horrible sight to behold. I took her in mine Arms, and adding my Tears to hers, with much Affection; Mother, (said I) I am not able to give you any valuable Comfort in this Loss I have caused you, and unless I could restore you what I have robbed you of, I know not how in the World to make you amends; but I protest to you by all the Gods that hear us, by the Soul of *Cradates*, and by the tender Affection I have ever born you, that your Interests shall from henceforth make the best part of mine, that I will be as eager to revenge you as my self, and that I will perish very shortly, or appease the Ghosts of my Father, and of your Son, by the Blood of their Murderer. Tho' these Words were not sufficient to quiet that poor Woman, yet did I perceive they had wrought something upon her, and that she found some Sweetness in the Promise I made her; I spent the rest of the Day with her in condoling the Disaster of that poor young Man, whom I unhappily had sacrificed to my Misfortunes; and the Day after we had Employments of another Nature.

*Spitamenes* having Notice, that *Alexander* had sent *Menedemus* against him, and that he was already upon his march to *Maracanda* with his Forces, resolv'd to go forth with his, to meet him, and to wait for him in some advantageous Place, fit for an Ambush which he meant to lay, and into which *Menedemus* must necessarily fall. The Troops were no sooner ready, but *Spitamenes* compell'd me to go out of my Chamber, and putting me with certain Women into a Chariot, encompassed with Guards, took me along with him the way he march'd; he had with him Four Thousand *Bactrian* Horsemen, whom he caused to carry behind them as many *Dabas* lightly arm'd,

and expert Archers, who yielded little to Horses in swiftness, and who had order to alight at the very beginning of the Charge, and to enclose the Enemies on the Right-side, and on the Left. That Day having made a very long March, we came to the place of Ambush in the beginning of the Night, and the very next Morning imprudent *Menedemus* arrived there. I will not entertain you, my Lords, with the Particularities of that Business; I have already told you, that I am but a Soldier by Accident; and besides, those Passages are as well known to you as my self. You have heard that *Spitamenes's* Stratagem took the Effect projected, that the *Macedonians* were shut up on three sides, and that the sudden Surprise of the *Dabas* deprived them of all means to fight; that *Menedemus* seeing himself out-witted, and ashamed to have an Enemy more subtle than himself, made amends valiantly with his own Person, and after having slain a great many of his Enemies, fell dead amongst them with an infinite number of Wounds; that after the great Defeat, a small number of your Men, having gained a place of reasonable strong Situation, capitulated with *Spitamenes*, after which that faithless Fellow, contrary to his Word given, put them all to the Sword.

Here *Antigonus* speaking to help *Hermione's* Weakness, We saw the bloody Marks (said he) of what you succinctly related, within a few Days after, where we found all the *Macedonians*, and their valiant Commander *Menedemus*, (who had been our Friend and Companion) full of honourable Wounds; and the King who view'd the Place of that Defeat in Person, after having given some Tears to their deplored end, and loudly sworn to revenge it, caused Tombs to be raised for them, and Funeral Honours to be performed with great Magnificence.

After that Defeat (added *Hermione*) *Spitamenes* return'd to *Mavacanda*, but would not stay for *Alexander* there, knowing himself to be but weak in that Country, where he had little Credit and Authority; wherefore having given order that the Troops which he had left behind should follow him, he march'd toward *Bactria*, which *Casanes* and he had caused to revolt, and where he knew he should

should find a Retreat, with Men and Towns at his Devotion. In the mean time he carried me along like a Captive, tho' he was careful enough of my Person, and sometimes by Flatteries, and sometimes by Threats, endeavoured to alter my Inclinations; but they were still firm, and instead of mollifying me towards him, I was every Day sollicit'd by the afflicted *Theano*, to take the Revenge I had promised her, the Desire whereof was too deeply ingraven in my Heart to stand in need of any Solicitation. This thought, and that of *Alexander*, took up my Memory perpetually, and whatsoever should become of me after the Defeat of *Spitamenes*, I begg'd nothing of the Gods but the arrival of his Enemies; I blamed their slowness every Day, and complained against *Alexander* for being so careless in revenging the Injuries that were done to him, not considering that he had other Matters enough in hand, which were sufficient to retard him. We wandred a long time up and down *Bactria*, where *Spitamenes* recruited his Army, and when he thought he was able to defend himself, he stay'd at *Nicea*, the best Town in all the Country, and encamped his Forces about it. He had not been there long, but he heard that *Alexander* was coming with great Marches towards him; that Intelligence did not much affright him, and not being willing to fly before him any longer, he resolv'd to expect him boldly, and bury himself in the Ruins of that City; he caus'd the Fortifications to be carefully repaired, furnish'd the place with Arms and Victuals, made Forts, and drew a good Line round his Camp, forgetting no part of an expert Commander. This News joy'd me very much, and *Spitamenes*, in whom Jealousy was already very powerful, finding the Marks of it in my Face, reproach'd me with it every Day. Thou knowest not what thou rejoicest at, (would he say to me sometimes) for if thou foresawest thy Destiny, thou wouldst curse the very approach of *Alexander*. He often threatn'd me on this manner, and then within a while coming to himself again, and letting himself be overcome by some Remainders of Passion, he would begin to flatter me, and changing his Voice and Countenance; *Hermione* (would he say) our Injuries are equal, let us forget them equally; do not thou any more



remember that I kill'd *Crates*, and I will never more think of thy being in love with *Alexander*. Sometimes I deigned not so much as to answer him, at other times I reply'd so sharply, that he would fall into a Rage, and return to his furious Humour. In the interim, the time so much desired by *Hermione* came at last, and we saw those Arms appear, that were victorious over the better part of the World.

Pierce *Spitamen*es resolving to go forth with some of his Cavalry to meet the foremost Troops, came into my Chamber compleatly armed, and rowling his Eyes, which breath'd nothing but Blood and Slaughter; *Hermione*, (said he) I am going to make thee Sport, and perhaps thou wilt know to Day, whether I can defend my self both against my Foreign and Domestick Enemies; arm thy Prayers in favour of them whom thou lovest best, and if thou wilt, behold from the top of our Walls the Sacrifice I prepare for thee. He went out of my Chamber with these Words, and I was not at all unwilling to grant what he demanded. Our House stood upon the Skirts of the Town, and from the highest Windows one might discover the neighbouring Fields, as far as the Sight was able to reach; *Spitamen*es had no sooner left me, but I went up with *Theano*, and casting my Eyes upon the Plain, I saw my cruel Goaler go forth at the Head of his Men, and march in good Order toward his Enemies. Go, perfidious Man, (said I, seeing him ride on) go, find a too glorious Funeral under the Arms of my gallant Conqueror, and make him Blush at so shameful a Victory; thy Destiny will be too noble if thou fallest in this manner, and even thy very Death will work an Envy in *Hermione*. He was not yet far off, when *Theano* made me observe the Dust which rose under your Horses Feet, and within a while after, I discern'd the shining of your Arms; yet were you at so great a distance, that we could see you but very confusedly. At that Sight I felt a beating at my Heart, which testified the inward Alterations of my Soul, and celebrating your Approaches with Sighs, O *Theano*, (cried I) see yonder is he we have so much desired; that Master of my Heart, and that adored Object of all my Prayers, and of all my Thoughts; without doubt he is at the  
Head

Head of those Troops which we begin to perceive, there it is he is most commonly found, and there it is that by his Presence he constantly leads on Victory ; see how the Sun, to add Lustre to his triumphant Arms, is more beautiful and sparkling to Day, than ordinary ; all things contribute to his Glory and Advantage, and Fortune herself, in whom common Persons find nothing but Inconstancy, hath chang'd her Nature in favour of him, and hath yielded her self a Slave unto his Verrue. In the mean time I saw *Spitamenes* draw up toward you, and within a while after the Dust rose thicker than before, and the Sky was so obscured, that we lost sight of both Parties ; Then we were confident they were fighting with the *Macedonians*, and then we most ardently redoubled our Prayers and Wishes. Within an Hour we found that Darkness to draw nearer to us, and afterwards when we could more easily distinguish Objects, we saw *Spitamenes* fly full speed with his Men toward the City, and the *Macedonians* at their Heels, eagerly prosecuting their Victory. That fight begot an imperfect Joy in me ; as soon as the wicked Fellow was near enough to be known, and tho' his Shame gave me some Contentment, I could much more earnestly have wish'd, that some *Macedonian* Javelin might have stop't his Flight, and that he had lain gnawing the Earth, upon which he had left a good many of his Companions. Look there, (said I, *Theano*, seeing him enter the Gates) behold the valiant Man that prepared me such bloody Sacrifices ! Oh how pleasing would this Sacrifice have been to me, if he had been the Victim ! In this interim he was retired into the Town with some of his Men, and the *Macedonians* (who but for that Obstacle would have forced their Entrance) at their coming up were stop't by their Enemies Entrenchments. That Hindrance kept them in the Plain, judging that those Outworks could not so easily be taken, and in the mean time all their Forces arrived, and the Commanders disposed the Order of their Encamping. In that Employment my Eye still sought for *Alexander*, and methought I knew him by the Brightness of his Arms, by the number of *Macedonians* that followed him, and by his performing the

Office of General ; I saw white Feathers wave upon his Cask, whose shining, oppos'd to the Sun-beams, could not but dazle the Eyes of those about him ; I saw him come thro' a Cloud of Arrows to the very Edge of the Works, where I am confident he froze a thousand Hearts, and by his Presence struck a Terror into Thousands of Men, whom the Depth of their Moats were not able to defend against so dreadful an Enemy. O Gods ! how did that Sight renew my Wound, and how graceful did I think him in that Encounter, tho' the Distance was a little too great to make any particular Observations ; I sigh'd, I trembled, I changed Colour a hundred times in a Moment, and by all my Actions I let *Theano* see that I was no more my self ; Ah ! Mother, (said I) 'tis he without doubt, and tho' he were not to be known by so many Marks, my Heart shews me him better than my Eyes ; that Slave to an illustrious Master instantly felt his Approaches, and by a miraculous Instinct found him out in the midst of all his Troops. Do but consider that divine Presence of the Son of *Jupiter-Hammon*, behold that Brow (proud of so many Laurels,) which he lifts up towards us with such a lovely fierceness, observe how he puts forth his Right-hand toward the Ramparts, and by that threatening Action sends mortal Terror into the Soul of these revolted Wretches : The brave *Achilles* never looked like him, when on the Deck of the *Grecian* Ships he by his Presence alone deprived the *Trojans* both of Courage and of Victory, and made them forsake the Fire which already was devouring their Men of War. Ah ! my gallant Conqueror, (continued I) thou art ignorant of part of thy Victories, nor knowest thou that the Advantages thou winnest upon our Out-Works are much less entire, than those thou hast already got within our Walls ; I had no Rampart able to defend me against thee, nay, I even yielded my self to thee without putting thee to the trouble of a Blow. Ah ! would it pleas'd the Gods these Gates were as open to thee as my Heart is, and that without incurring any Danger, thou wert as much Master in this City as thou art in my Soul. I brought forth these Words with so much vehemence, and *Theano's* Eyes and mine accompanied my Thoughts so  
fixedly,

fixedly, that we perceived not *Spitamenes's* entering into the Chamber. He had hearken'd to the last Words I spoke, and not being able (in that Confirmation of my Love, and in the ill Humour he was in for the Loss he had sustain'd) to retain the furious Motions of his Choler, he ran to me with his Sword drawn, and preparing himself to take away my Life, Now it is (cried he) O disloyal Woman, that thou shalt receive the Reward of thy Infidelity, and that thou shalt give that impure Soul unto thy *Alexander*, which thou already hast abandoned to him. I confess I was more surprized at this Accident than I can represent to you ; and tho' till then I had not much feared Death, his Presence made it so ghastly to me, that I was quite void of Courage or Reply. *Spitamenes* catch'd hold of my Hair with his Left-hand, and lifting up his Right, wherein he held his Sword, was going to part my Head from my Shoulders, when he felt his Arm laid hold on behind ; he turned about furiously toward him that hindered the effecting of his Resolution, and saw *Timocrates* standing by him, in whom of all his Captains he had greatest Confidence. What will you do Sir ? said *Timocrates*. Let me alone, (replied *Spitamenes*, more furious than before) let me kill this faithless Woman before she rejoice in my utter Defeat, and in the Shame she prepares me. With those Words he got loose from *Timocrates*, and would infallibly have executed his Design, if many others of his Friends had not come into the Chamber, and opposed his Intentions ; they altogether could hardly dissuade him, and he still dragg'd me by the Hair, who was more than half dead, abating nothing of his Obstinacy for all their Entreaties.

*Hermione* in this part of her Recital was interrupted by the passionate *Demetrius* ; who cried out, O Gods ! where were all the Thunders at that time ? Or if you wanted Thunders, where was *Demetrius* ? The young Lover said only these few Words with an enflamed Look ; and *Hermione* prosecuting her Story ; The more earnestly *Spitamenes's* Friends (continued she) importuned him to spare me, the more inexorable did they find him ; But when they had long press'd and conjured him not to be so hasty in a Business which he might execute another way ; I grant

you (said he at last) some part of what you desire, not the Life of this false Woman, who shall surely die for the Expiation of her Crimes, but the delay you beg, and a change of the kind of her Death ; my Revenge would neither be handsom nor perfect, if I should foul my Hands in her impure Blood, therefore I will have her die by Hands that are dearer to her ; to-morrow I'll make a sally upon the Enemies, where she shall march at the Head of our Party, and receive the first Storm of their Encounter ; she shall either fire her *Alexander's* Tent her self, or fall under the Arms of the *Macedonians* ; and if she give back, or refuse to advance, this Sword shall still be ready to execute what you have deferr'd. Prepare thy self for this kind of Death, (pursued he, turning towards me) and freely offer to *Alexander's* Sword that Heart which thou hast given him ; I cannot do thee a more acceptable Service, than to deliver thee to thy Lover, and I my self will take care to conduct thee to his Tent.

This was his last Resolution, and notwithstanding all the Attempts of his Friends to divert him from it, 'twas impossible for them to obtain any more of him. Before he went out of the Chamber, he put me into the Hands of the Eunuch *Strato*, Captain of his Guards, a valiant Man, whom he commanded upon Pain of Death to watch by me all Night with a hundred of his Soldiers. Until this part of my Life, I had never shewed too much Apprehension of Death, but I must confess my Weakness, (nor do I think it shameful in a Woman) I was then extremely affrighted at it, and formed so cruel an Idea of it in my Imagination, that I was not free from some of those Thoughts which are usual in Persons that are much in love with Life.

As soon as *Spitamenes* was gone out, *Strato* brought me to my Chamber, where presently all Objects appeared fatal to me ; by *Spitamenes's* Command all my Women left me, and scarcely wert they that had been dearest to me, permitted to take their Leaves of me ; they by a weeping Farewel made my Grievs more sensible, and my Terrors greater ; the Face of all Things became dismal, and my Lodging now look'd as the Prison of a Criminal condemned to suffer :

fer: Only *Theano* continued with me, because she was destined to the same Punishment, and was to lose a Life with me, the better part whereof she had already bequeathed to my service. One of my most sensible Griefs was, that I should die without seeing *Alexander*, and without letting him know at my Death that I suffered it only for his sake. At least (said I) if he had but any Knowledge of the Cause of my Death, and if he might but one day learn with what Constancy and Firmness I die his, I should not be utterly unhappy; he would certainly shed a great deal of Blood for my Revenge, and perhaps some Tears out of Compassion. O *Alexander*! how glorious would my Destiny be, if I could make thee shed but one, and if thou didst but say at the relation of this News, I lament the Fortune of this poor Woman. But alas, how different are our Thoughts? Thou without doubt involvest *Spitamenes's* whole Family in his Perfidiousness, and wilt equally bear the Ruin of those that have betray'd thee, and Destruction of those that have loved thee.

I was buried in these Thoughts, and preparing my self with all the Constancy I had left for that Death which I believed inevitable, when *Strato*, whose Guards were at my Chamber-Door, came toward me, and seeing he could not be over-beard by any Body but *Theano*, who was not suspected, *Madam*, (said he) *you may save your selves, but you must have Courage to undertake a daring Enterprize.* I had ever observ'd some Good-will in that Man toward me, and I then called to mind that he had received some Obligations from *Cradates*, whereof he still had preserved the Remembrance: This freed me of any Suspicion I might have had that he talked so to sound me; and therefore I reply'd, *Oh! Strato, there is nothing I would not do to hinder Spitamenes from having the satisfaction to destroy Cradates's whole Family.* 'You must then kill *Spitamenes*,  
' (said *Strato*) I see no other way open to your Safety;  
' and by that, you may both save your Life, and take  
' the Revenge you have so much desired.' I was surprized at that Proposition, and tho' in my Opinion, I ought to have received it with Joy, I was struck when I heard speak of taking away my Husband's Life; how great  
Hatred

People, and even upon the Point of paying so cruelly for the Injuries he had done me. I told *Strato* often, that since he bore me so much good Will, he might execute his Design, without my being present at that bloody Spectacle ; but he refused to go one step without me, and having brought me thro' a Gallery to an outward Room, where a Groom of his Chamber lay alone, he knocked softly at the Door. The Fellow being got up, and having asked his Name, opened the Door ; but *Strato* instantly muffling a Cloak about his Head, stabbed him twice or thrice with a Dagger, and made him fall dead at his Feet, without being able to cry or stir. From thence we went into the next Chamber, where *Spitamenes* lay fast asleep. I was so beside my self that I was hardly able to stand, calling in vain upon my Anger to strengthen me ; the first thing *Strato* did was to seize upon *Spitamenes's* Sword ; but by the Noise we made he awak'd, yet was so extremely surprized, that he had not the Confidence to cry out, neither did they give him time ; for covering his Head presently, as they had done his Servant's, they took away his Life with a great Number of Wounds. Thou diedst, O *Spitamenes*, and thou diedst a Death which indeed thou hadst well deserved ; but I confess I was exceeding cruel in having given my Consent unto that Action, and that, as wicked as thou wert, I ought rather to have submitted my self to the Punishment thou intendedst me, and to have forgot the Loss of all my Friends, than to have dishonoured my Sex by a Cruelty of that Nature. I had withdrawn my self into a Corner of the Chamber, and turned away mine Eyes from that horrible Sight ; but so did not *Teano* ; and he was no sooner dead, but she took *Strato's* Sword, and with the help of the Soldiers cut off his Head, which she took by the Hair, in the same manner as she had seen him hold her Son's not long before, and having look'd upon it a while, she put it into his Night-bag, and would needs carry it away with her, for a Design which she said she had to my advantage. After this bloody Execution, *Strato* drew the Curtains about the Bed, and going out of the Chamber, made fast the Doors ; and so we retired thro' the

the Gallery to my Lodging. *Theano* was of Opinion that I had all the Reason in the World to be contented ; but I was not of her Mind, and felt such a Remorse for that Action, to which I had consented, that it took away all the Satisfaction I might have had by my Revenge, and by the procuring of my own Safety : My Trouble and Confusion was so great, that they could not get me to speak one Word ; I was deaf to all that *Strato* and the joy'd *Theano* said to me ; and the only Consolation with which she could touch me, was, that I should make my self considerable to *Alexander* by the service I had done him, and that I could not any way address my self to him with more advantage, than by carrying him the end of the War, and the Keys of all *Bactria*, with the Head of his Enemy. I confess, my Lords, with Shame, that I was sensible of this Discourse, and that this Hope dissipated some part of my Frights and Troubles. *Strato* gave Order to two of those who had assisted him, that all their Fellow-Soldiers should be in Arms before Day at the Gate of our House ; and to another he gave charge to have a Chariot and good Horses in a readiness. *Theano* and he spent the rest of the Night in preparing for our Departure, and I in bethinking my self what I should say to *Alexander*. I was fearful of that Action, as of the other, at which I had been newly present ; nor was I less apprehensive to appear before that great Man, than if I had been once again to have undertaken something against the Life of *Spitamenes*. I trembled for the success of that Enterprize, and I began to fear some part of what *Spitamenes* had foretold me. In the mean time day appear'd, and we no sooner perceived it, but we went down to the Gate, where the Chariot, and the Guards waited for us.

As soon as they saw me, they were all moved with Compassion, and *Strato* dissembling before them, got up into the Chariot with *Theano* and me, and after him, those Men in whom he trusted. All the Soldiers, and all the Inhabitants, who saw me pass thro' the Street followed by so strong a Guard, and who had heard speak of *Spitamenes*'s cruel Resolution against me, beheld me with Pity ; and when we were come to the Gates of the



City, *Strato* telling the Captain of the Watch, that he had Order from *Spitamenes* to carry me out of the Town, they were opened to us without any Difficulty. We pass'd in the same manner thro' our Camp, and being come to the Trenches, *Strato* commanded the Guards to return into the City, and caus'd the Horses to be lashed on with speed ; we went towards *Alexander's* Tents without other Convoy, save those that were with us in the Chariot.

At the first *Corps de Garde* we came to, I desired we might be brought to the King, to whom we were going to make Propositions of Peace. Those that commanded, took care to do so ; and having learn'd of them that were with me, that I was *Spitamenes's* Wife, that Rumour ran from one to another thro' the whole Camp, and was already come to *Alexander's* Ear, before we came near to his Tents. Ah ! my Lords, how great were the Disturbances of my Mind at that time, and with what inward Trouble did I prepare my self for that so much desired, and at the same instant so much dreaded sight ! Fear and Joy divided my Thoughts equally between them, and when I fancied to my self that I was going to see the only Object of my Affections, I also call'd to mind that I was going to appear before my Master, and before a Master who abhorr'd such Actions, as mine seem'd to be. I was no sooner come to the Royal Tents, and alighted out of my Chariot, but *Leonatus* came forth to meet me, and asking me if I were not *Spitamenes's* Wife, gave me to understand, that they had already notice of my coming. After I had told him that I was she, he took me by the Hand, and led me to the King's Chamber, between two long Rows of Soldiers. I had no sooner cast my Eyes upon him, but my Passions were violently waken'd, and my Love making me Bold, drove away part of my Fears and Weaknesses. He was attended by a great number of Princes, and perhaps, my Lords, by some of you ; which makes me believe I shall tell you no new thing, and that this Recital will be tedious to those who are not unacquainted with this Adventure.

*Ptolomeus* answered to this part of her Discourse ; *It is true, Madam, I was then at Court, and present at your coming to the King ; your Beauty ravish'd all the Beholders, and we began to flock about you with Admiration, when Alexander being willing to give you a more particular Audience, commanded us to retire ; we heard not what you said to him, and some of these that hearken to you, have never heard speak of this Adventure.*

I will tell you then, (continued *Hermione*) that I drew a good Omen from that courteous particular Audience it pleased the King to afford me ; and seeing I had all the liberty to entertain him, that I could have wish'd, I forced my self to recover a little Courage. Before I spoke to the King, I cast my self at his Feet ; but he rais'd me up very civilly, and with gentle Words, pray'd me to tell the Cause of my coming to him. I saw well that he had utterly forgotten my Face, and that he did not so much as know that I was *Cradates's* Daughter ; but his kind Reception having perfectly encourag'd me ; Sir, (said I) behold your Slave, who comes to lay her Life and Fortune at your Feet. This is not the first Day I am subject to your Empire, and I make it my Glory that I have been yours ever since I was capable of Understanding ; *Spitamenes's* Tyranny has not been able to disengage my Affections from that sublime Pitch to which I had rais'd them ; and tho' I was his by the Violence of my Friends, I was always Great *Alexander's*, both by a just Knowledge, and by a most powerful Inclination ; and to say Truth, that noble Prepossession of my Heart, made the Vices of *Spitamenes* insupportable to me ; and that difference of our Manners, caused an Incompatibility between us, which left us no other Thoughts save those of destroying one another. *Spitamenes* is at last sacrificed to your just Indignation, and your Captive was unwilling to come before you, without a considerable Present. With that of her Prayers and Homages, she brings you Victory, she presents all *Bactria* to you, and with it the Head of faithless *Spitamenes*. At these Words *Theano* drew it out of the Bag, and presented it to the King, all bloody and ghastly. He lent me a favourable Attention till that part  
of

of my Discourse ; but he had no sooner heard those last Words, and seen the cruel Present I offered him, when of a sudden he turned away his Eyes from me, and from *Spitamenes's* Head, and flying away to the other end of the Room, testified by all his Actions, that he could not endure the sight of me without Horror. What (said he) are you *Spitamenes's* Wife, and do you bring me *Spitamenes's* Head ? He spoke the Words twice or thrice over, without ever looking toward me, and struck me into a strange Confusion by that cruel Revolution of my Fortune.

I strove nevertheless to resettle my self, and was preparing to tell him the Causes I had to hate *Spitamenes*, by which perhaps I might have justified my self to him ; but he would not give me the Leisure, and turning at last toward me with a furious Look ; Go, (said he) get thee gone, thou wicked and detestable Woman, and pollute not *Alexander's* Ears with the relation of thy Parricides ; I have till now defended my self from any such Shame as this thou wouldst fix upon my Reputation, and I have conquered my Enemies by open War, without destroying them by the Treachery of their Wives ; carry thy horrible Affections somewhere else, and hope not to find Monsters amongst us, that will approve of thy Disloyalties : 'Tis only in Consideration of thy Sex that I spare thy Life ; but lead it so far from me, that the Glory of mine may never be troubled by thy detestable Remembrance. When he had ended these Words, which were to me like Thunder, or something yet more dreadful, he commanded me to be put out of his Tent, and carried out of the Camp, without suffering me to stay there any longer. *Leonatus* executed his Command, and making me get up again into my Chariot, caused me to be conducted out of the *Macedonian* Trenches.

Judge (my Lords) of the condition I was in, at this utmost of my Misfortunes, and supply my Weakness, which will not suffer me to express it ; then it was that I saw my self cast headlong into the greatest of all my Disasters, and that I fell into my extremest Despair. Till then, tho' I had lived miserable, I had yet lived innocent, and

and tho' my Life had been persecuted, I had at least preserv'd my Hands and my Conscience clean ; but then I saw them defiled by the Murder of my Husband, and my Shame divulg'd amongst those Persons from whom I ought most carefully to have conceal'd it. I had dishonoured my self by a Crime, which, notwithstanding the Excuses it might have, was still exceeding Great, both before the Gods, and before Men ; and I saw my self ignominiously driven away from him, in favour of whom I had committed it, and in whom I had grounded all my Hopes. I was, without any Retreat or Support, in the hands of a few Men, in whom, by reason of the fresh Proof they had given me of their Infidelity toward their Master, I was no way induced to have any Confidence.

These Considerations were so bitter to me, that they were like presently to have put a Period to my Life, and had not *Strato* and *Theano* hinder'd me, I had cut off the course of my Miseries with my own hand. I caused my self to be helped out of the Chariot, when we were got a little from the Camp, and casting my self upon the Ground, I said Words, and did Actions, which could only proceed from a Soul given over to Despair ; my Remorse began to accompany my Love, and they both join'd together to make a pitiless War within me. Then I remembered *Spitamenes's* Predictions, and the Knowledge he had given me of *Alexander's* Humour. All that was terrible in his Death, came then before my Eyes ; and tho' I could not bewail him, yet could I not comfort my self, because I had been necessary to the taking away of his Life.

Ah ! *Spitamenes*, (cried I) thou hadst deserv'd Death by thy Crimes, but thou oughtest to have received it from the Justice of the Gods, and not from the Cruelty of thy Wife ; and she ought to have suffer'd that which thou intendedst her, rather than let any thing be attempted against the Life of her Husband ; but complain not of thy Destiny, I shall not make Sport of it with that Lover, concerning whom thou didst so justly reproach me, and mine will be so miserable, that even in Hell it self thou wilt not envy it ; that Beauty wherein thou sometimes found

foundest Charms, able to soften thy barbarous Humour, found nothing from thy proud Rival but Disdain and Scorn ; he whom thou betrayedst, takes Care thou shouldst be revenged ; and so indeed thou art much more severely for thy Death, than I am for the Death of *Crates*.

After this, *Alexander's* cruel Words came to my remembrance, and I in them found so many Causes to seek for Death, that *Theano* and *Strato* never could divert me from that Resolution ; my Passion nevertheless was so full of Respect, that I spake not one Word, nor had so much as a Thought of Repentment against him, and tho' I knew it with Grief, I believed it was with Justice that he thought none but Monsters would approve of my horrible Affection. At the Importunity of those that were with me, I got up again into the Chariot, and they resolved to go toward a Town, in which a near Kinsman of my Father's did still command ; I suffer'd my self to be guided by their Will, having no other Thought, save that of deploring my miserable Fortune. Our Horses travailed at a good rate, but it pleased the Gods that in the Evening we were met, and taken by some of *Catenes's* Scouts. *Catenes* was *Spitamenes's* nearest Friend, and the Companion of his Revolt ; *Haustenes* and he had an Army within two Days march of *Spitamenes*, from whence they made Excursions upon *Alexander's* Camp. *Strato* and *Theano* knowing into what Hands we were fallen, began to tremble, and make large Offers for our Liberty, but 'twas impossible for them to obtain it ; and having been carefully kept that Night, we were brought before *Catenes* the next Evening ; my face was not unknown to him, and if I had then had any Remainder of desire to live, I should have had Cause enough to fall into mortal Apprehensions.

When I was presented to him, he had newly heard of his Friend's Death, and scarce had he begun to lament it, when he saw his Murderers delivered into his Power. He was not a little joy'd at this, and resolved to make us end our Lives in Torments. I was indifferent to all that could happen to me ; but *Strato* would needs prevent

prevent the Punishments to which he was destined, and seeing his Hands at liberty, he seized upon the Sword of one of those that brought us, and striking it up to the Hilt in his own Breast, fell presently dead at *Catenes's* Feet. By this speedy Vengeance for *Spitamenes's* Death, I saw that the Gods cannot approve of Treacheries, of what Nature soever they be, and that Infidelity even to the wickedest Men, is never pardonable ; but I also found new Occasions in it to detest this Life, for which I had seen so much Blood unfortunately spilt. *Catenes* commanded that *Strato's* Companions should be flea'd alive, and he was ready to have pronounc'd some cruel Sentence against me ; when looking undauntedly upon him, Revenge the Death of thy Friend, (said I) *Catenes*, as I have reveng'd the Deaths of my Father, and of my Brothers. *Catenes* found something in these Words that expressed a Courage, and in my Face saw something of Beauty that check'd his Indignation ; wherefore he was satisfied with making me be strictly guarded, and for my sake *Theano* received the same Favour. Within some few days after, he talked to me of Love, and told me he would marry me, but he found me so little pliant to that Proposition, that he despaired of effecting it by gentle means ; he caused me to be well enough attended by some Women he put about me, and in that manner of Life I continued above three Months, without being able to withdraw my Thoughts from *Alexander*, hardly for a Moment.

That tyrannical Passion was so deeply rooted in my Heart, that it left no remembrance in it of my other Miseries ; and being become indifferent, or insensible of all other Things, I passed three or four Months in *Catenes's* Power, as a Person that knew not what Condition she was in. *Catenes* in the mean while began to press me, and to threaten me with the Power he had over me ; but one day when he mentioned the Violence he could use to me ; Do, revenge thy Friend if thou wilt, (said I) but learn by this Example not to desire the Alliance of *Hermione*. These Words cooled him for a few Days, but I think at last he would have come to Extremities had he not been prevented

prevented by his Destiny. You know that *Alexander* sent a flying Camp against *Hausenes* and him, under the Command of *Craterus* and *Lyfimachus*, and that in the Battle, *Hausenes* was taken, and *Catenes* slain by *Lyfimachus*.

At this Discourse all the Company cast their Eyes upon *Lyfimachus*, whose Modesty made him blush ; but they would not interrupt *Hermione's* Story, which she continu'd on this manner.

I tell you the last Accidents of my Life succinctly, because the recital of them affords little Matter of Diversion, and the wasting of my Strength will not suffer me to enlarge my self further in this Narration. You shall know therefore, that after *Catenes's* Death, my Condition was altered, and that *Craterus* having had a Command from *Alexander* to bring all the Prisoners before him, sorrowful *Hermione* was one of that number. Alas ! with what sudden Transports did I receive that occasion of seeing my pitiless Master once again, and of justifying my self before him touching some part of my Crime. Perhaps (said I) the Gods may have mollified his Heart, and the knowledge of those Provocations I received from *Spitamenes* may have abated some of his Cruelty toward me : Heaven does not always look upon us with Anger, and perhaps *Hermione* shall not be the only Person of the World, whose Fortune is subject to no Revolutions. In this hope I was carried along with the Prisoners, and we were presented to *Alexander* just at the time when he was going into the *Indies*. I did not much observe his usage of the rest, but casting my self at his Feet, and looking upon him with Eyes drowned in Tears ; Sir, (said I) either hear me, or command me to be put to Death. The King having looked earnestly upon me, thought he knew me ; yet desiring to be certified of the Truth, Is not this *Spitamenes's* Wife ? said he to those that were about him ; who having confirmed his Belief ; Give her her Liberty, (said he) and take her away, for fear her Conversation teach the *Macedonians* Crimes which are yet unknown to them.

This was all the Satisfaction I received by my last sight of *Alexander*, and I was so dejected at that eternal continuation

nuation of my Miseries, that I utterly lost all hope and courage. Ah ! cruel, (cried I to *Alexander*, who had turned his Back, and was going away) stay but one Minute, and at least behold the Death thou givest me ; tho' I was thine Enemy's Wife, I never was thine Enemy ; all my Friends have lost their Lives for thy Service, and all the Offence that I have done thee, is, that I freed the World of thy most treacherous, most implacable Enemy. If thou wilt fly from me with so much Inhumanity, fly from my Heart which thou tyrannically hast usurped, and restore me the Liberty thou hast robb'd me of, and not that which thou offerest me. My Crimes are not infectious as thou believest, and if the *Macedonians* learn any thing by my Example, it shall be to prefer Death before an unfortunate Life, and it shall be to love thee a thousand times more than their Lives, nay, to love nothing in the World more than *Alexander*. As I made an end of these Words, which were heard by no Body that regarded them, I fell in a Swoon in *Theano's* Arms, and they that were present at what I said, believed without doubt that I was out of my Wits, hearing me speak such strange Things, and with so little Discretion.

We were near unto a City called *Edeffa*, upon the Bank of the River *Canges*, whither *Theano*, seeing me very ill, found means to have me carried, and got me lodg'd conveniently ; there I was taken with a violent Fever, and fell into a dangerous Sicknefs, while *Alexander* set forward toward the *Indies*. *Theano* in her Clothes had quilted up some Jewels of some considerable Value, which I had put into her Hands when we came from *Nicea*, and which by good Fortune, or for fear of their Commanders, *Catenes's* Soldiers had not taken from us. With them she at that time, and afterwards, procured Money enough to supply our Necessities, and during the whole Course of my Sicknefs, she looked to me with so careful and tender an Affection, and expressed so great a desire of my Recovery, that her Consideration alone kept me from assisting my Disease, and made me take those Remedies that were given me to regain my Health. I say, her earnest Entreaties,



treaties, accompanied with her Tears, which in regard of my Obligations to her I could not resist, hindred me from contributing to my Death ; and when I thought my Sickness would save me that labour, I found great Consolations in that Belief. Now I shall die, (said I) and by that welcome Remedy shall free my self from *Alexander's* Tyranny ; that cruel Man, who despises and tramples me under this Foot, shall no longer have any power over me, and Death will deliver me now from his Inhumanities ; yet will I return into the World to visit him again, and my Ghost, driven by a just desire of Revenge, shall follow him continually, to sting him with Remorse, and vex him with Reproaches. These were my Hopes while I lay sick, but at last I began to mend, and was not a little troubled at my Recovery. When I was well again, I frequented a Society of Women in that City, who lived separated from the World, and had dedicated themselves to the Service of the Goddess *Cibele*. I found so much Sweetness in their Conversation, and so much Innocence in their Life, that I thought among them I might find some Quietness of Mind, and some Truce from the Persecutions I received both from my Love, and from my Conscience, which did every where torment me with a cruel War. With this hope I put my self amongst them, and *Theano* with me, taking their Habit, and embracing their manner of Life ; and truly I was not utterly deceiv'd in my Expectation, their pleasing Company diverted part of my Sorrows, and I received visible Favours from the Goddess whom I serv'd ; I remained there a whole Year, not without Disquiets, nor without Love, but yet with some extraordinary Firmness of Mind, which made me resist my Afflictions more courageously than in former times. I enjoyed this little Tranquillity till the News came to us, that *Alexander*, victorious over the *Indies*, was returned to *Susa*, where from all parts of the World he received Homages, not much short of Adoration. This News, thro' the Anger of the Gods, which my Crime had stirred up against me with an irreconcilable Hatred, waken'd those Passions with more Cruelty than ever, which before were in a kind of Slumber ; I in that long Absence had supported my Misfortunes more patiently,

patiently, but at this return, my Hopes returned also as ridiculous as before ; and to fortify my self in them the more, I called to Mind the Example of all those, who by long Perseverance had at last conquered their ill Fortune. I resisted those troublesome Solicitations for two or three Months, and used all imaginable Endeavours to banish *Alexander* out of my Heart ; but when I found they were to no Purpose, and that by a cruel Necessity, I submitted to my pitiless Fate, I gave way to my Misfortune, and took my Leave of those sweet Companions, whose Tranquillity I began to disturb with my Afflictions, and to whom I was not tied for the remainder of my Life by any Vow, or other Engagement. Before I took my Journey, I thought it best to disguise my Sex, to avoid those Accidents it might be subject to ; and causing *Theano* to buy Man's Apparel, and Horses for us both, we accoutred our selves, and began our Voyage. At first I had much ado to endure the Toilsomness of Travel, but I hardned my self to it by little and little, and the Desires of my Mind at last overcame the Tenderneſs of my Body. It is neither necessary, nor easy for me to entertain you with the Particulars of our Journey ; it was very long, and had nothing in it considerable ; but when we were on our way to *Susa*, we heard that the King was departed thence, and that having defeated the *Cossians*, he was gone to *Babylon*.

We altered our Road, with a Purpose to follow him thither, but within a few Days after, we received the only News which remained for the conclusion of my Misfortunes, and that was the Death of my adored *Alexander*. After the Relation I have made to you, 'tis needless for me to weary you with my Complaints ; the Discourse of them would be troublesome, and therefore I will tell you, that I continued for many Days void of Reason or Understanding, and when I came to my self again, all that *Theano* could obtain of me, was, that I would prolong my Life till I came to *Alexander's* Tomb, upon which I vowed to sacrifice the miserable Reminders of it : I found some Sweetness in this Resolution, and going forward with that Design, after many Days Journeys, I at last arrived at *Babylon*. I staid there for some time, but

could not obtain the Satisfaction of seeing the Body of my dear Lord and Master, which is kept locked up in a certain place of the Palace, to which all access is forbidden, by a great number of Guards. Seeing that in the depth of all my Miseries that Consolation was refused me, and that *Theano* was still obstinate in dissuading me from dying by my own Hands, I resolv'd to seek Death in the War, and *Theano* was ready to accompany me in that Design, not persisting any longer to make me languish out this miserable Life. Two Days ago we were enrol'd in *Perdiccas's* Troops, where to conceal our Sex, we still kept retired from all Company as much as we could, and *Theano*, notwithstanding her Age, loaded her weak Shoulders with Armour as well as I.

The other Night unfortunate *Spitamenes* appeared to me in a Dream, all bloody and hideous to behold, and looking upon me with a threatening Eye; I expect thee *Hermione*, (said he) and thou shalt shortly come to decide the remainder of our Quarrels with me. I abhor'd my Life so much that methought I was not at all terrified with his Threats, but stretching out my Hand to him without any fear, Yes, (said I) *Spitamenes*, expect me, we will go together, and end our Differences before *Alexander*. After this Vision I awak'd in a start, and the next Day, which was yesterday, we came out of the Town with those that came to second *Cassander*; but poor *Theano* putting forward her Horse amongst the rest, fell down at the Feet of those that came after her, who advancing hastily trampled her to Death in my Presence.

I should have been very sensible of that Loss but that I was ready to accompany her; therefore instead of staying to weep by her, whose Affection did well deserve my Tears, O *Theano*, (cried I) stay for me, I'll quickly keep thee company; and spurring on my Horse before all the rest of my Fellows, who had newly received a Command not to stir further from the Gates, I ran alone to you, *Demetrius*, from whom I receiv'd this favourable Wound, which has so much afflicted you, but has given the unfortunate *Hermione* the only Satisfaction she now could hope for.

Behold

Behold the Life of this unhappy Woman, on whom, *Demetrius*, you blindly have bestowed your Affection ; now you know her better, you will without doubt be delivered from those Disquiets which you express for her Death ; the Gods are my Witnesses, that that's the strongest of all those Considerations which moved me to this Recital, and the last fruit I hope for from it, is, that by this Knowledge I have given you of my Miseries, which perhaps never had such an uninterrupted Succession in any other Life, you will bear the loss of mine without any Trouble, and confess with me, that in the Condition to which my Disasters had reduced me, Death is the only Happiness I could now desire.

Thus did *Hermione* conclude her sad Relation, which begot both Astonishment and Compassion in all that heard her. They began to pass their Opinions on it, and to justify her with a general Consent for the Death of *Spitamenes*, by those powerful Reasons she had to deliver her self from him ; when amorous *Demetrius*, who had hearkened to her with strange Impatiencies, interrupted their Conversation, and replying to *Hermione's* last Words, You have told me nothing (said he) that can diminish the Passion I have for you ; and you were infinitely deceived, if you believed you should make your self criminal in my Thoughts by your Narration. That Monster, with whom the Gods had so unfitly match'd you, that barbarous, that faithless *Spitamenes*, did not only deserve the Death which he received, but a thousand worse Deaths altogether, and if you be faulty in any thing, 'tis in that you so long deferred the Revenge you owed your Father, and so long persisted to love a Man who did so ill requite your Affections ; as much greater as he was than other Men, he was too happy in the Thoughts you had for him ; and if he had known you as well as I do, he would have forgot the care of all his Conquests to give himself totally to you. Ah ! I would it pleased the Gods that some small part of that Passion he unworthily received, had been reserved for the unfortunate *Demetrius*, and that he might die for Love alone without the Mixture of his Grievs, and

of his Remorse, which makes his destiny most terrible to him.

The passionate *Demetrius* spake on this manner, when he saw *Hermione's* Face grew pale, and within a while after her Eyes closed up with a fainting Fit that seized upon her. Her afflicted Lover seeing her in that Condition, and believing her to be either dead or dying, cast himself upon her Bed, notwithstanding the Presence of his Father, and of the other Princes that were with him, and forcing the Obstacles they used to stop his Transports, and the Respect, which in a less Extremity he would have had for the Person whom he loved, he imprinted her pale Lips with a thousand ardent Kisses, able to have restored that heat which had forsaken them : And indeed so they did in part, for *Hermione* coming out of her Swoon, found her self in his Arms, whereof she was much shamed, and putting him back with a feeble Hand, *Ab ! Demetrius*, (said she) *add not Shame to the other Passions which accompany me to my Grave, and content your self that I know your Affection by other Marks than these, which are very indecent, and which so little become a dying Person.* *Demetrius* seeing himself reprehended by these Words, retired into his place, but he was so full of trouble that it almost deprived him of Understanding. *Hermione's* Strength decay'd visibly, and the Chirurgions and Women that tended her, seeing it was almost Night, desired the Company to withdraw. *Demetrius* obeyed them with great Unwillingness, and all *Antigonus's* Authority was necessary to persuade him to it ; he would not eat one bit, but going to Bed by his Father's Command, passed that Night in much more violent disquiets than the former. The next Morning, his Body being come into that Chamber from whence his Mind had never stirr'd, he found *Hermione* so weak, that he no longer doubted but she would die, and the Chirurgions had no longer Confidence to disguise the Truth from him ; he saw but too well that his fair Star was going to be eclipsed, and to bring into his Soul a gloomy Night, and a Night of mortal Darkness. Alas, with what an excess of Grief did he receive this Assurance, and with what passionate Fits did he express his Despair ! he walked up and down the Room in a frantick manner,

manner, with wild and wandring Looks, pull'd off his Hair, tore his Clothes, and did nothing but furious Actions. *Antigonus* vainly used Words, and even Tears to quiet him ; he was as deaf to the one, as blind to the other, and *Tiridates*, who was then in the Chamber, coming toward him, and taking an unseasonable Liberty, *Why, bow now, Demetrius, (said he) will you die then for a Woman ? Nay, more, for a Woman of the Enemy's Party, and for a Woman unworthy of the Tears you shed ? Demetrius* had not Patience enough to endure these Words, but running to lay hold of a Sword, was going to revenge *Hermione* with the Blood of indiscreet *Tiridates*, if he partly of his own accord, and partly by the Persuasions of those that were present, had not gotten suddenly out of the Chamber. *Dost thou think, (cried Demetrius, seeing him go out) dost thou think, cruel Man, that I will suffer the Injury thou dost me ? And canst thou not be satisfied with Hermione's Death and mine, without abusing us also by thy Words ? Ah ! would it pleas'd the Gods that by a thousand such Lives as thine, or as mine own, I could restore her that which I have taken from her.* As he spake these Words he drew near *Hermione's* Bed again, and leaning over it embraced her Knees with so much Tendernefs, and yet with so much Violence, that he forced all that were in the Chamber to weep and lament by his Example. O Gods, (cried he) *must Hermione die then ? And will you not grant unto my Tears and Prayers a little of that Life which you cruelly cause to perish by my Sword ? Shall Death feed upon that, which to me seems the most lovely thing you ever sent into the World ? And will you grant no delay to the ardent Supplication of a despairing Lover ? Can you not for my sake renew the Destiny of Alceste ? And will you not be appeased if I sacrifice Demetrius for Hermione's Safety.* While he spake on this manner, *Hermione*, tho' weak and dying, suffered deeply with him in his Afflictions, and looking upon him with Eyes that began to dazle, and to lose part of their Lustre by the approach of Death ; *Demetrius, (said he) you force me to confess to you, that I die not so absolute a slave to Alexander, but that I am very sensible of your Affection, and that I have certain Motions in these last Moments of my*

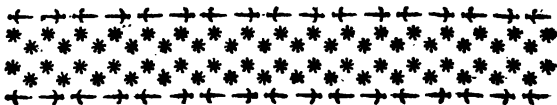
*Life, whereof my whole Life was never capable ; spare this dying Mouth a more ample Confession, and if it be true that you love me, moderate your Sorrows by Reason, and by my Desire, in this Necessity that parts us ; 'tis the only Proof of it I can, or will beg of you, for a recompence of the last Protestation I make, that I give you all the share in my Heart, which I now can possibly give.*

This was all that *Hermione* was able to bring forth distinctly ; and within a while after she grew so exceeding weak, that she could hardly speak a few interrupted Words : She struggled yet some Hours with Death, but about the shutting in of the Day, her Spirits departed, and she remain'd pale and cold in the Arms of *Demetrius*, who in that Accident appeared little different from her, and who losing his Senses and Understanding with his Strength, was carried away to another Bed, making the Physicians doubt, whether those Swoonings proceeded from a bare fainting, or from a real Death.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*



The



The Continuation of the Third Part of

# CASSANDRA.

## BOOK V.



**I**N the mean time *Araxes* return'd from *Babylon* the fourth Day after his Departure : As soon as *Oroondates* saw him come into his Chamber, he ran to him with open Arms ; *Lyfimachus*, who at that time was with him, did the same, and both with equal haste enquired News of their Princesses. I am still as ignorant of their Condition (said *Araxes*) as when I went from hence, and yet I may truly swear, I have not spared any kind of endeavour to inform my self. Every body at *Babylon* believes yet that they are dead, or if they



have heard any thing of their being alive, 'twas only by your denouncing of War, and by your Declaration. The Princes were all afflicted at this Discourse, and looked upon one another with a Confusion which was easy to be observed in their very Faces. O *Lyfimachus*, (cried the Prince of *Scythia*) we are not yet at the end of our Disaster, and you are extreemly unhappy in having any intermixture with the Fortune of *Oroondates*; this Communication will be no ways advantageous to you, for I shall infallibly draw you into those eternal Miseries to which the Gods have condemned me. Fortune (replied *Lyfimachus*) hath not been wont to use me more gently than your self, and if your Sufferings are contagious, you will gain no more than I in this Union of our Interests. Alas! (added *Oroondates*) perhaps our Princesses are dead indeed, and the Gods have only flattered us, to make us the more sensible of our Losses by the Hopes they have given us. The Loves of our Rivals (replied *Lyfimachus*) may secure us on that side; they will perish without all Question themselves rather than consent to their Destruction; yet I doubt not but they will do all they possibly can to conceal them a while longer from *Roxana*. They were in this Discourse when *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, *Oxyartes*, *Polyperchon*, *Artabafus*, *Eumenes*, and Queen *Thalestris*, came into the Chamber; the News of *Araxes*'s Return had brought them thither, and all of them together desiring to learn the Success of his Journey, he gave them an account of it in these Terms.

After I was departed from hence, I got within a short time to *Babylon*; and telling those that were upon the Guard at the Gates that I was come over to their Party, I found no difficulty to obtain entrance into the Town. I had called to mind as I was upon the way, that I had formerly had a particular Friendship with *Damocles*, one of the chief Citizens of *Babylon*, who at my Request, had by my Master's Favour gotten an Office in *Darius*'s Court, during the Abode we made in that Town. That good Turn which he had received from my Prince, and from my self in part, had engaged him to us with a strong Affection, and we had received some Proofs of it, which  
made

made be believe at that remembrance, that I might trust him without fear of being betray'd. As soon as I was in the Town, I went straight to his House, where I had been many times, and having happily found him without Company, I made my self known to him ; he gave me an exceeding kind Welcome, seconded with some Tears, in which Joy and Grief were equal Sharers ; and at the first Declaration I made of the Cause of my Journey, he offered to do me all the Service I could hope for from an affectionate Friend. I told him not in what place, nor in what condition I had left the Prince my Master, making as if I knew neither, and only confessed that I came to *Babylon* with a design to learn News of *Queen Statira*, that I might tell it my Prince, in case I were so happy as to find him. *Damocles* told me he had heard nothing of her since the Report of her Death, and that he had yet seen no body that doubted of it. After this Discourte, I prayed him that I might remain a few Days concealed in his House, thereby to inform my self more certainly, and letting him know I was in danger of my Life if I were discovered, I engaged him to as strict a Silence as I could desire. Having staid in his House the rest of the Day, as soon as it was Night I went out into the Streets ; and walked a long time both about the Palace, and about *Perdiccas's* Lodging ; but all my labour was in vain, and tho' I often stole near to those whom I saw talking together, and hearkned to what they said with as attentive an Ear as I could without giving them Suspicion, I learned nothing that could give me any Satisfaction. The next Day I entreated *Damocles*, by the remembrance of our ancient Friendship, and the Obligation he had to my Prince, to assist me in this Design, and to go to the Palace, into the Houses of the Princes, and all other places where he could inform himself of what I had a mind to know. *Damocles* endeavoured with a great deal of Care to effect my Desires, but with as little Success as I ; and having been among all Companies, and in all the Lodgings of the great Persons, returned from his Enquiry as before. He brought me home word, that the Death of the Princesses was but too certainly confirmed, that since the King's Decease they had never appeared at *Babylon*, and

that every Body laughed at your Error, when they saw your Declaration, whereof there were many Copies in the City. Two Days and almost two whole Nights were spent in this Employment, and seeing my self so unfortunate in one part of my Commission, I strove to acquit my self in the other, and for that design I prayed *Damocles* to tell me some News concerning the War. He freely imparted all to me that was come to his Knowledge, and when it was somewhat late he carried me to visit the Magazines, and view the Fortifications; I found all things in as good a condition as your Enemies can desire, great abundance of Arms and Victuals, and the Town exceedingly well stored with Men to defend it; the new Forces they expected from their Allies came up every Day, and encamped near the Town on the other side of the River; the number of them was already so great that they covered all the Field, and having learned yesterday that the last of them were arrived, and that *Perdiccas* being already recovered, threatned every Day to give Battel, I went into the Camp with *Damocles*, where I saw as infinite a number of Men, of Tents, of Chariots, and according to what one might judge by the Eye, their Forces are not inferior to yours. But I was desirous to have a more particular Knowledge of them, and wrought so well with *Damocles*, that this Morning he brought me the Computation of them. If my Memory serve me, these are the Names of their Commanders, and the Numbers of Men their Army is composed of; *Seleucus* is drawn thither, and commands there fifteen thousand *Macedonians*; the Companions of these that are here under *Craterus* and *Polyperchon*. *Alcetas* out of the lesser *Media* has gotten four thousand Horse, and five thousand Foot; and *Acropates* out of the greater *Media*, three thousand Horse, and four thousand Foot; *Nearchus* from *Lycia* and *Pamphilia*, eight thousand Horse, and six thousand Foot; and *Cossander* out of *Caria*, eight thousand Foot, and four thousand Horse; *Leonatus* leads three thousand Horse, and seven thousand Foot, drawn out of the lesser *Phrygia*; *Neoptolemus* a like number of natural *Persians*; and *Pencestos* six thousand *Babylonians*; *Sinus* has brought a thousand Horse, and three Thousand Foot, of *Susiana*; *Axiarchus* two thousand Horse

Horse from the Foot of Mount *Caucasus* ; *Scythens* ; *Amintas* from those parts of *Bactria* and *Sogdia* which he commanded, eight thousand Foot ; *Stratanor* four thousand Horse, *Draches*, and *Argeans* ; *Arikous* three thousand *lasgians* ; *Nicanor* and *Andiagoras* four thousand Horse, eight thousand Foot, levied in *Parthia* ; and *Antigenes* ; *Teniamus*, six thousand *Argiraspides*, of those famous Troops who gain'd so much Reputation under *Alexander*. This is the number of their Forces, whereof the Commanders have with a common Consent chosen *Perdiccas* for the General ; he out of Civility would have yielded the Honour to *Seleucus*, *Cassander*, and some others ; but he refused it, and *Roxana* having confirmed that choice made him accept of that Authority over his Companions.

This Election was made but this Morning, as I heard by *Damocles*, of whom I afterwards enquired concerning *Arfaces*. He was able to tell me nothing, but that he was believed to be still at *Seleucus's* Lodging, where he lay to recover of his Wounds ; that the Town was full of the Reputation of his Valour, and that they had marvellous Hopes in him ; that they expected little less from a valiant Stranger, who had been but a few Days in *Babylon* and who had done Wonders in the late Encounter. I told me afterward, that *Cassander* had very impatiently borne the Accusation made against him in your Declaration ; that he had endeavoured to justify himself to the Princes, and that he hath loudly sworn he would prosecute his Slanderers with Fire and Sword ; that many of their Party believed him innocent, but that among many others he was much suspected ; that that hindred him not from beginning to declare himself openly to be in love with *Roxana*, and that notwithstanding the Resentment she expressed against that Boldness, the Confidence he had in his Authority had so puffed him up, that he no longer disavow'd his Passion. When I had learned this News of *Damocles*, I heard by him that *Neoptolemus* was to go out of the Town with some of the Cavalry ; and being desirous to lay hold of that Occasion to get away, I told *Damocles* that I would make one in that Party ; and taking Horse, within a while after I went to the Gates with

*Neoptolemus's* Troops, and came forth amongst the rest without any difficulty ; then presently seeing them take a different way from that which led to our Camp, I alighted, feigning to have something to mend about my Saddle, and so having given them time to go a good way from me, I took my Opportunity to escape hither with reasonable Facility.

*Araxes* spake on this manner, and all the Princes who had hearkned to him attentively, began to discourse upon the News he had brought them ; they found by the Computation of the Enemies Forces, that they consisted of near forty thousand Horse, and more than fourscore thousand Foot ; and tho' the number of theirs was little different, their Enemies being strengthened with such a City as *Babylon*, with such a River as *Euphrates*, and with a great many Commanders not inferior to theirs, they might with reason make them doubt of the Success of that War ; yet did they not sink at all from their greatness of Courage, nor from the Confidence they had both in their Valour, and in the Justice of their Quarrel. They caused the chief Princes and Commanders to be called to the Council of War, and all that were wont to be of it, came thither presently, except *Antigonus*.

He was too much taken up at home to stir from thence, and the condition his Son *Demetrius* was in would not suffer him to forsake him. That young Prince, after he had used all imaginable Endeavours to follow his *Hermione*, and tired all those that were about him, whose Strength had hardly been sufficient to withhold his despairing Fury, was at last become a little less violent, being moved with the Tears and Authority of his Father.

He had passed a whole Night by his Bed-side, and part of the Day following, without being able to dissuade him from his desire of dying, which he saw him obstinately bent upon ; and when he found his Entreaties were too weak to move him, he presented him his naked Breast, and putting his Hand upon the Hilt of his Sword ; Here, take this Sword, (said he) O cruel and ungrateful *Demetrius*, but thou must first run it thro' thy Father's Body, and

and then thou mayst execute thy desperate Resolutions against thy self. These Words pronounced with an extraordinary Tone, and with a Fatherly Authority, wrought something upon *Demetrius*, and put him partly in mind of the Duty he owed him; he abated something of his Despair, tho' he could not abate any thing of his Grief, fearing to shorten the Days of a Father, to whom (besides that of his Birth) he had many very particular Obligations, and to whom he bore a most tender Affection, he became a little more pliable to his Persuasions, and changed his first Violences into Tears, Sighs and Complaints, able to soften the most rocky Hearts in the World. The most mournful, and most lamentable Effects that ever Grief produced, were eminently to be seen in that young Prince; his Eyes quite drowned in Tears, cast not one Look: His Mouth a perpetual thoroughfare of Sighs, spake not one Word; and his Face with Sorrow made yet more beautiful, carried a Countenance which was like to make all Persons dye with Pity, that were not utterly insensible of it. *Antigonus* for his sake caus'd *Hermione* to be buried with a great deal of Pomp, but when the Body was carried out of the Tent, *Demetrius* fell into as long, and as dangerous a Swoon as before, and tho' the Respect he bore to his Father hindred him from laying violent Hands upon himself, his Grief, which acknowledged not the same Authority, brought him very near unto his Grave. The Princes, who knew the Excess of his Sorrow, came to visit him when they rose from Counsel, and spending the rest of the Day by his Bed-side, fought both by Arguments and Examples to give him Consolation; at first their Endeavours met with little Success, but being naturally of a most gentle Disposition, *Antigonus* did not despair of re-settling him by length of time, together with the Power he had over him.

The next Day all the Princes being met in *Lyfimachus's* Tent, who commanded that Day, word was brought them, that five or six Men being come out of the Town, were at the Entry of the Camp, and desired a safe Conduct to speak to the Commanders from their Enemies. All the

the Security they could require was presently sent them, and within a while after they came together into the Tent. *Clitophon*; *Perdiccas's* Squire, was instantly known by many of the Company, who stepping forwarder than his Companions, and having obtain'd Audience from the Princes, spake to them in these Words : *My Lords, we are come hither from Queen Roxana, and Prince Perdiccas, on whom the rest have conferr'd the supream Authority ; he hath stay'd hitherto both for the Recovery of his Health, and for the arrival of his Forces, but now that the Gods have restored him the one, and his Friends have brought up the other, he will no longer retard the Desire you may have to end this War, the length whereof would be tedious to both Parties ; and therefore hath sent us to offer you Battel.* All that were in the Tent sent forth a Cry of Joy at the hearing of this Message, and by a clapping of their Hands expressed how welcome that News was to them ; but because *Clitophon* shewed he had something more to say, they kept silence to listen to him, and he went on in his manner ; I did not doubt, my Lords, but that you would receive this Proposition like gallant Men, but there must be something done to facilitate the Execution of it. The *Euphrates* separates our two Armies, and one of them must needs pass it before they can fight ; if you desire it should be yours, *Perdiccas* offers you all the Security you shall demand for the Passage of it, during which you shall receive no Impediment from our Forces, nor whilst you shall draw yours into Battalia in the Field you shall make choice of, until the Day appointed for the decision of our Quarrels. If this condition please you, you shall have Hostages sent, and if you find any Difficulties in it, which are not on our side by reason of the Conveniency of Bridges we have in the Town, give us but liberty to come forth, and to encamp between our Ports and your Entrenchments, and I promise you Battel within ten Days ; so much time will be necessary for the Preparations on both sides, and to stay for the perfect Recovery of some Persons who desire to have a share in the Glory of their Companions. *Clitophon* having propos'd this Offer, was carried into another Chamber, while the Princes entred into

Delibe-

Deliberation about the Answer they should make. They all thought his Proposition very free and reasonable, and many believ'd this Motion had been inspired into *Perdiccas* by *Seleucus*, *Arfaces*, or the valiant Stranger ; they judg'd nevertheless that it would be better for them to suffer their Enemies to come forth of the City, than to pass over to their side, as well by reason of the difficulty they would find in making Bridges of Boats, as of the Inconveniency they would receive, by quitting a place where they were provided of all things necessary, and where all the neighbouring Towns were at their disposing, to go into another where they had nothing, and which was wholly within the Enemies Quarters. When they had resolv'd upon their Answer, *Clitophon* was called in again, and *Lyfimachus*, at the Entreaty of the rest, spake to him on this manner ; All the Princes, with whom I have the honour to be allied, think *Perdiccas*'s Proposition very just, and are glad of the desire he has to end our Differences by a Battel ; and to facilitate the Means, they consent that he may come forth with his Army in all security, and put it in order in the Plain on this side the Town, promising to forbear all Acts of Hostility during the time you have demanded ; In this Agreement your Advantages are at least as great as ours, for if we have a few Villages on our side, you have *Babylon* behind you, and the Passage of the River free. *Perdiccas* has only forgotten one Condition in this Treaty, to make it the fuller of Freedom, and that is, since he knows the principal End of our taking up Arms is for the Liberty of the Princesses, he ought either to give it them, or put them into the Hands of indifferent Persons ; who should deliver them to the Conquerors after the Battel, or at the Issue of the War. *Lyfimachus* holding his Peace after these Words, *Clitophon* told him, that Demand was beyond his Commission, and that *Perdiccas* could not deliver the Princesses, since they neither were, nor ever had been in his Power, and that he and his Friends believed that if they were alive, they were with *Lyfimachus* and his Confederates, and that they made use of that Pretext to cover others which moved them to that War. In this (replied *Lyfimachus* with Anger) *Perdiccas* shews that he cannot vary from his Nature



Nature, and that he follows his own Inclinations, rather than those of his generous Friends, who have inspired him with the design of a Battel ; if he would confess the Truth to them, I assure my self they would counsel him to do what I demand, but because it would be very hard to make him wave his particular Interests for any Consideration of Vertue, this difficulty shall not break our Treaty, and to have a Battel we would descend to Conditions much more unjust, out of the hope we have that the Conquerors shall give the Law to the Conquered, and that after the Event of the War, if it be to our Advantage, we shall make them give Account of the Princesses which they now refuse. This was *Lyfimachus's* Answer, who for Hostages offered *Alexander*, the Son of *Polyperchon*, and *Copbes* and *Illyoneus* the Sons of *Artabafus*. As soon as they had concluded the Treaty, one of *Clitophon's* Companion's step'd forth, and the Company having cast their Eyes upon him, he was known by *Oroondates*, *Ptolomeus*, and many others, to be *Arfaces's* Squire, who some few Days since had been brought before them, and had carried some of *Ptolomeus's* Herb to his Master from *Oroondates*. He looked about to find out the Prince of *Scythia* amongst the rest, and addressing himself to him with a resolute Countenance ; ‘ Sir, (saith he) *Arfaces* hath received your Medicine, and hath recovered his Health by the Present you sent him ; he made use of it without any Suspicion, and with no other Fear save that of being obliged to you whether he will or no ; if your Differences were of another Nature he would become your Friend, but since that Change is impossible, instead of his Friendship he will give you his Esteem, and that he may not be ungrateful for the Favour he has receiv'd from you, he will shortly bring you Thanks upon the Point of his Sword.’ This confident Servant of a gallant Master having spoken on this manner, all the Company looked attentively on him, and *Oroondates* drawing near him, with Eyes that sparkled with Choler, Friend (saith he) thou mayst tell *Arfaces*, that I expect neither Thanks nor Favour from him, and that my Intention in obliging him does sufficiently acquit him from any Obligation : that yet I cannot disdain the esteem of so brave a Man,

Man, and that I think my self better requited by it, than by that Friendship which I neither can, nor will receive from him ; that at our first meeting we will decide these Differences, which even unto Death oppose our Reconciliation, and that to defend my self from that Sword wherewith he threatens me, I wear another by my side, which he has no Reason to despise. This was the Reply *Oroondates* made to *Asfages's* Squire ; and presently after *Clitophon* having been dispatch'd, return'd to *Babylon* with those that accompanied him.

This News being spread thro' the whole Camp, all the Army began to provide in good earnest for the Battel, the Commanders spared no Care to keep their Forces in a good Condition, and the Soldiers, of themselves inured to War, did by the hope of a Battel, rouze up that warlike Humour, which during the Life of *Alexander* had continually possessed them ; some of them employed themselves in Exercises necessary for the Fight, others in making clean their Arms, and altogether prepared for that great Day that was to determine such important Differences. The Princes, with admirable Diligence, sought whatsoever might be to their Advantage ; they visited their Magazines most carefully, and took care to deliver Arms to those that wanted, or had such as were unfit for Service. *Laomedon* and *Menander* had the charge of getting ready Chariots of War, arm'd with Sithes and Blades of Iron, like those *Darius* was wont to use in his Armies ; and *Polyperchon*, as a most expert Commander, had that of instructing the Officers, and training the Soldiers for the Fight, by Exercises that had the form of real Encounters. Nor had the Sun shined thrice upon the Towers of *Babylon*, when out of the Gates there began to appear Battalions, which they continued to pour forth for two whole Days together ; they encamped within thirty Furlongs of their Enemies, and covered a great part of the Plain with Men, Arms, and Horses ; the distance between the Camps was not so great, but that it was within reach of the Eye, and the mutual Confidence they had in the Truce, made divers Men of both Parties come within a flight shot of one another. *Oroondates* had absolutely re-

covered

covered his Strength, and felt himself in a better condition than ever to dispute his lawful Pretensions both against *Arfaces* and *Perdiccas*, and against all the World; he already waited impatiently for the Day, and prepared himself to let his new Companions see that he had wanted nothing but Fortune to raise his Reputation above that of *Alexander*; they were already inclined to that Belief, and by his Conversation discovered every Day new Greatnesses in him, which made them look on him as a God.

*Lyfimachus* was little less eager in his Expectation of the Day he had so much desired; but his Joy for that was moderated by some new Disquiet, which his Friends took notice of in his Face: He was troubled that *Arfaces*, whose Person he infinitely esteemed, and with whom he had made a Friendship, was of their Enemy's Party, and after he had long studied what course might be taken to deprive them of so considerable an Assistance, he resolv'd at last to see him, to talk with him, and to endeavour to draw him over to his side, and reconcile him with *Oroondates*. The Difficulties he foresaw in that Design, were not able to make him desist, and while he was musing upon it, the fair *Amazon* Queen being come to him, he made her acquainted with his Intention. *Thalestris*, to whom the Vertue and Person of *Arfaces* were well known, and who had a marvellous Esteem of both, since the time she had fought under his Command in the Battel he gave against *Arimbas* upon the Frontiers of *Scythia*, approved of *Lyfimachus*'s Resolution, and laboured to confirm him in it by many Reasons. 'You will do our Party no small Service (said she) if you can weaken our Enemies by the loss of such a Man as *Arfaces*, and you will have no small Satisfaction if you can make him *Oroondates*'s Friend: There must needs be something in their Quarrel which I cannot comprehend, nor can I tell how *Arfaces*, who was never in this Country, should in a few Moments have robb'd him of *Statira*'s Affections. 'I am so confounded in this Encounter, (replied *Lyfimachus*) that I could never imagine any apparent Cause of it; but I will endeavour to sift out the Business, and to-morrow.

‘morrow will go near the Enemy’s Camp, whither I will send in a Trumpet to *Arfaces*, and if I have the liberty to talk with him, I may perhaps draw some Knowledge that will not be unprofitable. I’ll bear you company (added *Thalestris*) and shall be glad to see again the Face of him who was my General, altho’ mine be utterly unknown to him, and at this time I do not intend to make him acquainted with it. *Lyfimachus* having accepted of the Queen’s Company, with much Civility and Respect prepared himself with her for that Interview, and presently went his way to write a Letter to *Arfaces*, which he did in these Terms :

### *Lyfimachus to the Great Arfaces.*

‘**H**E to whom you promised the Honour of your Friendship in the Temple of *Apollo*, and since upon the Banks of *Euphrates*, did not believe you should come to be in the number of his Enemies, who cannot but be yours what choice of Party soever you have made ; if you be pleased with this Protestation, you will not refuse him your fight, since he desires it only to assure you, that his Interests are below the Affection he has vowed you, and that tho’ you be a Friend to *Se-leucus*, you ought not to hate *Lyfimachus*.

The next Day, which was the eighth of those Ten *Clitophon* had demanded, and after which there was to be but one more before the Battel, *Lyfimachus* and the valiant *Thalestris* being armed, mounted on Horseback, without imparting their Intention to any body, and taking a Trumpet with them, rode toward the Enemies Camp ; they made a stand within three or four hundred Paces of the first *Corps de Garde*, and having instructed the Trumpet in his Commission, waited there for his return. Their Expectation was not long, and their Message having had

as good Success as they could wish, within less than half an hour they saw the great *Arfaces* appear, and with him another Cavalier, who having heard by the Trumpet how *Lyfimachus* was accompanied, would not leave *Arfaces*, and was very glad to take that Occasion of seeing *Lyfimachus* again, with whom he had already had a former Encounter. As soon as the two Friends knew one another, they advanced upon a Gallop, and they that had accompanied them kept back out of Discretion, and were willing to give them the Opportunity of entertaining each other a while before they mingled in their Conversation.

*Arfaces* and *Lyfimachus* being come close together, alighted, and giving their Horses to the Trumpet, after they had put up the Beavers of their Helmets, gave one another many Embraces full of a real Affection; they often began their Kindnesses afresh before they spake a word; but in the end *Arfaces* breaking silence first, with a majestic and attractive Grace, and with a sweet manly Voice; What (said he) is he *Lyfimachus* then, to whom, without knowing him otherwise than by sight, I so intirely gave my Affections? And is he, who made so much account of some small Actions of *Arfaces*, the Man who by a thousand others, a thousand times more famous, hath spread his Reputation over all the Earth? *Lyfimachus* blushed at these Praises, and being willing to suffer *Arfaces* to go on with them, It belongs to none (replied he) but to the great *Arfaces*, to distribute Glory unto Men, and they that have the Happiness to be beloved by him, may hope for that by his Affection and Esteem, which they cannot procure by their own Actions. I once pretended, O *Arfaces*, to some part in that Affection which I never merited but only by your Goodness, and the hopes you had given me of it made me expect you would have lent that assistance to me, which now you give unto our Enemies; I will neither cry down their Actions, nor the justice of their Quarrel, before him that declares himself their Friend, and the Consideration I have of you makes me not mention that which I publish to all the World; but I cannot dissemble my Grief to see you turn those  
Arms

Arms against us which commonly are attended with Victory, and tho' *Seleucus*, and many others who are with you, be worthy of your Friendship, I cannot but envy them the Happiness of it, and redouble my Hatred toward them by reason of this Advantage they have over us.

*Asfaxes* embraced *Lyfimachus* at this Discourse, and giving vent to a few Sighs ; I am infinitely indebted to you, (said he) for the Value you set upon my Friendship, and this Testimony I receive of yours, is one of the chiefest Consolations I can have in my Misfortune ; therefore I protest to you by those Gods, who every Day overwhelm me in new Disasters, that I neither am nor ever will be your Enemy ; I have most powerful Inclinations to you, and particular Reasons to love you, and if you see me now engaged, by my Promise, and by some other Considerations, among them who are not your Friends, accuse not me, *Lyfimachus*, but lay all the fault upon my cruel Destiny. 'Tis true, I owe my Life to *Seleucus* and *Cassander*, and have Obligations to *Perdiccas* himself, which are not inconsiderable ; but a more weighty Reason forces me to be an Enemy to your Party, and in what part of the World soever that cruel Tormentor of my Days shall happen to be, thither will I turn my revenging Sword, even to the last drop of my Blood ; I would kill him if I could possibly even in my Father's Arms, if the Gods had still left me one, and would make my self a Passage thro' what is dearest to me in the whole World, to destroy him who with a Cruelty full of Injustice robs me of that which I thought I had purchased by Services which are not to be valued, by the best part of my Blood, and even with the Price of mine own Honour. No, no, *Lyfimachus*, in the deplorable condition of my Life, I am no longer Master, either of my Designs, or of my Actions ; and that ungrateful Woman, who has so unworthily forsaken me, has taken away all my Hopes, and with them the power of disposing of my self. I must be uncivil, I must be unthankful, because I am miserable, because I am desperate ; and the Gods give me every Day new Occasions to shew that all the good I had in me is extinguished, by the Inhumanity of my Fate ; nay, they will have me indebted for my

my Life, even to my most bitter, irreconcilable Enemy, because they know I cannot be other than guilty of Ingratitude, and that the bloody Injury I have received from him, stifles in my Heart all the Acknowledgment I owe him for it ; heretofore I should have passed Seas to acquit my self of a less Obligation, and now I would go down as far as Hell to sacrifice him to my just Resentments, to whom I have so great an Engagement. This Misery of my Life, *Lyfimachus*, ought to move Pity in you, and obtain Pardon for a Choice, which my Love, which my Rage forced me to make against my former Inclinations, and against my Affection to you.

*Arfaces* uttered these passionate Words with an Action which drew Tears from *Lyfimachus*'s Eyes ; but his Astonishment was redoubled by them, and considering that *Arfaces* could not justly use those Reproaches to *Oroondates*, who better than all the Men in the World had deserved the Possession of *Statira*, in whose service *Arfaces* could not have spent more than some short Moments of his Life ; he was in a marvellous Confusion, and being desirous to draw more particular Light from *Arfaces*'s Mouth ; I am as sensibly touch'd with your Displeasures (said he) as with my own, but either I cannot comprehend their Cause, or else I can see but little Justice in them. This Rival, against whom you have so violent an Indignation, complains of you with more appearance of Reason than you can have, unless there be some Mistake in your Affairs ; and there are few Persons but know, that he hath spent his whole Life in the service of that Princess, whom you have won from him in an hour ; his Despair is much better grounded than yours, when he remembers the admirable Actions he hath done for her, and that being just upon the Point of receiving the Recompence which was due to him, he sees her, by a prodigious Inconstancy, in your Arms, and finds himself ungratefully forsaken for you who have done her but little service, and who are hardly so much as known to her. How ! (cried the impatient *Arfaces*) have I done my Princess but little service, and am I hardly so much as known to her ? *Lyfimachus* was going to reply, and they were like to have come to a more perfect Understanding, if an unexpected Accident had not

not interrupted their Conversation, the Cause whereof was this; The *Amazon* Queen, when she had stood a while at a distance, listening to their Discourse, at last resolved to go up to them, and *Asfaxes's* Companion, by her Example, moved from the place where he made his stand; when they were come a little nearer to one another than they had been before, *Thalestris* casting her Eyes upon that Cavalier, saw upon his Shield the dreadful impress of the Vultures, the Reputation whereof was already as much known by the Valour of him that bore it, as his Name was unknown by his so late coming into those Parts, and his having been ever since in the Enemy's Quarters.

The Queen presently remembered her Combat with him, and with what Generosity he had defended her from the foul play offered by *Cassander*; being glad of this Encounter, she had a mind to make a more particular Acquaintance with him, with that Intent she spurr'd on her Horse, and putting forth her Hand as she came up to him, Valiant Sir, (cried she) since I have tried your force in Fight, I desire to be better known to you, and to make a Friendship, if it be possible, with so brave and so generous an Enemy. The Stranger, who for Civility yielded to no Man in the World, advanced toward the Queen at this Discourse, and seeing that she put her Hand toward the Beaver of her Cask to discover her Face, he thrust up his, and let her see his Face at the same time. The Aspect of the dreadful Gorgon never wrought more strange Effects than this sight produced mutually in these two Persons, and if the Stranger was surprized to see the Queen, the Queen was stricken with the height of Amazement, when in the Stranger's Face she beheld all the Lineaments of her faithless *Oromes*.

They instantly were seized with so strange a Confusion, that they seemed like two Marble Statues, being neither able to speak nor stir; they continued a great while looking upon each other, with inward Motions very different from their ancient Tendernesses, and by the fiery Glances of their Eyes gave one another Knowledge of the violent Thoughts that stir'd them up. They could

not



not absolutely believe their fight, and that Uncertainty kept them for some time irresolute, silent, and unmovable. In the end, they no longer doubted of the Truth of this Encounter, and the Queen, less Mistress of her furious Resentments than *Orontes*, took hold of the Handle of her Sword, and casting a look up toward Heaven with a most terrible Action, O Gods ! (cried she) at last you have brought me that disloyal Man, who had so impiously invoked you in the falseness of his Oaths ; and drawing her Sword, after she had often call'd *Orontes* Traitor, she flew upon him with a Fury like that of a Tygres when she is robb'd of her Young. *Orontes* at last came to himself, and flying both the Looks and approach of *Thalestris*, O my Eyes ! (cried he) must you then behold this faithless Woman again ? Yet though he was no less moved than she, he was more moderate, and having still a Respect to the Sex, and even to the Person of her whom he had so dearly loved, he left his Sword still in the Scabbard, and only held forth his Shield, retiring from the Blows she made. Leave me, (cried he) leave me, false ungrateful Woman, and discharge not thy Rage against a Man who is innocent of the Loss thou hast sustain'd. The Queen replied not with any distinct Words, but rushing upon him with confused Cries and redoubled Abuses, made him quickly see she either meant to give him his Death, or receive hers from him. *Arfaces* and *Lyfimachus* turning about at this Noise, were quite surprized at so unforeseen an Adventure, and *Arfaces*, observing the manner of that Combat, was something ashamed and troubled to see his valiant Companion, who had so brave a Reputation, retire, or rather fly before an Enemy ; He leaped upon his Horse, and advanced towards him, by *Lyfimachus* his Example, who ran presently to the Queen, when *Orontes* seeking Sanctuary by him, Deliver me, O *Arfaces* ! (cried he) deliver me from the sight of this perfidious Woman, who is much more cruel to me than that Death she strives to give me. Ah ! Monster of Infidelity (replied *Thalestris*, quite beside her self) hope not that the Assistance of *Arfaces*, nor of all the Men in the World, shall save me from my just Indignation. As she spake these Words, she made her self Passage between *Arfaces* and

and *Lyfimachus*, with such a Fury, that those two valiant Men were too weak to withhold her.

Both of them, because they had heard something of their Adventures, began to suspect the Truth, and being desirous to try some Remedy against so sudden and so violent a Mischief, they used all their Strength and all their Persuasions, to stop and pacify the incensed *Thalestris*; but though their Strengths were employed with some success, all their Persuasions were utterly fruitless, and the Queen's Wrath grew so enflamed by their hindrance of her Intentions, that she had much ado to forbear discharging some part of her Anger upon them.

These Things were done so near *Perdiccas's* Camp, that the Noise made them instantly taken notice of, and *Cassander*, who was seldom from *Orintes*, believing there was some foul play offered to his Friend, and being ready arm'd for some other Design, got hastily on Horseback, followed by a good number of his Men, and ran full speed toward *Thalestris* and *Lyfimachus*, crying out, that they broke the Truce, and that they deserved Death. *Orintes*, who by the Means of *Arfaces* and *Lyfimachus*, was beginning to retire toward the Camp, strove in vain to stop him; and *Cassander*, seeing the Queen, who with her Sword up endeavoured to get from them that held her, calling *Orintes* Traitor and Coward, advanced toward her, and without considering his Odds, laid on with his Sword upon her Cask with all his Force; the Queen staggered at the Blow, and *Cassander* was going to second it, when *Arfaces*, fearing lest he might kill her in his Arms, would hold her no longer, and the impatient *Thalestris*, whose Anger needed not that new Provocation to swell it to the height, no sooner felt her self at liberty, but she ran at *Cassander* with an Action which made him grow pale, and think already of retreating amongst his Men; when the Queen, raising her self upon her Stirrups, struck such a weighty Blow upon his Helmet, that she sent him headlong to the Ground. After this Action she turned her Looks and Cries again toward *Orintes* with more Fierceness than before; but they that had accompanied *Cassander*, were beginning to bend their Arms against her, and against *Lyfimachus*, who with his Sword in

his hand had placed himself by her side for her defence ; when *Arfaces* did all he could possibly to keep them from it, and *Orontes* himself, who was already a good way off, faced about, and drew his Sword for the Preservation of his Enemy. But at the same time *Seleucus* came thither, who had so great an Authority amongst those Soldiers, that at *Arfaces*'s Entreaty he made them forbear, and while they took up *Cassander*, who was hardly come to himself, he got *Lyfimachus* to carry back the *Amazon* Queen. All the Credit he had with her was necessary to persuade her to that Retreat ; yet she yielded to it at last, when she saw it impossible to satisfy her Revenge ; and seeking out her false *Orontes* with her Eye, Thou prolongest thy Destiny but in vain, (cried she) and if thou escapest me at the Battel, I'll seek thee in the most hidden places of the World. *Lyfimachus* pulled her from thence at last, and was constrained to accompany her, without being able to finish his Discourse with *Arfaces* : This valiant Couple returned into the Camp, and during the little way they had thither, *Lyfimachus* could not draw one reasonable Word from *Thalestris*. Since this sudden alteration of her Humour she was hardly to be known, her Face was all on fire, and her Eyes seemed to cast forth live Sparks ; all her Motions had a mixture of Rage and Fury, and all her ordinary Moderation had given place to most impetuous Transports. You have seen him, (said she at last to *Lyfimachus*) you have seen that Traitor, whose Quarrel you defended with so much Valour, and so little Justice ; and if his Life were guiltless of Infidelity, perhaps you would think him handsom enough to excuse some part of the Passion a Maid may have had for him. She made a stop at these Words, to give *Lyfimachus* leisure to deliver his Approbation of what she said ; and within a while after going on with another Tone, How true and just are the Gods, (said she) and how well do they begin to perform their Promise, in bringing me this disloyal Man, whom I will sacrifice to the God of Love, and to the God of Hospitality ? The Laws of both having been basely and unworthily violated by him, they expect this Reparation from me ; and my Traitor, obstinate in his Treachery,

brings

brings me that Head himself, which I ought to have sought to the furthest end of the whole World. With these and some other Words she came into the Camp, where she would not alight till she came to *Oroondates's* Tent. *Oroondates* since his Recovery had left *Polemon's* House to the Ladies, and Prince *Oxyartes* had presented him with a Tent, the Rooms whereof were very spacious and convenient. As soon as *Thalestris* was come into his Chamber, *Oroondates* (cried she) that valiant Stranger that did so many admirable Actions upon the Bank of *Euphrates* against *Lyfimachus* and his Companions; and in our last Fight against me and the rest of our Party, who do you think it should be, but my perfidious *Orontes*? The justice of the Gods hath at last brought him to the foot of those Altars, upon which he must be sacrificed. *Oroondates* at first was surprized with this discourse, but presently after, *Lyfimachus* having confirmed what the Queen had told him, he admired the fantastical Effects of Fortune, and those strange Events whereby she seems to make her self sport with our Destinies. He is with *Perdiccas*, (continued *Thalestris*) my particular Enemy is among your Enemies, and that Monster of Perfidiousness thinks himself not yet black enough with that he hath shewed toward me, unless to aggravate his crimes, he embrace an unjust Quarrel, and take up Arms against the Party of his Prince. It has not pleased the Heavens that I should engage my self in this War without other Interest than what I take in yours, but they will have Hatred and Resentment execute part of that, which Honour and Friendship made me undertake to serve you. When *Oroondates* had replied to this Discourse, the Queen fell again to Threats, and pour'd forth the most violent and furious Words against *Orontes* that her Passion could put into her Mouth. *Oroondates*, knowing her impetuous Humor, went not about to justify *Orontes* to her so soon, but giving way to her Impatience, he only said, that he hoped the success of that Adventure would prove advantageous to her Repose.

While he was thus engag'd with her, the sorrowful *Demetrius* wept at the River side over the Tomb of his

deceased *Hermione* ; since the time he had been able to leave his Bed, that had been his usual Employment, he spent almost whole Days there, and as soon as the Sun began to cast his Light upon the Earth, that desolate Prince, whom his Sorrows had made hardly to be known, went forth of his Tent with a dejected Countenance, and a feeble pace, and drawing near to those dear Ashes, paid them his Homage, and sought no Consolation but in that mournful Exercise ; his Tears made a Stream, which did almost mingle themselves with the Waves of the River ; the Embraces he gave to cold senseless Stones would have put Life into any thing that had been less frozen, and less insensible than Marble, and his moving Complaints might without doubt have obtain'd any thing else from the Gods, save the return of *Hermione*. The Tomb was raised with a magnificent Structure, and upon a Plate of Brass the afflicted *Demetrius* had caused an Inscription to be engraven, which contain'd these Words :

*Passenger, thou wilt be cruel,  
If thou examine this Life,  
To condemn it.*

*Hermione was all Fair,  
Hermione was all  
Innocent.*

*And if Spitamenes dyed for his Crime,  
Hermione dyed for the Crime  
Of Demetrius.*

*He was the Lover,  
He was the Murderer of Hermione.  
Bewail her Destiny, O Passenger ;  
And seek not in this Tomb  
For those precious Ashes,  
Which can have none but in the Heart  
Of Demetrius.*

*These*

These sorrowful Entertainments settled this young Prince in such a melancholick Humour, as made him little different from those that have no Life at all ; and the Society of his Friends, who formerly had found a charming Sweetness in his, was no longer able to give him any Contentment ; as all things were black in his Soul, so would he have all his Clothes, his Furniture, and his Arms ; and if he still bore the God of Love upon his Shield, 'twas in a Posture very different from the former ; before he appeared triumphant, but now he lay graveling upon a Tomb, his Arrows broken, his Scarf torn from his Eyes, and his Quiver over-turned negligently at his Feet. The deadly Marks of a Grief so tender and so violent both together infecting the Soul of *Antigonus*, made him almost incapable of executing the Functions of his Charge ; and the day, which was to be the next before the Battel, being come, scarce was he able to go with the other Commanders into *Oxyartes's* Tent, to take and to give Orders in so important a Necessity. There it was that the Princes met together to dispose of all things against that bloody Decision of their Fortunes, the Term whereof was already so near at hand ; when they had received an exact Account from all the Officers touching the condition of their Forces, they began to deliberate in what Order they should draw them up for the Battel, and resolv'd to put all things in such a readiness that day, that they might have nothing else to do but to fight the next ; they employ'd it all both carefully and profitably about those Matters ; the Field of Battel was visited from side to side, and many Commanders of both Parties meeting in that Action, saw, and talk'd to one another, without shewing any Mark of Animosity in that Rencounter. Afterward they offered Sacrifices thro' the whole Camp, and the Princes, behaving themselves there with much Zeal and Affection to the Gods, made their Soldiers know, that the Victory was not to be expected from their Arms, but rather from the Will of the Gods, whom they by Actions of Piety ought to win unto their Party. The Intrails of the sacrificed Beasts were visited with great

Care and Anxiety ; the Smoak and the flight of Birds were curiously observ'd, but tho' the Soothsayers by those Signs knew the great abundance of Blood that was to be shed, they were utterly ignorant of the Success, and could not by any Token judge to which of the two Parties the Gods intended the Advantage of that bloody Day. The Night was spent by the Soldiers in different Employments, some of them took their Rest to be the freshest for the Toil they were to undergo, others dressed their Horses, others mended the Defects of their Arms, and all together prepared themselves for that memorable Action which was to be the Decision of so many Quarrels.

Scarce did the Day begin to appear, when from all Parts of the Camp the sound of Trumpets rous'd up the fastest Sleepers ; the Morning was fair and clear, and the Noise of all those warlike Instruments seeking out the nearest Hollows both in the Woods, and on the Banks of the River, made the Echo answer with redoubled Sounds, which even in that terrible Confusion had a Mixture of something very delightful. They that came first abroad saw upon *Ptolomeus's* Tent a Standard display'd, which they knew to be the signal of the Battel ; and among so many thousand Men, there were few in whom that sight did not produce Contentment. Prince *Oroondates* being one of the first awake, saluted that Day with a joyful Cry, and after having called for his Clothes, To Day (said he) we are to fight for you *Cassandra*, and you shall be deliver'd out of *Perdiccas's* Hands, either for *Asfages*, or for *Oroondates*. But (pursued he within a while after) it will neither be for *Asfages*, nor for *Oroondates* ; for you have forsaken *Oroondates* in favour of *Asfages*, and you shall see *Asfages* fall by the hand of *Oroondates*. As he spake these Words, he leap'd out of Bed, and scarce had he begun to put on his Clothes, but he call'd for his Arms ; ' Let's see (said he) if in this long Idleness I have not forgot which way to put on a Cuirass, and if with the Practice I have not also lost the Theory of the first Profession to which my Life was destined.' He was saying thus, when Queen *Thalestris* (whose cruel Passions had waken'd her with the first) came into his Chamber ; and after

after her, Prince *Lyfimachus*, *Eumenes*, *Ilyoneus*, *Tiridates*, and many others. *Oroondates* praising their Diligence, and particularly the Queen's, 'I should blush, Madam, (said he) to see my self out-stripp'd and hastned on by a Lady to fight for my own Interests, if you were not the divine *Thalestris*, who both in Peace and War hath all manner of Advantages over us. The Motives of my Diligence (reply'd the Queen) deserve not to be envied by any body, and my Revenge lies too near my Heart to hope that it will allow me a Moment of quiet Sleep. Then *Lyfimachus* putting in, I have seen your Enemy, (said he to the Queen) and both the sight of his Face, and that of his gallant Actions, hath begot in me an Affection and an Esteem for him, which could make me wish, that either you were less revengeful, or that he were less disposed to satisfy you.

'My Satisfaction (answered *Thalestris*) is in the Point of my Sword, and in the Blood of that faithless Man. I would it pleased the Gods, Madam, (added *Oroondates*) that he might be found innocent, and that I were able to contribute to your Repose, by the best part of that little I have left.' The Queen, to whom this discourse was not very pleasing, forbore not however to answer it with much Civility, and in the mean time *Oroondates*'s Arms were brought; they were a Present *Lyfimachus* had made him, and the Workmanship of the admired *Hyperion*; formerly they had been *Hephestion*'s, who having given them to *Lyfimachus* after their Reconciliation, he thought he could not put them into better hands than the Prince of *Scythia*'s.

His Shoulders were first inclosed, with a Cuirass of *Damascus* Steel, so excellently temper'd, that it was almost Proof against the most dangerous Weapons, and adorn'd with a graving worthy the hands of its famous Artificer, emboss'd with Gold by marvellous Industry, and spreading it self in Leaves over all the Cuirass with a pleasing and skilful Confusion; from the Body of the Cuirass, upon Bases of Cloth of Gold, hung Plates of the same Steel graven in the same manner, which reach'd almost to the Knee, ending with Tassels of Gold-twist interwoven



with Pearl ; those which (coming forth of the Lion's Mouth upon his Shoulder) fell over the Sleeve of his Cassock, were wrought and beautified on the same Fasti-  
on ; and those of his Buskin which covered from the middle of his Leg unto his Toe, were all suitable, and glister'd equally with the polishing of the Steel, and with the Gold which set it off ; his brave Sword hung at a little Gold Chain, which seem'd to come out of the Mouths of two small antick Heads of Gold before and behind his Cuirass ; and when he was fitted with all the rest of his Armour, *Toxaris* covered his Head with a Cask, whereon the Workman had display'd the utmost of his Skill ; besides that, the Graving was more delicate, and the Polishing more beautiful, the forepart of it was adorned with an Eagle, whose out-stretch'd Wings, and all his Plumage were richly gilt, and from the hinder part there rose a little Pipe of Gold, out of which came a long Sprig encompassed with a Score of black and white Feathers set thick with Spangles. In this Habit, with a lofty Gate, and a Garb which breathed forth nothing but War, he went out of the Tent with his valiant Companions. At the Door stood ready a brave *Cappadocian* Horse, which *Eumenes* had sent him ; except *Bucephalus* there had not been seen one better-shap'd, nor of a more advantageous Stature ; his Colour was black, spotted all over with white Spots in so great order, as made that to be suspected for Art which proceeded only from Nature ; his Tail swept along the Ground, and his Main, which fell confusedly over his Shoulders, came waving loosely down below his Knee. *Oroondates* being got lightly upon his Back, and having tried him before his Companions, with a Skill, Vigour, and Grace that was peculiar to him alone, armed his Right-hand with a strong Javelin, and upon his Left Arm took a Shield little different from that of *Telamon's* Son, and which perhaps would have made any other Arm but his sink under its weight ; in the midst of it was represented a Cupid, who trampling under foot a great many Trophies of Arms heaped up together, was invironed with Storms and Flashes of Lightning ; in his Right-hand he held one of those Bolts which *Jupiter* alone is wont to dart at guilty Heads, and near him

him were these Words written in the *Scythian* Tongue, *Nothing against Love*. In this Equipage *Oroondates* would have appeared little different from *Mars* himself, if amidst that which was terrible in him he had not had far more sweet and lovely Features, than those we commonly see in the Pictures of that God of Battels : Nor is he much unlike him in the Fight ; Woe be to them that shall oppose his Force this bloody Day, each Blow of his carries a certain Death along with it, and his Hand makes the most sovereign Herbs to lose their Vertue. He marches in the midst of these valiant Friends toward the place where the Troops were already drawing up, according to the Orders resolved on the Day before ; there he found *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, *Antigonus*, and the rest, all busy in the Duties of their several Stations ; But tho' that Day the Army by course should have been commanded by *Ptolomeus*, he divested himself of all his Authority amongst his Friends, and would needs have them share equally with him in the Honours of that Action. It began with Sacrifices, which were redoubled with a most ardent Devotion ; and then having taken a light Repast, all the Officers retired to their Charges, and placed themselves at the Head of those Forces they were to command.

The Army was divided into four Bodies, the weakest of which was of ten thousand Horse, and twenty thousand Foot ; the first was given to Prince *Oroondates*, composed of *Egyptians* under the Command of *Cleomenes* Lieutenant to *Ptolomeus*, of *Syrians* under their valiant Prince *Laomedon*, of *Lydians* under the brave *Alexander* their Sovereign, and of *Cylicians* under the Obedience of *Philotas*. At the Head of these, and by the side of Prince *Oroondates*, the valiant *Amazon* placed her self, having on the same Arms in which she had done the former Actions, and so visibly breathing forth Revenge, that she almost cast fire thro' the Bars of her Helmet ; she was desirous to fight that day by the Prince of *Scythia*, and was accompanied in that design by *Oxydates*, *Tyridates*, *Ilyoneus*, and *Pharnabazus*. Prince *Oxyartes* commanded the second Body, in which were the first *Bactrians* and *Zogdians*, under *Copbes*

the Son of *Artabafus*, he himself having been constrained by all the Princes to forbear the Battel by reason of his Age, and only to assist those with his Counsel, whose Youth made them the more fit for Action; next those of *Armenia* under *Pbrataphernes*, those of *Hercania* under *Philippus*, and those of *Mesopotamia* under *Archefilaus*. Those that accompanied *Oxyartes* were *Mythrane*, *Leostenes* the Son of *Ariobarzanes*, *Lysander* and *Pisistratus* the Sons of *Pbrataphernes* and *Archefilaus*. The third Body was led by brave *Eumenes*, who under him had the *Cappadocians*, and *Paphlagonians*, those of *Tkracia*, *Pontus*, and of the *Bosphorus*, *Lysimachus*'s new Subjects, and those *Arabians* and *Africans* that were under the Obedience of *Ptolomeus*. At the Head of those Forces with *Eumenes* were *Menelaus*, *Ptolomeus*'s Brother, *Leocaris* and *Dioxippus* the Sons of *Mentor*, and *Trafillus* the Brother of *Menander*. The last Battalion marched under the Great *Polyperchon*, consisting of fifteen thousand *Macedonians*, led by him and *Craterus*, of *Pbrygians* the Subjects of *Antigonus*, and of *Uirians* led by *Callicrates* the Son of *Philofas*; *Polyperchon* had with him his Son *Alexander*, *Demochares* and *Cleobulus*, and (the most valiant as well as the most beautiful of all) the disconsolate *Demetrius*; for all his Looks were pale and wan, one might see in them an eagerness to fight, and tho' he marched with a sorrowful Countenance, it was not at all the less resolute; for his usual Courage being improved by the desire he then had to die, urg'd him on to the Performance of miraculous Atchievements; his Arms, his Horse, with all his Furniture, were black, and that weeping God of Love did so well accompany the sadness of him that bore it, that it gained him the Compassion of all those that beheld him. To every Battalion there were fifty Chariots arm'd with Sithes, and fill'd with Archers, which were to march in the Front; those of *Oracndates*, commanded by *Oxydates*, those of *Oxyartes* by *Mythrane*, those of *Eumenes* by *Menelaus*, and those of *Polyperchon* by *Cleobulus*. This was the disposing of the Army, in which *Lysimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, and *Antigonus*, would needs be exempted from any particular Command, that they might be at liberty to go any whither, according as Occasion should require. Before the Army began to  
move,

move, some Spies came in from the Enemy's Camp, who informed the Princes touching the Order of it ; and from them they received an Account as followeth.

*Perdiccas*, whether it were upon Intelligence of the manner of the Princes drawing up, or for some other Reason, had like them divided his Army into four Bodies of between four and five and thirty thousand Men at the least, to each of which he had appointed two Commanders of equal Authority. *Perdiccas* and his Brother *Alcetas* led the first, composed of the Inhabitants of both the *Media's*, subject to *Alcetas* and *Acropates* ; of the *Susians* under *Sinus*, and of the *Babylonians* under *Peucestas*. The second was commanded by the valiant *Seleucus* and the great *Arfaces*, in which were the fifteen thousand *Macedonians* that followed *Seleucus's* Colours, those *Bactrians* and *Zogdians* that obeyed *Scytheus* and *Amintas*, and the *Parthians* under *Andiagoras* and *Nicanor*. The third march'd after *Cassander* and the valiant *Crontes*, consisting of six thousand *Argiraspides* under their Leaders, *Antigenes* and *Tentamus* ; of *Carians* the Subjects of *Cassander*, and of *Lycians* and *Pamphilians* under their Prince *Nearchus*. The last was under the Conduct of *Leonatus* and *Neoptolemus*, and in it were the Inhabitants of *Persia*, and those of the lesser *Phrygia* their Subjects, they of mount *Caucasus* under *Axiarchus*, the *Pelasgians* under *Astibous*, and under *Stratanor* the *Draches* and *Argeans*.

They had three hundred Chariots of War commanded by *Python* and *Aminta*, and rank'd in an order little different from that, in which the Princes had placed theirs. These two potent Armies being thus disposed, came at the same time from the places where they were encamped, and advanced equally into that spacious Plain, which lay between both Camps. They were no sooner within sight, but they saluted one another with horrible Cries, and Actions which visibly testified the Ardor that carried them on to the Battel ; as they drew nearer together, the fierceness of their Hearts redoubled, their Anger grew more inflamed by seeing their Enemies, and their Officers were hardly able to keep them from rushing on disorderly to the Fight ; when they were come within a certain distance,

stance, they were commanded to make a stand to receive the 1. st Orders, and then the Generals riding by the head of every Battalion, shew'd themselves to the Soldiers, and with vigorous Exhortations infused Courage even into the faintest of them all.

*Oroondates* appearing with that Majesty and Grace which was inseparable from his meanest Actions, used all the Eloquence the Gods had endowed him with, to inspire Valour into his Men, and passing from one Division to another with admirable Swiftmess, not much unlike a flash of Lightning, kindled all Hearts by his Words and Presence. He had never been so great, nor so handsom in the Eyes of his faithful *Araxes*, as at that time ; and the *Amazon* Queen, who eas'd him as much as possibly she could in the Days of his Command, could not behold him in that condition without Admiration. *Lyfimachus* and his valiant Companions were no less full of Business, and when they had set all things in the readiness they ought to be, and they neither could, nor would longer restrain the Eagerness of the Soldiers, they chose the places where they meant to fight themselves ; and remembering in what Order the Enemies were drawn up, they went and put themselves severally at the Head of the four Battalions. *Lyfimachus* took his place near *Oroondates*, who received him with Demonstrations of Joy worthy of their Friendship ; *Antigonus* near *Oxyartes*, *Ptolomens* near *Eumenes*, and *Craterus* near *Polyperchon*. As soon as they had thus disposed themselves, they commanded the Trumpets to give the last Signal. That dreadful, yet pleasing Noise of so many warlike Instruments, resounded along the Banks of *Euphrates* for many Furlongs ; and presently after, the Space which separated the two Armies, began to decrease, and such an infinite number of Arrows were let fly from either side, that they could hardly find free Passage to the Marks they were aimed ; hundreds of Men lay groveling in the Dust, and hundreds of Horses fell under their Masters at that first manner of fight ; but within a while it altered form, taking another much more hideous and bloody ; the Squadrons and Divisions closed, and fought hand to hand, but their valiant Leaders desiring to have the Honour to begin the Charge,

Charge, advanced mutually before their Troops, and ran at one another with an Animosity, which proceeded from a higher Interest than that of their Commands.

*Oroondates* and *Lyfimachus* knowing *Perdiccas* and *Alcetas*, by the Intelligence they had received concerning the Order of their Battel, and by many other Marks, thundered upon them with an Impetuosity which admits of no Comparison, and the valiant *Amazon* made a furious Charge against *Pencestas*; Pay me (cried *Oroondates* to *Perdiccas*) pay me that Life which I have saved thee twice. Let us fight (said *Lyfimachus* to *Alcetas*) let us fight for *Parisatis*. These Words received no Answer, nor were they heard perhaps amidst the Cries and Noise of that Encounter, but they were close followed by Deeds, and these six valiant Persons struck one another with their Javelins, and shoked each other with their Shields, with equal Courage, but Forces somewhat different.

*Oroondates* reel'd in his Saddle at the Blow *Perdiccas* gave him, but *Perdiccas* and his Horse came tumbling both together to the Ground. *Lyfimachus* lost his Stirrups at the stroke of *Alcetas*, but he took him out of his Saddle, and threw him headlong into the Dust; and the valiant *Thalestris* made *Pencestas* fly over the Crupper of his Horse, among the Feet of those that were about him. All the Advantage of this first Encounter being on our Princes side, their Party solemniz'd it with a joyful Cry, and from that glorious beginning, drew happy Presages of the Victory. These dismounted Princes were presently environed by many of their Men, who opposing the Fury of their Enemies, set them again on Horseback, and their gallant Conquerors not being able to force that Resistance, turned their Blows another way, and by their Example made their Squadrons fall in Pall-mall among the Enemies. Then it was that the Earth became covered with Dying Bodies, and that the Face of all Things grew dismal and terrible. The armed Chariots made great slaughters on both sides, the *Egyptians* and *Medes*, the *Syrians* and *Babylonians* falling together with an equal Confusion. The first Squadrons having begun the Battel, the second made

made their Charge with the same Fury ; *Arfaces* ran at *Antigonus*, and *Seleucus* at Prince *Oxyartes*, but *Oxyartes* had the worst against *Seleucus*, and *Antigonus* was overthrown upon the Earth, by the redoubted hand of *Arfaces* ; by the same Hand presently after fell *Lisander*, and *Pisistratus*, the Sons of *Archebilas* and *Phrataphernes*, *Pisistratus* was run thro' the Body, and *Lisander* cloven from the Shoulder to the Breast ; their desolate Fathers were present at that sight, and rushing both at the same time upon him that had slain their Children, assaulted him with Cries full of Rage and Resentment, but Fortune was adverse to them, and their Genius was inferior to that of *Arfaces* ; for *Archebilas* had his Hand cut off with a back Blow, and *Phrataphernes* was so forcibly encountred, that he came over with his Horse, and lay without Sense or Motion. While *Arfaces* strives by such Actions as these to repair the Disadvantage the first Body had received by the Valour of *Oroondates* and *Lyfimachus*, the third and last Battalions march on unto the Fight, and charged with a fierceness no way inferior to their Companions ; The Encounter of *Ptolomeus*, and *Eumenes*, with *Cassander*, and the valiant *Orontes*, passed without any great Advantage on either Party, for tho' *Ptolomeus* lost one of his Stirrups by the shock of *Orontes*, *Cassander* lost both his by that of brave *Eumenes*. *Craterus* and *Polyperchon* fought with more Equality against *Neoptolemus* and *Leonatus*, but all those that opposed the young *Demetrius*, who had taken his place in this last Body, felt both the weight of his Arm, and the Effects of his Grief. In this general mixture of Squadrons and Battalions, Disorder and Confusion quickly were accompanied with Wounds and Horror, giving dismal Shapes to all these Objects, which a few Hours before appeared most pleasing and delightful ; the Slaughter was so universal, that in all the Battels which had ever been fought under *Darius*, or *Alexander*, Death never had reigned with so absolute an Empire, as that bloody Day : If the *Faribian* fall by a *Syrian* Javelin, the *Syrian* is slain by the Sword of a *Lucian*, and the dying *Hircanian* drags the *Pamphilian* along with him ; Blood has not only made the Earth lose its Colour in the thickest

of

of the Fight, but flows in purple streams, for many Fur-  
longs round about ; the Chariots had in the beginning  
done great Execution, but at last the Commanders on both  
sides, thought best to give place to their Impetuoufness,  
and killing the Horses as they passed, made them equally  
useless to one another. After that all the several Divisi-  
ons were engaged, the Generals being no longer tyed to  
keep with their particular Battalions, where they hardly  
were any longer obey'd; went freely into all places, ac-  
cording to the Ardor that transported them. *Oroondates*  
and *Thalestris* fought every where for *Arfaces* and *Oromes*,  
and the furious Prince of *Scythia* running from one Squa-  
dron to another, made the Name of *Arfaces* resound where-  
soever he went ; his Enemy was no less impatient, nor  
less industrious to find out him, but the Obstacles that  
were in their way, retarded the execution of their De-  
sires, and to break thro' them, they did Actions that  
struck Terror into all these that looked upon them, and  
that are as far beyond Belief as above Expression. *Oroon-  
dates*, which way soever he turned himself, left bloody  
Marks of his Passage, when *Cassander's* two Brothers, *Iolas*  
and *Philippus*, presented themselves before him, and would  
have opposed his Fury, as a Damm at the fall of an im-  
petuous Torrent ; they charged him both at the same  
time with two Blows, which scarce made any print up-  
on his Arms, but the fierce Prince of *Scythia* requited  
them with two others, which being given by a more  
vigorous Hand than theirs, produced very different Ef-  
fects.

*Iolas* was laid along, having his Shoulder run thro' with  
a Thrust, and with a back Blow *Philippus's* Cask and his  
Head within it, were made to rowl together upon the  
Grass ; they that saw the fall of these two young Princes,  
and knew their Quality, ran with loud Cries to take re-  
venge ; but *Oroondates* broke thro' them with the same  
Fury, and before their Eyes, slew *Thadgenes* the Son of  
*Pythos*, *Aristoteles* the Brother of *Peucestas*, and made *An-  
tigenes* and *Toutamus*, Commanders of the *Argiraspides*, to  
tumble breathless among the Horses Feet. By these pro-  
digious Fears he at last opened himself a Passage to *Arfaces*,  
and with a loud Voice defied him to the Encounter, when  
he



he on the other side had newly dispatch'd *Trafalus* and the unfortunate *Tyridates*.

These two great Warriors knew one another by their Cries, and by the Actions they saw each other do, yet before they could get together, *Oroondates* cleft *Brygis's* Son's Head into two pieces, and meeting the valiant *Neoptolemus* in his way, jostled him with so great Violence, that he sent him astonished among the Legs of *Arfaces's* Horse. *Arfaces* could not know his Enemy better than by such Marks as those, nor did he any longer doubt but it was he; and testifying that Assurance by a fierce cry, he ran to him, holding up his Sword with such an action as might have terrified any body but *Oroondates*; both of them would have spoken, but the Extremity of their Anger made them both unable to express themselves, and the confused Noise of so many Voices would not suffer them to understand one another. *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, and *Demetrius*, on the one side; and on the other, *Seleucus*, *Nearchus*, and *Leonatus*, with many other Commanders of each Party, were present at their meeting, and all as with a mutual Consent suspended their Enmity for a few Moments, to become Spectators of that furious Encounter, nor did it any way fail their Expectation, tho' the Business was of no long Continuance.

The two enraged Warriors, whose Thoughts were not upon the defensive, cast their Shields behind their Backs, and putting both Hands to their Swords, lifted them on high into the Air, and brought them down with the utmost of their Strength upon each others Helmet. At those mighty Blows, the two Swords flew into a thousand Pieces, their Crests were beaten off, their Casks deeply dented, and how great soever was the Fortitude of those two gallant Men, it was not Proof against so infinite a Violence. *Arfaces* bleeding both at Nose and Mouth, fell in a Swoon at *Seleucus's* Feet, and *Ptolomeus* running to *Oroondates*, saw him open his Arms, and sink without Understanding from his Saddle into the Dust. The fall of these two matchless Persons, caused those of each Party to send forth mighty Cries, and kindled a furious Combustion round about them; *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, and *Demetrius*,

*metrius*, sheltred *Oroondates* with their Bucklers ; and his faithful *Araxes*, who stirr'd not from him, carried him off with the assistance of *Ilyoneus*, *Menelaus*, and many others ; *Asfaxes's* Friends did the same for him, and then between those six Men there began a Combat worthy of more heedful Spectators, and of larger room to set forth the Proofs of their Valour with greater Liberty. *Ptolomeus* having known *Seleucus* by several Marks, spurr'd up to him with a joyful Voice, and preventing *Demetrius* who was going to charge him, ' Seleucus, (cried he) thy old Enemy defies thee, and now thou hast a brave Occasion to execute thy Threatnings.' *Seleucus* answered these Words only with a mighty stroke, which *Ptolomeus* quickly repay'd ; *Craterus* at the same time closing with *Leontus*, and *Nearchus* with young *Demetrius*. The Fight was reasonably equal between the four first, but desperate *Demetrius*, whose Grief seem'd to have redoubled his Strength, after some few Blows given on both sides with wondrous Violence, beat down *Nearchus* at his Feet, and turning about toward his Friends, was going to make their Victory sure, when valiant *Orontes* came up unto that place. He had made himself remarkable that Day by a Thousand Actions of an admirable Valour, his Arms were all besmear'd with Blood, and he was hardly to be known but by that famous Device of the Heart torn with Vultures, which had yet retain'd some part of its wonted Figure ; he, besides divers others, had slain young *Pharnabazus*, and the two unfortunate Sons of *Mentor*, and had left great *Polyperchon*, and his couragious Son *Alexander* half dead upon the Ground. As he came near to these brave Combatants, he saw *Nearchus* fall, and desiring to make amends for his Disaster, he clave the Throng of those that opposed his Passage, and rush'd forward unto *Demetrius*. That young Prince who knew him by his Shield, and who formerly upon the Bank of *Euphrates*, had been crossed in his Design of measuring his Strength with his, received him gladly, and advanc'd before all his Companions to meet him single ; they by some Blows given with little Inequality, had begun to shew each other Proof of their reciprocal Valour, when *Lyfismachus* open'd

open'd himself a large way thither with his Sword ; he was still wet with the Blood of *Nicanor*, Commander of some of the *Partians*, of *Apiarchus*, of *Citron* the Son of *Acropates*, of *Tydeus* Nephew to *Perdiccas*, and many others whom he had left biting the Earth, and seeking to enhance his Glory by new Defeats, he no sooner knew *Orontes's* Shield, but he came up close to *Demetrius*, saying, Leave this Combat to me, *Demetrius*, we began it once already, and I was challeng'd by *Orontes* when we parted. Scarce had he spake these Words, when another cried out, The Death of this faithless Man belongs to me, and none of you have right to dispute it with me. *Orontes* was not at all dismay'd at the Number of his Enemies, but defying them all together, ' Come valiant Men, (said he) ' come, all of you together assault this Life, which I ' shall be well enough able to defend against you, and ' if you be not ashamed of this Inequality, let's get out ' of this Crowd to make an end of our Combat.' As he brought forth these Words, he flew upon them like a Lion, when presently amongst his Enemies he knew the revengeful *Thalestris*, who more eager than the rest, had at last obtain'd the place she sought before them. That sight abated *Orontes's* Courage, and in a Moment froze his gallant Resolution. ' O ! Woman, (cried he) art thou ' not weary with tormenting me ? And casting his Shield ' behind his back, he took Sanctuary amongst his Friends ' against her Fury, and against her sight, which he could ' not endure. Thou flyest, Traytor, (cried the enraged ' Queen) thou flyest from a Woman's Sword ; but know, ' this Victory would not be so shameful to thee, as the ' Perfidiousness thou art guilty of.' She said these words, pursuing him, and overthrowing all that opposed her Passage. *Acropates* to his Misfortune happen'd to be in her way, and the desperate Queen, whose force was doubled by her Rage, slash'd off his Body at the Waist, leaving one half in the Saddle, while the other tumbled among the Horses Feet. *Cleon* the Son of *Stratanor* lost his Life by her conquering hand, and *Listander* the Brother of *Andriagoras* had the self same Destiny. *Perdiccas*, and his Brother *Alcetas*, were hardly able to stop her Fury. *Per-*  
*diccas,*

*diccas* had that Day done many Actions of a skilful General, and of a valiant Man, for tho' there were very few that could surpass him in fighting skilfully with his own Hand, there were yet fewer that could equal him in Experience to command an Army ; he by Orders often seasonably given, and by his prudent Diligence, had many times upheld his Party, and had that Day kept the Victory in equal Balance. The *Medes*, *Pamphilians*, and *Carians*, began to yield a little to the force of the *Egyptians*, *Thracians*, and *Cappadocians* ; but the stout *Argiraspides* did with miraculous Effects sustain and frustrate the Attempts of the most warlike *Philanxes*, they utterly defeated the *Lydians*, *Arabians*, and *Phrygians*, and with Justice carried away the Glory of having preserv'd their Party in that Battel. *Orondates* and *Asfaxes* were already recovered out of their Swoons, and tho' they that had taken care of them, used their Endeavours to get them into their Tents ; it was impossible to persuade them to it, each of them inquired what was become of his Enemy, and not being able to learn any thing, they had taken up other Swords amongst the Heaps of dead Bodies, and were gotten again into the thickest of the Fight, more fierce and terrible than before, 'twas to the Misfortune of many gallant Men that they return'd into the Battel, and the Rage that stirr'd them up was fatal to many Warriors, whose Prowess deserv'd a better Destiny. Thy Courage, O brave *Aminas*, could not preserve thee from falling under the Blows of *Orondates* : Nor could the Goodness of thy Arms, O valiant *Philotas*, defend thee from the Sword of fierce *Asfaxes* ; These two redoubted Warriors slew many other famous Captains, and seeking one another thro' the midst of Blood and Slaughter, would sure have met again if the Day would have allowed them time. All things then were in a most horrid form, the number of the Dead exceeded that of the Living, and the Field was covered with great Heaps of Bodies, from whence ran Streams of Blood that emptied themselves into the River ; the Soldiers were no longer obedient to Command, nor knew the Persons that commanded, and both sides were so eager to destroy those who had been formerly their Companions, that Night was hardly able to

to put a stop to their Fury. But for its arrival, both Armies had been totally defeated, and 'twas not till it began to grow dark, that after many Signals to retreat, the broken Squadrons began to rally. Neither the Prince of *Scythia*, nor the brave *Arfaces*, did at all contribute to that care, which their particular Animosity made them wholly remit to their Companions. At last the Execution ceased, the Soldiers began to gather to their Colours, and the Field remained almost equally to both Parties. This Victory so obstinately disputed, declared not it self absolutely for either, nor could they that Day know their Losses, or reckon the number of their Dead ; but each Army having rallied as well as was possible in the Dark, retired into the place where it was incamp'd before. These Objects would have been dismal to behold, if Darkness had not at that time made them invisible ; among those that retreated with their Commanders, divers were hurt, and many others sorely wounded came softly behind, or rather crawl'd without any Order after their Fellows, and a very great number were left among the Slain, who not yet quite dead, lay with Groans begging the assistance of their dearest Friends, by whom they saw themselves forsaken in the Night, and in their utmost Extremities.

Our Princes were no sooner come into the Camp, but they saw the Ladies in great Perplexity coming forth to meet them. *Apamia*, *Arsinoe*, and the rest, having past the Day full of deadly Apprehensions, received their Husbands with open Arms, and scarce would suffer them to get into their Tents before they begun to pull off their Armour, and look upon their Wounds. By good Fortune none of the Princes had any that were mortal ; *Oroondates*, *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and *Demetrius*, had some few, but such light Ones, that they could hardly be persuaded to keep their Beds for them the next Day. *Antigonus* was run thro' the Shoulder, and brave *Craterus* thro' the Thigh, *Poliperchon* was wounded in the Head, and in the Right Arm ; the *Amazon* Queen, *Oxyartes* and *Eumenes* had no hurt at all, but of all the other Commanders very few were free : Part of the Night was spent in dressing them, and the remainder was given to rest, and in many

many Quarters of the Army, to the Cries and Complaints of those who had lost their nearest Friends or Kinsmen in the Battel. The next Day there came Messengers from *Perdiccas*, who demanded a Truce of the Princes for six Days, to bury the Dead, and dress those that were wounded of both Parties. It presently was granted, and they on either side sent without delay to view the Field. There it was they met with Objects worthy of Compassion, and then their Losses began to be known by the Computation of the Dead, and by the remainder of the living; the Princes found they had lost above fifty thousand Men, and on *Perdiccas's* side there were slain above three-score and ten thousand, among which divers were very considerable on each Party; on that of the Princes were *Philotas*, *Archebilas* and his Son; *Pisistratus*, *Pharnabazus*, *Trafishus*, *Tyridates*, the two Sons of *Mentor*, and many others, who for their Quality and Vertue were lamented by the whole Army. On the other, *Amintas*, *Nicanor*, *Axiarchus*, *Philippus* the Brother of *Cassander*, *Acropates*, with his Son, the Sons of *Erigius*, *Python* and *Stratamor*, the Brothers of *Pencestas*, and *Andiagoras*, *Perdiccas's* Nephew, and a great number more, whose Loss was no small Affliction to their Party. All that Day was employed in carrying them off, which their Friends did with grievous Lamentations, and of the Bodies of common Soldiers, they made great Heaps with their Arms to burn them, since by reason of their excessive Number they could not give the honour of Burial to every one in particular. That Order was executed the Day following, and many of the Commanders were present at that Ceremony, the rest knowing their Forces to be much diminished, were busy in setting Men on work to fortify their Camp, to make their Lines deeper, and draw new ones in places which they had before neglected.

These were the general Employments, but those of *Oroondates*, *Lyfimachus*, and *Thalestris*, were very different, and they had particular Afflictions, besides those they suffered with the rest for the Death of their Men, and for seeing themselves deceived in their Expectation of an absolute Victory. *Lyfimachus* saw his Hopes further off than before,

before, and his Princess a Captive till the Conclusion of a War which he thought to have made an end of in one day. *Oroondates* with the same Cause of Grief, had others also which violently tormented him, and was not more afflicted for the Queen's Captivity, or for the Uncertainty of her condition, than to see that *Asfages* had escaped his Revenge, and was triumphant over his ill Fortune ; he had learn'd by many, who yet bore his Marks, how after their Separation he return'd into the Fight, where he did a thousand Actions, which ran with Admiration over all the Camp ; this Knowledge added an Emulation to his former Jealousy, which did not a little aggravate his Sorrows, and sometimes cast him into such strange Resolutions, that had he not been hindred by *Araxes*, *Lyfimachus*, and many others, he would instantly have gone to seek *Asfages*, or Death in the middle of his Camp. ' Ah ! hand, (said he) ' thou which in occasions of less Importance hast often served me with success ; feeble hand, why didst thou fail me ' at this time of need, and lose thy Strength against my ' shippest Enemy ? Heretofore thou wouldst have made ' my Sword find Passage through that daring Heart where ' *Statira* is seated, or if thou hadst born any reverence to ' her Image, thou certainly wouldst have thrust it thro' ' all those other parts where Death can possibly enter, He spake many other such like Words, and after having revolv'd a thousand several Imaginations in his Fancy, the last Resolution was, to challenge *Asfages* to a single Combat as soon as the Truce was expired, and to decide his Quarrels with him once for all in sight of both Armies. If *Oroondates* was thus tormented, *Thalestris* was rack'd with a far greater Violence, and the Perseverance she found in *Oroontes* to use her ill, had brought so great a Rage, that she was utterly incapable of any rest ; all that her first Resentments had made her think or say in former times, was full of gentleness and moderation, in comparison of these last Motions of her Fury, wherewith she was impetuously transported. ' I'll seek thee (said she) ' Monster of Ingratitude, I'll seek thee in the midst of a hundred thousand Swords, and spite of all the Obstacles that can oppose my lawful Indignation, I with a thousand Blows will stab that black perfidious Heart of thine ; thou shalt

shalt but vainly fortify thy self with Guards, and with Entrenchments, against the Rage of an incensed Lover, and the Passion that guides me shall make way thro' all the Powers of Earth, to thy Destruction. These wild Thoughts made her of so unsociable an Humour, that she could no longer abide the company of those Persons whom she considered most, and knowing it was hard for her to avoid it by keeping within Doors, she put on her Arms, and forbidding even *Hyppolita* to follow her, she mounted on Horseback to go entertain her cruel Melancholy out of the reach of all Human Conversation, and not to return again till Darkness had overspread the Earth. She had been gone but a little while, when *Oroondates*, who was sensibly concern'd in her Afflictions, came into her Chamber to visit her, and to intermix his Discontents with hers; *Lyfimachus* and *Ptolomeus* came in presently after him, and all of them together, having learn'd of *Hyppolita* in what manner she went away, fear'd lest the Violence of her Resentments might have carried her to some strange Resolution, and desiring to prevent the Effect of it if they could possibly, they sent for their Arms and Horses, and went with *Hyppolita* the same way she had been seen to go.

At that very time, sorrowful *Demetrius*, whose Grief made him as much an Enemy to company, as *Thalestris*, was got on Horseback with a Design like hers, and in the gloomiest and remotest places, sought things conformable to his pensive Humour; he was so averse from all Consolation, that he fled from those that strove to give it him, and only the remembrance of his *Hermione*, made up the whole Employment of his Thoughts; he named her every Moment, but never named her without Tears, and in all his Actions there was something so doleful, and so moving, that it made even the most insensible things to be in a manner concerned in his Afflictions. *Hermione* (said he) whether dost thou now remember me as thy Murderer, or as thy Lover, and which is most powerful in thy Memory, my Crime, or my Affection? I killed thee, and I loved thee, but if I have not forgotten thy last Words, they contain'd a Pardon for thy Death, and



an Acknowledgment of my Love ; thy Goodness appear'd in the latest Minutes of thy Life ; but *Hermione*, I ought not to abuse it, and *Demetrius* is not at all the less guilty, because *Hermione* is merciful. \* These Tears which I give thee, ought to be seconded by all this Blood, which filial Duty keeps still within my Veins ; but since my Hands are forbidden to follow the Instigations of my Love, receive that from my Love alone, which they are not allowed to give thee. He was talking to himself on this manner, when coming near to a way which led to *Babylon* from some neighbouring Villages, he had an Encounter that disturbed his solitary Entertainment. He saw three Men on Horseback compleatly arm'd, fighting with their Swords drawn, against one single Man on foot, who disputed his Life with a most generous Resistance. Besides the three that were upon him, there was another dead at his feet ; and to keep himself from being assaulted behind, he had set his Back against an Oak ; two Women were present at that Combat, who by all their Actions testified they had an exceeding great Interest in the Life of him that fought for them ; but he was extremely wounded, and so weak, that at *Demetrius's* arrival his Life was in a manifest danger. *Demetrius*, who was Generosity it self, never stood considering what he should do in that occasion, but rushing at the three Men with a loud Cry, constrained them to turn head against him, tho' so unfortunately on their part, that the first of them who came to meet him, fell dead upon the Grass with the first stroke he received from the Sword of *Demetrius*. When he had done that Execution, he slashed at the Cask of one of the other, and having cut the Straps of it, left his Head quite bare, and without Defence.

The Stranger who fought on Foot, had no sooner cast his Eyes on the Face of that Enemy, but lifting them up to Heaven ; Great Gods ! (cried he) how just are you, to reserve the Death of wicked *Astages* to me ! At these Words, without remembring his Wounds, or considering the Advantage his Enemy had by being on Horseback, he quitted his Tree, and flew at him as fiercely as a Lion ; *Astages* made some Blows at him again, and strove to trample him under his Horse's Feet, but he received, the  
Blows

Blows upon his Shield, and having avoided the Shock of the Horse, closed up to *Astias* so fortunately, that meeting with a place not defended by his Cuirass, he ran his Sword quite thro' his Body. *Astias* fell dead, with a Stream of Blood in which he began to welter, and his Enemy seeing him fall, turned toward *Demetrius*, and with the remainder of his Strength went to render him part of the assistance he had received from him ; but he stood not in any need of it, for his Enemy not having dared to withstand the weightiness of his Blows, had already taken flight to save himself. The Stranger full of Acknowledgment, was going to give him Thanks, when he saw the Ladies, for whom he had fought, coming toward him, then leaving her which appeared to be the Chief, and whom the Gods had favoured with an admirable Beauty, and addressing himself to the other that accompanied her, Dear *Alcione* (said he) I have lived long enough, since I have been able to do you some service before I die, and that I have sacrificed the disloyal *Astias* unto the Ghost of poor abused *Theander*. As he brought forth these words, he would have gone nearer to her, but his Weakness prevented him, and made him sink down presently at the foot of a Tree. *Alcione* ran to him in an exceeding great Trouble (while *Demetrius* being come near to the Princess *Berenice*, endeavoured to re-assure her, and demanded new Occasions to serve her ; ) but O Gods ! how great was her Astonishment, when after she had uncovered his Head, she saw the Face of *Cleonimus* ; his absence had so little worn out the Idea of it, that it was always present to her remembrance, nor found she any difficulty to discern those Features, in the midst of Blood and Paleness, which were so deeply settled in her heart. It would be very hard to express how infinitely she was surprized at this Adventure ; the first Marks whereof were Cries, wherewith she drew *Berenice* and *Demetrius* to her. She pronounced the Name of *Cleonimus* twice or thrice, with a Voice which shewed a great deal of Tenderness, and not daring to follow the first Motions of her Affection, in the Presence of those Persons that looked upon her, she left her Eyes the Care to express it for her, and to execute that which Decency by a

cruel Constraint forbid ; in this Silence her Face changed Colour several times, and her Passions were so plainly written in it, that 'twas but in vain she held her Peace to conceal them. The Princess *Berenice*, who knew the Story of her Life, and who by that natural Goodness which accompanied the rest of her Vertues, had taken an Interest in her Fortune, learned the cause of all her Transports, by the bare hearing of *Cleonimus's* Name, and forgetting the Greatness of her Birth, to follow her charitable Inclinations, she sat down by her, and gave her all the Assistance she could receive in such an Encounter. In the interim *Cleonimus*, having allowed some time to *Alcione's* Astonishment, and conversed with her in that mute Language, which represented their Thought without any Affectation, broke Silence first, and putting forth his Hand to her with much Respect ; 'Cousin, (said he) you  
' at last see *Cleonimus* again, whom his ill Fortune banished from you, and whom his good Fortune has brought  
' to die thus near you ; how great soever the distance  
' that has parted us hath been, you have ever been present to my remembrance, and that remembrance which  
' brings me back in spite of my former Resolutions, is  
' an effect of my Destiny, and of the Justice of the  
' Gods. They prolonged my Life in those Sorrows that  
' have persecuted it, for no other Purpose, but to reserve  
' the end of it, either for your Service, or for *Theander's*  
' Revenge, and the Conclusion of it could not be more  
' pleasing to me, than to die at *Alcione's* Feet, after having sacrificed in her Presence, the cruel Author of our  
' common Miseries. Dispose now, (continued he, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven) O Gods, dispose now of  
' my Destiny when you will, and if I cannot die innocent of the loss of *Theander*, and of *Alcione's* Misfortunes, at least be pleased that this Blood, which I most  
' freely give them, may serve in part to expiate my  
' Faults.' *Cleonimus* spoke on this manner, while *Alcione* did all she could to settle her inward Disturbance, and called to her Courage for Assistance to support the present Condition of her Fortune.

The first Motions she had felt at the Encounter of *Cleonimus*, began to give way to her Grief for the state he was in, and scarce had her Heart begun to receive some touch of Joy, for the Recovery of a Person that was so dear to her, when by a cruel Capricio of Fortune, she sees the same Person's Life reduced to Extremity ; nor could she longer retain her Modesty within those Limits which her Severity had prescribed it, but by a beseeching Look begging Pardon of the Princess for the Liberty she took in her Presence, she embraced *Cleonimus* with Transports of that Affection, which as innocent as it was, had produced such fatal Effects, and sending a Stream of Tears from her Eyes, which for some Years past had been their usual Sources, she shewed, that neither time, nor the Accidents of her Life, had made any Alteration in those pure and constant Inclinations she had to him. ' Dear *Cleonimus*, (said she, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs) you are come back at last after an Age of Absence which hath cost us so many Tears ; but if you are come back to die, Ah ! *Cleonimus*, how cruel is your return to miserable *Alcione* ? If Life were unpleasant to you, you should have died far from my Eyes, without aggravating, by that killing sight, those cruel Grievs which since her Loss, and your Departure, have made a continual War against her. 'Twas not *Cleonimus* his Blood that was due to *Theander*'s Revenge, and to *Alcione*'s Repose ; the Blood of *Astages* was enough for both, and you will repair those innocent Faults whereof you accuse your self by losing a Life for *Theander* and for *Alcione*, which was ever dearer to them than their own. These Wounds (continued she, looking upon them, and endeavouring to stanch the Blood) these cruel Wounds are mine as well as yours, and if you still have any part of that Friendship which once you bore me, you ought not to put mine to so cruel a Proof, nor force me to confess that it is strong enough to make me keep you company in your Grave.

The Effect these Words produced in *Cleonimus*, appeared presently in his Face, and not being able to dissemble the Consolation he received by them, ' Dear *Alcione* (said he) if it pleas'd the Gods that I might live, I would not pray to them for Death, and though my Misfortunes have made me desire it, I cannot hate my Life, if I am still beloved of *Alcione* ; Heaven is my witness, 'tis in that Felicity alone that mine was ever bounded, and though my Thoughts, for all their Innocence, have drawn its Anger upon my Head, I am not able to repent them ; I was infinitely indebted to *Theander*, but I believe I have pay'd his Memory all that he could expect from a Friend like *Cleonimus* ; for his sake, I used a cruel Violence upon my most powerful Inclinations, I banished my self with a great deal of Perseverance, from a place where I left the better part of my Life, and if I contributed to his Death by my ill Fortune, I may protest before all the Gods, that the Extremity of my Grief for it was such, as never was capable of any Consolation, except this you now have given me ; yet shall it make no Alteration in my Thoughts ; and though the Gods should have suffered my Life to continue longer, this Knowledge of your Friendship should never have given me any Desire, whereby *Theander*'s Memory could be offended : he so well deserv'd your whole Affection, that I should be more criminal than *Astages*, and *Bagistanes*, if I would dispute it with him, and 'tis Happiness enough for *Cleonimus*, that you pardon him your Misfortunes, without pretending to any greater Advantage from your Goodness.'

While *Cleonimus* spake in these Terms, *Demetrius*, who in those sad Discourses found something conformable to his condition, and who, by that Resemblance believed himself oblig'd to love those miserable Persons, had with much Charity assisted *Alcione* to bind up *Cleonimus*'s Wounds, and being desirous to get him removed from the place where he lay, rose up to look for some body to help him in that Intention ; but scarce had he gone half a Dozen Steps, when passing by *Astages*, he by some  
Groans

Groans he heard, perceived he was not yet quite dead; this Knowledge made him go nearer to him, and *Astages*, who was drawing to his end, lifting up his Eyes with much ado, Whosoever thou art (said he, with a feeble Voice) whether Friend or Enemy, for God's sake let me once again see those Ladies I have so much offended, that before I die I may ask them pardon for the Injuries I have done them. *Demetrius*, who of all Men living was most sensible of Pity, was touch'd with *Astages*'s Words, and returning to the Princess *Berenice*, besought her to grant him the Favour he desired. *Berenice*, who was all Goodness, and who even in another condition would not have refused Pardon to the most cruel of her Enemies, rose from the Ground where she was sitting, and *Alcione* quite mollified with *Astages*'s Repentance, would have followed her, but that she durst not forsake *Cleonimus*, who was in little better case than *Astages*. He soon perceived it, and not being willing to rob his Enemy of that last Satisfaction, 'Go Madam, I beseech you, (said he) be generous to the very utmost, and in granting *Astages* the Pardon he desires of you, obtain that which *Cleonimus* desires of him; if it had pleased the Gods to give his Crimes a lesser Punishment than Death, I should have been very well contented with it; and because he is penitent, and that he is *Theander*'s Brother, I could have wish'd their justice had made use of another hand.

These Words oblig'd *Alcione* to leave *Cleonimus* for some few Moments, leaning against the foot of an Oak, and drawing near *Astages* with *Berenice*, she found him in the very Pangs of Death, yet had he time to ask them Pardon for what he had done against them, with so great Testimonies of Repentance, that those generous Persons forgot all their Injuries in a Moment, and were very sorry for his Misfortune; but when he had learned it was by *Cleonimus*'s Sword the Gods had sent him the Recompence of his Crimes, he lift up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and struggling against his Weakness, 'O you revenging Divinities, (cried he) how admirable are your Judgments, and how well do you teach

' Mortals by my Example, that it is impossible to save  
 ' themselves from you ! *Cleonimus*, whose Life I have af-  
 ' faulted, and whose Vertue I have persecuted by my  
 ' Treacheries and Calumnies, comes into the World a-  
 ' gain for no other end but to execute your just Decrees,  
 ' and you have reserv'd the Punishment of false *Astriages*  
 ' to *Cleonimus* alone, whereas you might have brought  
 ' it upon him a thousand other ways.' After these words,  
 turning his Looks upon *Alcione*, '*Alcione*, (said he) for I  
 ' dare not call you Sister, since by my Treacheries I so  
 ' unworthily have violated our Alliance, if my Repen-  
 ' tance had been but some few Moments before my Pu-  
 ' nishment, I would have offered it to you for some part  
 ' of the Satisfaction I owe unto *Theander's* Blood, but  
 ' since it comes so late, I can hope for no Pardon of my  
 ' Infidelities from you, nor from my Brother's Ghost,  
 ' no nor from the Gods themselves ; I die therefore  
 ' with an Acknowledgment that I have deserv'd it, and  
 ' that I was the wickedst of all Men living to persecute  
 ' such vertuous, such innocent Persons, as *Alci.* and  
 ' *Cleonimus* ; I give my Life to both for the Reparati-  
 ' on I owe them, and if by the loss of my Blood, I  
 ' can wash out of my Memory any part of those Spots  
 ' wherewith it is stain'd by the Blood of *Theander*, I  
 ' shall depart the World without complaining of my De-  
 ' stiny.' As he made an end of these Words, he was ta-  
 ken with Convulsions, wherein he died, happy in the  
 end of his Life, that he was pitied by those, who of all  
 the Persons in the World, had greatest Reason to detest  
 him.

*Alcione* without doubt would have staid longer by him,  
 if the remembrance of *Cleonimus* had not pull'd her a-  
 way ; but she was hardly come back to him again, when  
 she saw certain Soldiers, whom *Demetrius* had called,  
 and who having from him learned the need there was of  
 their Assistance, offer'd themselves willingly to carry  
*Cleonimus* unto *Polemon's* House, and presently going a-  
 bout that Office, lifted him easily from the place where  
 he lay, and took a Path which was not unknown to  
*Alcione.*

*Alcione*. As long as they were upon the way she kept close to *Cleonimus*, with such a tender pressing care, as made the Princess *Berenice* know it was not without some Appearance of Reason, that she had formerly been suspected to have had a particular Affection to him. *Demetrius* went by the Princess *Berenice*, but none of them would get on Horseback, because they had so little a way to go. *Demetrius* considered *Berenice*'s Beauty with an Astonishment, which was easy to be observed in his Face ; and tho' he had seen the rarest in the World, scarce could he call any thing to mind that was equal to it. He discoursed with her a while in those Terms of Civility which he used generally to those of her Sex ; but as soon as he heard by *Alcione* that she was the Princess of *Scythia*, and the Sister of Great *Oroon-dates*, he cast himself at her Feet, and with profound Submission, begg'd Pardon for those Faults, which his Ignorance had made him commit. *Berenice* abused not his Humility, but with a graceful Sweetness, which was inseparable from her Words and Actions, expressed her Acknowledgments to him, and made him quickly see she was worthy to be Sister to such a Brother as *Oroon-dates*.

With these Entertainments they arrived at *Polemon*'s House, where while *Alcione* takes care to get *Cleonimus* dressed and laid to Bed, and while her whole Family was affectionately joy'd at her return, that of the Princess of *Scythia*, being heard by the Ladies that were in the House, they came all to wait upon her, and with Admiration beholding the Sister of a Man whose Vertue they ever adored, and whose Person they infinitely esteemed, they found in hers as great Occasions of Astonishment, as in that of the Prince her Brother. *Apamia*, *Arfione*, *Cleone*, and the rest, kissed her Hands with exceeding great Respect, and she repay'd their Civilities with such an obliging Affability, as was wont to win the Hearts of the most insensible Persons. After some short Compliments, she inquired for the Prince her Brother ; and hearing that he was well, and that they believ'd he



any Injury inspire such bloody Resolutions ; all her firmness of Mind, and all her ordinary Moderation vanish'd before those cruel Enemies of her Repose, and the *Bacchides*, instigated by the Fury of their God, never in their *Orgies* appear'd more fierce than she, nor more transported. If formerly she sought for *Orontes* to punish him as a faithful Lover, she now runs on to kill him as a Traitor, obstinate in his Treason ; and in the impetuous Motions of her Hatred, she judges the most cruel Deaths too easy, and too light for her Satisfaction. *Mede*, after the Ingratitude of her disloyal Husband, was not so furious, nor eager to take Revenge ; and all that she executed against him, seem'd mild and indulgent, to the revengeful *Amazon*.

‘ I will invent (said she) new kinds of Punishments, that shall be as strange as thy Perfidiousness ; and the Rage into which thou hast cast me, will make me study out new Torments for thee, ’twill be but a small matter to tear that faithless Heart out of its place, after having stabb’d it with a thousand Blows, and to give that Body for a prey to Vultures, which lodges such a base disloyal Soul ; I will prepare for thee ; O Tyger, I will prepare something of greater Cruelty, and thou shalt know at the last Groans of thy wretched Life, that despair can teach even the gentlest Natures Inhumanity.’ She was talking thus unto her self, when her Horse, to whom his Mistress’s deep Thoughts had given a more than usual Liberty, carried her into a very pleasant Valley ; she for a while followed the Bank of a little Brook, which glided along upon certain small Stones with a delightful Murmur, and was insensibly led by some Spirit towards a Fountain, from whence it took its Source. She was come pretty near it, when lifting up her Head without design, she saw a brave black Horse ty’d to a Tree, and a large Shield hanging by, upon one of the Branches. The *Amazon* had not much Curiosity ; yet passing near the Tree, she could not choose but cast her Eye upon the Shield ; at first she believed that her Imagination deceived her Senses, but having fixed her sight very heedfully upon it, she no longer could doubt but

but that it was really that terrible Impress of the Heart torn in pieces by Vultures, nor make any question but that it was the same Shield which she thrice already had seen borne by the hand of the faithless *Oromes*. At this Assurance she made a sudden stop, like some young Shepherd that had troden upon an Adder in the Grass, and looking in an extream Trouble round about her, she saw the Master of the Horse and Shield lying asleep by the side of the Fountain. Then instantly a cold Sweat with a general Shivering seiz'd upon her whole body, and the greatness of her Surprise was such as hardly left her any Sense or Understanding ; the Bridle dropp'd out of her hand, and she scarce had strength enough to keep her self in the Saddle. That he might take breath more freely in his sleep, he had put up the Beaver of his Cask, and the distance was not so great but that *Thalesfris* quickly knew a Face the Air whereto was ever present to her Fancy ; what were then the first Thoughts of this furious Princess, and what strange Motions were stirred up in her Heart by this Encounter, so unexpected and so ardently desired ! She would have been very much puzzled to express them her self, and her Astonishment had brought her to such a pass, as deprived both her Mind and Body of their ordinary Functions. At last the force of her Courage dispersed these Weaknesses, and Anger succeeded in the room of that Perplexity, which seemed to have absolutely possessed her Soul ; she now beheld *Oromes* with an Eye sparkling with Rage and Wrath, and no longer doubted but that the Gods, to perform their Promise, had delivered him up to her Resentments ; nay, that neglect they testified of his Life, made her believe they had sentenced him to Death themselves, and in that Thought casting a look toward Heaven : I were unjust, great Gods (said she) if I should now complain of you, and if I should not acknowledge how exactly you have kept your word, *Jupiter* thou God of Hospitality, and thou great Deity of Love whom this Traitor hath so unworthily abused, receive the Victim which now I offer to your satisfaction. The speaking of these Words, the drawing of her Sword, and the leaping from her Horse, were all but the same action

‘ that can speak to thee in favour of this Monster of Perfidiousness? This *Orontes*, whom thou excusest, and whom thou representest unto thyself still amiable, is that same *Orontes*, who after having abandoned thee to despair, disdains thee, and flies thee with contempt, and with Indignity, and who even in his very sleep can utter nothing of thee but injurious Speeches; ’tis therefore that same *Orontes* that must die, but I will not suffer his sleep to rob me of part of my Revenge; I mean he shall feel the Death that I will give him, and the last Minutes of his Life shall be employed in hearing my last Reproaches.’ She settled in this final Determination, and for fear *Orontes* should get away as he had done before, she stept to the Horse, and cutting the Reins of his Bridle, turned him loose, and so deprived his Master of the Means to make use of him.

After this Precaution she came back to him, and speaking aloud to awaken him, *Rise* (said he) *Orontes, but rise to die*. The sudden Noise of these Words awak’d *Orontes* in a start, and lifting up his Head, he saw one standing by him with a Sword drawn, and in a threatening Posture. The Apprehension he had of so unexpected a fight, made him get up hastily, and pulling out his Sword to defend himself against that Enemy, *Whoever thou art* (said he) *perchance thou hast awaken’d me to thine own Destruction*; but scarce had he cast his Eyes upon *Thalestris*, when he knew her, the Beaver of her Cask being half way up.

This unlucky Encounter troubled him exceedingly, and letting fall the Point of his Sword, he retired three or four Steps in haste, crying out, Wilt thou torment me for ever, Woman, whom I abhor a thousand times more than Death? I will never cease to torment thee (replied the Queen) till thou ceaseest to live, and the end of thy Torments is now come with the end of thy Life. She accompanied those with a Blow, which *Orontes* warded with his Sword, and flying at him with a blind Imperiousness, forced him to seek his Safety among certain Trees. Defend thyself, base Coward (cried she) and think not I will take thy flight to proceed from any remainder

mainder of Respect to me, thy Treachery and unworthy Usage, are a thousand times more cruel than any resistance thou couldst make, and tho' thy Sword should cut one from the World, 'twould only finish what thy Perfidiousness hath shamefully begun. As she spoke these Words she ran headlong after him among the Trees, with so much Fury and Suddenness, that she reduced him to a Necessity of either standing upon his Defence, or letting himself be kill'd. How great soever his Hatred was to *Thalespis*, he could never resolve to lift his Hand against her, and being weary of flying so long to save a Life which he no longer car'd for, he made a firm Stop, and presenting his Breast to the furious Queen, 'Strike, cruel Woman (said he) strike the Heart which I had blindly given, and since thou art so extremely thirsty of this Blood which I so often have shed for thee, take, take this Life which by thy shameless Infidelities thou hast made more odious to me than that Death thou strivest to give me; I meet with no new thing in this thy cruelty, nor ought I to think it strange that thou wouldst drive me out of the World, after having forsaken me with so much Baseness, and with so much Infamy. This Soul, which thou so obstinately endeavourest to banish from this Body, will depart from it unstain'd and clear of those Infidelities thou upbraid'st me with: And thine, after having dyed it self quite black by the most ignominious of all Crimes, can add nothing to its foulness by Cruelty and Murder. Do not remember I am that *Orontes*, who gave himself to thee with so perfect a Resignation, and to whom thou didst promise thy self entirely with so many Oaths, and so many Protestations; but look upon me as *Orontes*, absolutely changed, and as an *Orontes*, who not being able to banish thee out of his Memory, keeps thee there for no other end but to hate, and detest thee; I could defend my Life against thee, if thou hadst left me any love of it, and this neglect I shew of my own safety, comes neither from the love I formerly bore thee, nor from any Consideration I have of thy Sex, but meerly out of Contempt of that which thou wouldst take away.

*Orontes*

*Orontes* had all the Liberty he could desire to prosecute his Discourse, for from the time he began it, the Queen was in a manner stricken with his Words, and had hearkned to them without interrupting him so much as by the least Motion of her Body. In this Discourse, as bitter and violent as it was, she with some Tenderness heard the Tone of her *Oritbia's* Voice, and even in the midst of his most sharp and stinging Words, there resounded something so sweet, and so effectually moving, that she could not be Mistress of that Compassion which fought in her Heart against her cruel Resolutions ; yet found she, to the great aggravation of her Sorrow, how firmly *Orontes* persisted in hating and abusing her with Reproaches full of Indignity ; and this assurance kindled her Anger afresh, which before was a little abated, and stirr'd up her desires of Revenge more violently than ever ; she waver'd yet a while in these Irresolutions, and perhaps at last they would have been fatal to poor *Orontes*, if they had not heard a noise of Horses ; at which, looking about, they saw themselves invironed by Prince *Oroondates*, *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and *Hippolita*. *Oroondates* instantly seized upon the Queen's Sword, and having easily taken it away by reason of the Trouble he found her in, he cast his Eyes upon *Orontes*, whose Face he presently knew in spite of a ten Year's Absence ; not but that Time and his Discontents had made a great deal of Alteration in it, but his being in that Country which he had heard, his Arms which had been describ'd to him, and the sight of this Adventure put him clearly out of doubt. His Affection began to work strongly in him at the Encounter of that Prince whom he had so dearly lov'd, and not being able to dissemble it, Pardon me Madam, (said he to the Queen) if I cannot forbear to embrace your Enemy, and believe that the Gods have brought me hither to make him lose that Name and Quality. With these Words he discovered his Face, and running to *Orontes*, he embraced him with great Demonstrations of Friendship ; *Orontes* returned his Kindnesses with some Amazement, but when he had fix'd his Eyes upon his Face, and that he had a little recovered the Features which time had almost worn out

of

of his Remembrance, his Astonishment was beyond comparison, and retiring a step or two to clear his doubt, Sir (said he) is it you? Yes Cousin, (answered the Prince) doubt no longer of it, I am *Oroondates*. He had hardly got out these Words, when *Oroontes* would have cast himself at his Feet; but the Prince took him fast about the Middle to hinder him, and redoubled his Indearments with much Affection.

*Oroontes* received them with an humble Respect, and when he was got loose from his Embraces, and that he was preparing to express the Joy he felt for having met him, *Oroondates* drew back, and put on a more serious Countenance, Cousin (said he) let us defer this Conversation which is not seasonable in the condition I found you in, and in the presence of this Queen with whom you have Matters of greater Importance. I have given these first Testimonies of my Friendship to your Merit, to our near Affinity, and to the breeding we had together, but now I must speak to you as I am oblig'd by my Duty, by my Promise, and by the care I have of your Repose, and of your Honour it self. This fair Queen, at my most humble Request, will moderate for a while those just Resentments she has against you, and I will protest to her yet once again in your Presence, that if in your Infidelity you have not been betrayed your self, I cannot choose but be your Enemy. In short, *Oroontes*, your Perfidiousness ought to arm all the best Friends, and all the nearest Kindred you have in the World, against you; and unless I will declare my self for your Crime, I can no longer keep within the Terms of our ancient Friendship.

If I lose your Friendship, (reply'd *Oroontes* briskly) the loss will be more sensible to me, than all those I have sustain'd since that of this ungrateful Woman's Affection; but tho' with it I should also lose my Life, which she prosecutes with so much hatred, I cannot repent my having abandoned her, when she abandon'd her self so lightly as she did; and I rather think it strange that you should disapprove my Indignation, since (loving Vertue as you do) it is impossible you should approve the Cause of it,  
and

and that you should preserve so much as an esteem of her whose Defence you undertake against him that has the Honour to be nearly ally'd to you. I lov'd her but too faithfully, and too religiously, and would it had pleas'd the Gods that the first Moment of my Love had been the last Moment of my Life. I for her had lost the remembrance of all that I had formerly lov'd, and even of my very self; she was indebted to me for her Liberty, her Life, her Honour, and I should no way injure Modesty, if I should say I had deserved her Affection; nay, she had given it me in appearance, and when with some kind of justice I hoped for the utmost Proof of it, this ungrateful Woman, to the prejudice of my Services, betrays her self unworthily to betray me, and precipitates her self into Dishonour, that she might precipitate me into Despair: What would she therefore have of me now, and what is the Cause of that hatred which nothing but my Death can satisfy? Did I ever trouble her in her new Affections? Did I oppose the Contentment she received thereby, and have I so mortally offended her by seeking that Repose in Banishment, which she had robb'd me of for ever? She requires my Blood; Ah! I would it pleas'd the Gods (continued he, turning toward the Queen) I would it pleas'd the Gods, O inhuman *Thalestis*, that thou hadst shed it to the very last drop, and that that were the most sensible Injury I have received from thee; after my former Losses that is but little to be considered, and thou mayst now give thy self a Liberty, O barbarous Woman, to exercise thy utmost Cruelties, for they will all be gentle in comparison of those thou hast used against me already.

*Orontes* had not Constancy enough to utter these last Words, without letting fall a Shower of Tears, nor had the Queen Patience enough to hear them without interrupting him: Come, tell us Traitor, (cried she) tell us what is that Cruelty, and that Infidelity I have shewed thee? Let these Princes know who hear us, and whom the Gods have sent as Judges of our Differences, by which of my Actions have I been able to deserve this Usage thou offerest to a Queen, who had committed no other Fault but

but that she had given thee her Heart too easily. Discover here before the Face of Heaven those Shames and those Infamies wherewith thou hast reproached me both in thy Letter, and in thy Discourse, and no longer spare this Woman, who by the loss of her Honour has made her self unworthy of thy Affections, and will live no longer after the knowledge of thy Calumnies.

If thy Despair (replied *Orontes*) proceed from the Death of *Alexander*, I protest to thee by all the Gods, that I contributed nothing towards it, and that if thou hadst lain whole Ages in his Arms, I would never have come to pull thee thence ; That gallant Journey thou tookest to him, to renew that ignominious Custom thou oughtest to have abolished in favour of me, and to beg an inheritrix for thy Crown, before he had any Affection to thee ; that Journey I say, which was the Tomb of thy Reputation, was made too publickly to escape the knowledge of such an interested Lover as *Orontes* ; and how brave a Man soever that *Alexander* was, to whom thou madest that glorious Present, and that shameful Request, the Greatness of his Fortune ought not to have raised him in thy heart above *Orontes* : If he had served thee, if he had loved thee, nay, if he had but so much as known thee, thy lightness would have been more excusable ; if he had come to seek thee in thine own Country, if he had wooed thee, if he had made sute for that he had of thee, thy Crime would have been less horrible ; but when he never so much as thought of thee, to cross thro' spacious Provinces to go to him, to become a Petitioner, and to embrace his Knees to profer him that which with justice thou mightest have refused him, tho' he had spent his whole Life in thy Service ; Dost thou, believe, *Thalestris*, that these are light Causes of Affliction, and inconsiderable Injuries to *Orontes* ? He would without doubt have enlarg'd himself upon this Invective, if from the beginning *Thalestris* had not grown pale, and if within a while after she had not fallen in a Swoon into *Lyfimachus's* Arms.

These Words of *Orontes*, were so cruel to her, that she was not able to hear them without fainting, and the Princess



ces were so sensibly troubled at it, that they could not but behold *Orontes* with an accusing Eye. While *Hyppolita* took off her Arms, they ran to the Fountain to give her help, and *Orontes*, who as jealous and as angry as he was, was yet tainted with a Wound, whereof he had no hope he should be ever cured, was so struck at that Accident, that he had neither Confidence nor Strength to go nearer to her, but turning his Looks another way, he leaned his Head against a Tree, the Bark whereof he washed with his Tears unto the very Foot. At last the Queen came to her self again, and being a little recovered by *Hyppolita's* care of her, she fought *Orontes* with her Eye, and speaking with a more settled Tone than before, You had reason (said she) *Orontes*, you had reason to forsake me, if your Suspicions be just, and after this Infamy you reproach me with, I am indeed unworthy both of your Love, and of your Esteem ; but if you had lov'd me, and if in the Conversation we had together, you found my Heart no way enclined to such a Baseness, you ought to have sought for more manifest Proofs, before you had come to such an Extremity. I will not endeavour to put you out of the cruel Opinion you have of me, you do not deserve that I should go about to justify my self to you, the basest, and most ungrateful of all Men living, neither will I invoke the Gods, or call the Testimony of Men to clear me before you ; but for the Repose of my own Conscience, and the Preservation of my Honour, it suffices that there are no Witnesses can prove my Crimes, and that my Innocence hath so many, and those such eminent Persons, that their Authority may settle the Belief of it through the whole World.

*Orontes* half persuaded of the Queen's Innocence, both by her Words and Actions, upon which he began to reflect, was giving attentive Ear to her Discourse, when it was interrupted by *Ptolomeus*. If your Complaints against this vertuous Queen (said he) have no other Reason than that you have mentioned, they are very unjust, and very ill grounded, and I (with a thousand other Witnesses, more worthy of credit than I perhaps may be in your Opinion) can

can protest to you before all the Gods, that she is innocent of those Faults you lay upon her : If her coming to our Army was ill interpreted by common Soldiers, and by those who never came near the King's Person, all the Princes, and all the Commanders of Note, knew the true Cause of it, and can assuredly testify, that she never had a Moment of private Conversation with *Alexander* ; during all the Day-time they never talked together, but in the sight of a thousand Persons ; and for the Night, it will be easy for me to prove, that by reason of some Diffidence the King about that time had of some about him, *Hephestion*, *Perdiccas*, *Craterus*, *Leonatus*, and myself, lay in his Chamber every Night. This Truth is not unknown to any of those that were with *Alexander* at that time, and because you may fear that the Consideration I have of *Thalestris*, might make me speak an Untruth in her favour, ask *Perdiccas* or *Leonatus*, who are of your own Party, and whose Report cannot be suspected of Partiality.

No *Orontes*, (added the Queen) ask no body concerning a thing where you no longer have any Interest ; live still in your Opinion, and let me alone in mine, which is, that no Man in the World is so unworthy as your self of those Favours you have received from me ; I wish I could redeem them with my Blood, and tho' they never passed the Bounds of Decency, yet are they very much to be blamed, because I granted them to so base, and so ungrateful a Man ; cast away the remembrance of them, as I cast away the Thoughts of assaultring a Life, which to my Shame was heretofore more dear to me than my own ; now you neither deserve my Hatred nor my Love, and my Heart shall never more be capable of any thing towards you but of Indifferency, or of Scorn ; you may live far from me in my Repose, which I shall never go to trouble, in your Territories, and provided I never see you, I shall so little preserve the Remembrance of you, that I shall scarce retain any Memory of having ever known you in my Life. This alteration of Stile and Humour in *Thalestris*, who from her first Violences was so quickly fallen into so great a Coldness, struck the Prince of the *Massagetes* to the very Heart,

Heart, and wrought an effect upon him, which could not so suddenly have been hoped for ; he by the Queen's Swooning had already found how deeply his Reproaches had touch'd her by the report of *Ptolomeus*; the certainty whereof was so easily to be known of *Perdiccas* and *Leonnatus*, he had continued to persuade himself of her Innocence, and by this sudden Calmness of her Mind, which passed in a Moment from her former Impetuosity, to so great a Moderation, he conjectured the Quietness of her Conscience. All these Things drew him out of his Error, and left him not the least Suspicion of *Thalestris's* Vertue and Fidelity. He began to open his Eyes as a Person that had been long in Blindness, and to acknowledge with how much Cruelty and Injustice he had slandered that Princess ; yet that Knowledge settled not it self with any Joy in his Heart, but so violent a Grief succeeded his Jealousy, as presently gave Birth to none but fatal Designs. What, (cried he, after a long Silence) is it true then that *Thalestris* is innocent, and that *Orontes* is a Slanderer and a Traitor ? He made a stop at these Words, casting a Thousand furious Imaginations in his Head ; but when he perceived that *Thalestris*, after having told him her final Resolution, was going to take Horse to ride away, he went toward her, crossing his Arms upon his Breast; his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, not daring to lift them up unto her Face, tho' drown'd in Tears of Repentance, and having by a beseeching Gesture conjured *Oroondates* to obtain him Audience but for one Minute ; Madam, (said he) I received not these Impressions which have been so destructive of my Repose, and of your Reputation, till they were given me by a whole Army of your Women, which I commanded in *Cappadocia*, and who told me that fatal News, as an Adventure which you were willing to publish to the whole World ; it was confirmed to me afterwards by whole Provinces, and if I was not solicitous to get a more certain knowledge from Persons better informed, 'twas because I avoided all Occasions of receiving further Confirmation of a Misfortune which I no longer doubted of. This Belief has made me commit Faults, the Stain whereof all my Blood is

not

not able to wash away ; and I acknowledge now that I am a thousand times more ungrateful, and a thousand times more guilty, than you can fancy me to be ; nor will I go about to justify my self to you, for as I acknowledge that my Offences are beyond all Clemency, and beyond all Goodness, I also am not ignorant that they require other manner of Reparations than Words and Repentance. Only, Madam, if the remembrance of *Oribia* can yet have any Credit with you, do me the favour to believe, that *Orontes* hath never ceased to love you, and that as much blinded, and as much beside himself as he hath been, he hath ever burned for you, with a Fire, which neither his Rage nor his Jealousy hath been able to extinguish. This is a Truth that I will sign to you with all the Blood in my Veins, which with my whole Heart and all my Thoughts, never was, nor never can be any Body's but yours. I am most worthy both of that Banishment you ordain me, and of that Scorn you threaten me withal, and I would resolve to suffer both, rather than ever trouble your Repose ; but because my past Afflictions have weakned by Courage, you will give me leave by one and the same way to free my self from those that are like to come upon me, and to satisfy you for the Crimes I have committed, I may much more handsomly beg your Pardon by dying, than by expressing my Grief barely in Words ; and since it is impossible for me to recover in your esteem that Innocence I have lost, perhaps my Blood may obtain that of you, which can be due to no other effect of my Repentance. Receive this Satisfaction then, and cease to hate me ; I were unjust if I should ask more, and I now neither pretend to Tears of Love, nor Tears of meer Compassion : Neither do you receive any new thing of me in this Life I give you, for in the loss of it I only find this difference, that what in former times I should have done out of excess of Love, I do now for the Reparation of my Crimes. As he ended these Words, he drew his Sword, and was going to run upon the Point of it, if *Oroondates*, who stood close by him, had not embraced him so strongly, that 'twas impossible for him to execute his design. *Orontes* struggled to get out  
of

of his Hands, and *Thalestris*, who began to be touched with these Marks of his Repentance, was willing to draw him out of his Despair, but yet without engaging herself to pardon him ; If I had desired your Death, (said she) I would not have given over my Purpose of killing you ; that Punishment is too short for the Expiation of your Offences : Live therefore, and instruct your self better touching my Life than you have done hitherto ; but absent your self from this ignominious *Thalestris*, who has made her self unworthy of you by her light and infamous Actions. She had no sooner spoke these Words but she got hastily on Horseback, and without giving ear to the Entreaties of *Oroondates* and *Lysimachus*, gallop'd full speed toward the Camp, and was got out of their sight in a Moment. The sorrowful *Orontes* looked after her as long as he could possibly see her, and when he could no longer do so, he turned towards *Oroondates* to bid him farewell. *Oroondates*, who loved him dearly, and who had not seen him of many Years, would not let him go, and promised to make his Peace if he would but come along with him to the Camp. But *Orontes*, incredulous of his Promises, and a religious Observer of the Queen's Commands, would not suffer himself to be persuaded, and persisted so obstinately in his Design, that *Oroondates*, not being able to withhold him, was constrained to let him take his Liberty, after having made him give his Word and Oath that he would not attempt any thing against his Life ; and then *Orontes*, without staying a Minute longer, or suffering the least Conversation, took his leave with a Face in which his Despair was naturally represented, and catching his Horse that fed at liberty, after he had tyed and mended the Reins of his Bridle as well as he could, he got up, and departing all on a sudden, vanish'd from the Princes like a Flash of Lightning.

*Oroondates* seeing that End of this Adventure, whereof he had hoped for a more happy Success, was exceedingly troubled at it ; He often was upon the Point of running after *Orontes*, but the remembrance of his own Misfortunes suspended these Motions of his Charity, and the Violence

Violence of his Passions, join'd to the urgent Necessity of his Affairs, would not suffer him to abandon the Interests of his Love, of his Honour, and of his Revenge ; all that he could do in favour of his Kinsman was, to resolve to labour for his Re-establishment with *Thalestris*, and to go away instantly with an intention to solicit her with all Earnestness for his Pardon. *Lyfimachus* and *Ptolemeus* approved his Resolution, and determin'd to second him in it with their utmost Power ; Being all three got on Horseback, they took the way that led back to the Camp, and not having far thither they arrived there within a little while, and went to alight at *Oroondates's* Tent.

The fair Princess *Berenice* followed by a great Troop of Ladies was come thither already, and *Thalestris* who had heard of her being return'd, was run thither with such a Joy, as seem'd to have banish'd part of her Afflictions out of her Remembrance. These two great Ladies, when the Princes came in to them, were employ'd in mutual Endearments, and in giving each other Proofs of a most ardent Friendship.

*Oroondates* was not a little surprized at the Encounter of his Sister, and his Love broke forth into all the Expressions she could desire of it, he held her a long time in his Arms, and the most sweet and tender Marks of an Affection of that Nature appeared in them both even to excess.

Dearest Sister, (said he, embracing her, and bedewing her Face with Tears of Joy, which he mingled with those she shed) have we recovered you then ? Yes, I see the Gods are as exact in performing their Promises, as you were cruel in leaving me when I was in such a Condition as would not suffer me to follow you.

Sir, (replied the Princess) when I went away from you, I meant to have staid but a very little while, and if I had not lost my Liberty, you had seen me again within an hour after my Departure ; yet the Cause thereof was so just, that you will easily pardon me when I have told it you.

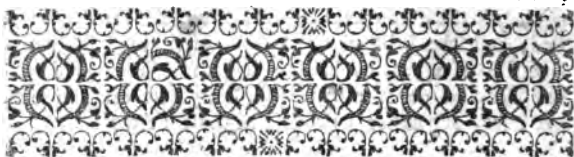
I complain'd of it for no other Reason (said the Prince) but for the fear and trouble I suffer'd by your Absence. This fair Queen (pursued he, shewing her *Thalestris*) bore a great share with me in my Sorrow for your Loss, and ran after you with a great deal of Affection, to lend you that Assistance which you could not hope for from your Brother.

These Words made the two Princesses begin their Kindnesses afresh, but they were interrupted by *Lysimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, who after they had a while admired the excellent Beauty of *Berenice*, made their Addresses to her, and saluted her with much Respect. *Oroondates* having made these two Princes known to his Sister, she repay'd their Civilities with a Grace that hath nothing common, and presently after they retired to their Tents, to leave her the liberty of discoursing with her Brother in particular ; the Ladies that had accompanied her, returned, with the same intent, to *Polemon's* House, and only *Thalestris* and *Hippolita* staid with her in *Oroondates's* Tent. The Prince having caused himself to be disarm'd, receiv'd new Embraces from his Sister, and enquiring what had befallen her since her Departure, It is not fit (said she) you should know my last Adventures, before you have learned my first, especially seeing they have some dependence on them, and since I must give you an account of those Accidents of my Life, whereof you are ignorant, and which are of much greater Consequence than the last, 'tis best for me to relate them according to the Order of Time wherein they happen'd to me ; this Reason makes me forbear the telling of you those things at first, the recital whereof must needs surprize you, and that Surprize will be no way the less pleasing by making them known to you in their due place, in the Story of my Life. *Oroondates* and the *Amazon* Queen were equally satisfied with this Motion, and since they had ardently desired the continuation of *Berenice's* Recital, the beginning whereof had been interrupted, they prepared themselves to hearken to her with a marvellous Attention. Sister, (said the Prince) you prevent the Request I was about to make to you ; I assure my self it will not be tedious to this fair Queen,

Queen, and I have so great an Interest in your Affairs, that it is not just I should be ignorant of them any longer. At these Words they sat down all three upon a Bed, and the Princess of *Scythia*, after having thought a while of what she had to say, and endeavoured with her Hand to cover a little Blushing that came up into her Face, began her Discourse in these Terms.







*The Continuation of the History of*  
BERENICE.

**I**N the first Actions of my Life, which I recounted to you, when I began my Discourse before, perhaps you found nothing criminal ; but in these which I now am going to tell you, you will find something not altogether so innocent, and 'tis that Confession I must make, which calls Blushes into my Cheeks, and which strikes me indeed with some Shame and Confusion ; not but that with a little Indulgence they may be excused, nor are they so Black as to give you an Occasion, Brother, to disown me, nor you, fair Queen, to repent of that Affection where-with you have honour'd me.

I have already acquainted you with the beginning of the King my Father's Love to the Princess *Stratonice*, and of the Persecutions I suffered from troublesome *Arfames* : I believe you have not forgot the Condition I left them in, nor that wherein I was my self, by the Vexation I received from that insolent Prince of the *Issedons*. The Brother and the Sister had made a very unequal Progress in their Designs, and the Empire *Stratonice* had obtain'd over the King was not much less than my Aversion to her Brother.

We were upon these Terms, and liv'd with very different Hopes and Intentions, when the *Nomades* and the *Hyleans* having taken up Arms upon some sleight Pretences, rose up in Rebellion against the King, slew all their  
Governors

Governors, and arming all their Forces broke out into an open War, and into the utmost Extremities. The King, who desired to stifle those Disorders in their Birth, sent *Theodates*, Prince of the *Sarmates*, against them with an Army of thirty thousand Men, judging that Strength sufficient to stop those Proceedings, and chastise their Temerity; having a perfect knowledge of *Theodates's* Valour, Prudence and Fidelity. Nor was he deceived in his Opinion, for within a short time after his Departure he received News of the beginnings of his Progress, which certified him that in many Encounters the Rebels had all manner of Disadvantages, and 'twas not long before he heard that they were absolutely defeated in a pitch'd Battle, and that the Army being victorious, had laid Siege already to some of their Towns; but in the Report of these things which came to Court, they much extoll'd a certain Stranger, who having ingaged himself in that service out of Affection to *Theodates*, had shewn Proofs of an admirable Valour, and had with his single Person contributed more to our Successes, than whole Troops join'd together. *Theodates* writ of him to the King with such Praises, as rais'd that Man above Humanity, and his Character of him was confirmed by some Eye-Witnesses, who gain'd him a wondrous high place in the King's Esteem. They told how in the Battel he had twice sav'd *Theodates's* Life, and that having seen some of our Squadrons give ground, which Example struck a fear into those that follow'd them, and was like to have put them in a general Rout, he ran to the head of them, and snatching the foremost Standard out of his Hand that carried it, spake to those affrighted Troops with so much Eloquence and Efficacy, that he got them to make a stand, and having re-encouraged them a little, charg'd headlong into the midst of their Enemies, with so great Valour and Success, that he chang'd their Fortune, and brought the Victory alone to that side of the Battel. That after that important Day, *Theodates*, acknowledging how much he was indebted to him, and how great service such a Man was capable to do his Master, had given him the command of some of his Forces, which was void by the

Death of one of the Principal Officers. That within some Days after, being gone with those Men to view a place of the Enemies, he had found it in an ill condition to make Defence; and that laying hold of that Opportunity, with as much Prudence as Courage, he had storm'd and taken it by force with a very considerable Loss; that by these Actions, and some others of this Nature, he had won such a Reputation among the Soldiers, that they called every Day for new Occasions to fight, provided they might be led on by *Arfaces*.

At this Name of *Arfaces*, *Oroondates* sigh'd and chang'd Colour, but would not interrupt his Sister's Narrations, which she prosecuted in these Words.

That War was ended in a short time with an entire Glory to *Theodates*, and those that had accompanied him, but the Valour of *Arfaces* had hasten'd the end of it with all the Success that could be desired, and we heard that the valiant Stranger, having received eight thousand Horse from *Theodates*, had assaulted the Relicks of the Enemies Armies, near the Lake of *Buges*, and had cut them in pieces with a general Defeat, and with a moderate loss on his side. This Fame of that Stranger's Actions made the King extremely desirous to see him, and to tie him to his Service by Rewards equal to his Deserts; the whole Court longed not much less to have a sight of him, and we were all satisfied quickly after, when *Theodates*, having settled those Provinces in good Order, returned to *Iffedon*, by the King's Commands, and brought along with him that gallant Man, who was so much desired, and whose Fame had already produced very different Effects in the Court. I was with the King when *Theodates* came to kiss his Hands, and after that he had shewed him such Favours as were due to his Quality, and the Merit of those Services he had newly done, *Theodates* presented *Arfaces* to him. I had cast mine Eyes upon him as soon as he was come into the Room, and quickly found cause enough in his Person to fix them there without looking upon other Objects; I confess I was surprized at his graceful Fashion, and that if the Idea of the Prince my Brother

Brother had not been present to my Remembrance, I should have believed I had never seen any body in the world that could dispute that Advantage with him. His Stature was little different from yours, and in the Garb and Liberty of your Bodies there was a great Resemblance; he was a little browner than our *Scythians*, who by reason of the Coldness of the Climate, are fairer than other Men, yet had he a fresh smooth Complexion, all the Lineaments of his Face were marvellously well proportion'd, his Eyes sparkling, yet full of Sweetness; his Hair black, naturally curled, and falling in great Rings upon his Shoulders, his Aspect noble and full of majesty, and all the Motions of his Body had an extraordinary Comeliness. He was then hardly twenty Years old, and 'twas that early Youth that wrought an Admiration in all those that knew his Prudence, and that had seen him lead Men to fight with such an Experience as had not yet been found amongst the oldest Commanders. I know not whether this little Description will make me to be suspected of any thing, but I am sure that before the End of my Discourse, you will confess this Report of *Arfaces* may be made by the most indifferent Persons. The King, who was already prepossessed with an exceeding high Opinion of him, beheld him with Admiration, and having given his Eyes liberty to view a Person so exactly handsom, while *Arfaces* kiss'd his Hands with much Respect, he embraced him with a Kindness far above what a Stranger, as he was, could probably have hoped for. When by most obliging Words he had testified the Knowledge he had of his Vertue, and the esteem he had of his Person, he asked him touching his Country and his Fortune, and then *Arfaces*, after having paused a little to consult with his Modesty, 'Sir, ' (said he) I was born in *Bastria*, which is now under the Dominion of the *Persians*; my Parents were of reasonable good Birth, but I left them as soon as I was able to ride on Horseback, and seeking Glory in the Wars and in Foreign Parts; I have hitherto made those places my Country, where I believed I might best find it; Prince *Theodates*'s Goodness staid me in your Majesty's Service, and the Knowledge I since have had of

' the Honour it is to serve you, hath engaged me yet  
 ' more powerfully in it. You could not have light into  
 ' any Country (replied the King) where your Vertue should  
 ' have been more cherished and valued than amongst  
 ' us: You have already found that Glory you seek for,  
 ' and with it a Prince who will always be ready to ac-  
 ' knowledge the Greatness of your Deserts, and the im-  
 ' portant Services you have done him.' *Asfaxes* made an  
 Answer full of Submission and Modesty, and the King  
 giving him occasion to speak, gave him also an Opportu-  
 nity to let the Company see the Quickness of his Wit,  
 and the Grace wherewith he expressed himself. He spoke  
 not the *Scythian* Tongue perfectly, but so well that there  
 was nothing harsh in his Pronunciation, and was so rea-  
 dy in the *Greek*, and many other Languages which are in  
 use amongst us, that his Conversation was marvellously  
 pleasing. From that day the King began to be very libe-  
 ral to him, and gave him Pensions able to maintain him  
 in handsom Equipage; he received them without either  
 Greediness or Disdain, and if his growing Fortune met  
 some that envied it at first, his Vertue suffered them not  
 to do so long. Indeed he had not been many Months in  
 Court, but he was both the Admiration and Delight of  
 it, and his excellent Qualities in a short time won him  
 the Love even of the roughest Natures. All the World  
 was ravish'd with the Gracefulness of his Behaviour, all  
 the World was charm'd with the Sweetness of his Wit  
 and Conversation, all hearkned, as to so many Prodigies,  
 when there was any Story of his warlike Actions told by  
 those that had seen him do them, and generally every one  
 considered as Wonders the Marks that appeared in him  
 every Day, of the Greatness of his Courage, of his Good-  
 ness, and of his natural Generosity. He was quickly in  
 a condition to shew them; for the King, who looked  
 upon him, and admired him as the rest, became in  
 love with his Vertue, and desired to tie him to his Ser-  
 vice by all manner of Obligations; he observ'd something  
 in his Face, and in all his Actions, that was so great,  
 and so far above other Men, that he felt himself forc'd  
 by unknown Reasons to set an extraordinary Value on  
 him;

him ; and indeed he in short time raised him to such Employments and Offices, as others could neither obtain by Birth, nor by long Services, without a great deal of Difficulty.

*Asfaxes* abased not this good Fortune ; and those Dignities to which he saw himself called without suing for them, puffed him not up, nor made him prouder than before : On the contrary, his Humour seem'd to be more sociable, he served all those with freeness and humbleness that stood in any need of his Power and Credit, and ran to meet those Occasions they had to make use of him, with such an eager Desire to effect them, as made the Obligation a thousand times the more considerable ; his Liberality was boundless, and being far from enriching himself with what the King gave him, he distributed it so profusely, that his Friends blamed him for it, and the King himself was fain to complain of the Contempt he shew'd of his Presents, and of the little care he took to keep what came from him.

This Reproach could not moderate *Asfaxes's* Liberality, but it made him more circumspect in husbanding his Favour, and in avoiding Noise or Ostentation in his Bounty. Tho' none of his Actions were guilty of the least Blemish of Pride, yet as humble and submissive as he was to others, he could never bend his Mind to make any Applications to *Asfacomes*, who at that time, next to the King, was most considered of any Man in the Kingdom, and who was in a condition to build what Fortunes he pleased, and to overthrow those which were not yet well confirmed, and but beginning to be established, as that of *Asfaxes*. Not but that *Asfaxes* paid him civilly whatsoever he thought due to a Man that was esteemed by the King, and that was *Asfacomes's* Quality, but he could not consider him, as did those Slaves of Favour, who having any Aim very distant, and Thoughts very different from his, sought their Advancement of him by base servile Compliances, to which he would never stoop ; and besides these Reasons, he had particular and more powerful Ones, which opposed his giving him that Obsequance he expected from all others. *Asfacomes*, who saw

that Scorn in him, and who besides feared lest that budding Fortune should at last o'er-top his, and become powerful enough to ruin it, strove to hinder its Growth, and often told the King, that it was something dangerous so suddenly to raise a Stranger, a Man unknown, and one born in the Enemies Territories. But the King, who knew *Arfacomes's* Drift, and who (bating his love) had not many Weaknesses, made no reckoning of that Discourse, and finding every day more and more how worthy *Arfaces* was of his Favour, and with what Modesty and Generosity he used it, instead of suffering it to be diminish'd, did invisibly augment it. And truly, except such as were interess'd, there were few to whom it gave not a particular Satisfaction, and who confessed not that the King could hardly make a more just, nor a more judicious Choice: For mine own part, I cannot deny but that it contented me extreamly, and with me I dare say all the Ladies of the Court, whom he had strongly gain'd by his comely Behaviour, by his taking Wit, and by his sweet obliging Humour. All these good Qualities, and a thousand others, which he advantageously possessed, (joined to the King's Esteem, who desired that every body should use him according to his Example) made him be well received amongst us, and few Days passed but he came to visit us, either with the King, or with Prince *Carthasis* our Uncle, or else with *Theodates*. He was in my Chamber one day with *Theodates*, and I had no body with me but *Cylleria*, and some other of my Maids, when after a very pleasing Entertainment, *Theodates* told me, that he sung very well, and play'd upon the Lyre with a great deal of Skill.

I commanded presently that they should fetch one which was in my Chamber, and causing it to be presented to him, I so earnestly entreated him to play and sing, that tho' he had a mind to excuse it, and that that Request made him Blush, yet could he not possibly deny me that Satisfaction; he took the Lyre with a low Obedience, and tuning it to his Voice, sung so passionate an Air, and accompanied his Words, which were extreamly amorous, with so moving a Gesture, that 'twas impossible

sible to hear him and not be touch'd with it. He sometimes fix'd his Eyes upon my Face, with Looks visibly inflam'd; but as soon as he perceived that I heedfully observed him, he let them fall to the Ground, changing Colour in such a manner, that it was easy to discern he was possessed with some strong Passion. After he had made an end of singing, with a Grace that was nothing common, and that we had given him the Praises which were due, both to what he held from Nature, and to what Art had added, I was willing to draw some occasion from his singing to make him discourse, and remembering the passionate Words of his Song, and the Gesture wherewith he had put life into them; '*Arfaces*, (said I) 'you perform all things with a marvellous Advantage, 'but you will give us leave to say, that all our Opinions are false, if you be exempt of that Passion you express so well.' '*Arfaces*, as if he had been surprized at this Discourse, cast down his Eyes without making any Reply to these first Words, and seeing him so silent, '*Arfaces* (continued I) is it possible that you are in love? Altho' '*Arfaces* seem'd to be in some Confusion, yet did he lift up his Head, and looking upon me with an unconfident Action; 'But, Madam, (said he) could you 'think it possible that '*Arfaces* should have lived so long, 'and seen so much, and have lov'd nothing?' Your Years are so few, (answered I) that no body will think it strange you should have pass'd them without loving; and besides, I believed your Affection to the War had been predominant over all others, and that a Person bred up in martial Thoughts and Employments, had not had any Inclination to those of Love. My Affection to the War (replied '*Arfaces*) is but very moderate, and I should say I love it not at all, if it had not furnish'd me with Occasions to do the King some petty Services, and given me a Means to attain this Fortune to which he out of his Goodness has rais'd me; and besides, Madam, I never believed that '*Mars* and '*Cupid* were incompatible, nor but that even Persons who have grown old in Arms, might in a Moment lose that Liberty which they had preserv'd all their Life before. By this Reason, Madam, it comes to pass,



pass, that the condition of my Life is very different from what your Highness imagined it to be, and that I am very far from that Tranquility which they may live in, who are insensible of that imperious Passion. *Arfaces* brought forth these Words with a sigh or two, which made me believe some part of what he said, and being willing to enlarge our Conversation upon that Subject, and to make him talk a little more ; If you possess not that Tranquility, (said I) which you seem to envy, you ought at least to have hopes, which may sweeten the misery of your Condition, since you have such Qualities as may encourage you to expect an advantageous Success in your Passion ; there are but few Persons like *Arfaces*, and if his hope be regulated by his Merit, there is no Fortune to which he may not lawfully pretend. I said this to him with a great deal of Innocence, being ignorant, as I was, of his Intentions, and of the Advantage he might draw from thence, and he replied with a little more Assurance than before ; This Judgment of your Highness would be too glorious for poor *Arfaces*, if it could be drawn from the Knowledge he hath of himself, and could keep him from discerning your Justice from your Goodness ; I am far from that Merit, and from those unjust Hopes ; but if the Gods had given me all the Excellencies a Man can desire, I would bound all my Pretensions within the Glory which I reap by my Passion ; it is so great, that it suffers me not to bewail the loss of my Repose, and my Thoughts are raised so high, that never Man had a more ambitious Aim, nor ever sigh'd for a more accomplished Object:

I love, since you are pleas'd I should confess it, but I love with so perfect a Knowledge of the Party whom I love, that I limit all my Desires, and all my Hopes, in the mere Satisfaction of loving her ; 'tis the most noble End my Mind can ever propose unto itself, and so far am I from finding any Misery in my Condition that I consider all manner of Pains as the glorious Marks of the highest Fortune a Man can aspire to. If you love with so great a Resignation (replied I) and if you give such strict Limits to your Affections, you are not of their Opinion who  
hold,

hold, that Love is a Desire, and who proposing to themselves an End very different from that Satisfaction you find in yours, turn it into pure Interest. They that believe that Love is a Desire, (answered *Arfaces*) did never know its Nature well, or else were willing to disguise it, thereby to cover less noble and less reasonable Passions, and if you will give me leave, Madam, to declare my Sense touching the Definition of Love, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that I always thought Love to be a Propension of our Souls, or an inward Motion, which makes us encline rather toward one Subject than toward another, and on this manner I hold it may be produced by the first Operation of the Understanding alone, without help of the Judgment or Discourse, and that considering it in the Abstract nakedly, and in it self, it differs from Desire, as the Cause does from the Effect; not but that Desire may take Birth after Love, or to say better, take Birth from Love, but that Production is a Mark of their essential Difference, and that Desire being born of Love, is indeed an Effect of Love, and not Love it self. We love a thing because 'tis beautiful, and afterwards we desire it because we love it; before the Birth of Desire, Love had subsisted without it, and by many Accidents Desire may die without Loves being extinguish'd. Certainly they that confound these two Passions, deprive the first of part of its Nobleness, and form a Knowledge of it to themselves, which is much more gross and material than its Nature. Love is a Passion absolutely pure, loosened from all Thoughts of Interest, and I may truly protest to you, that in mine, I never considered any thing but the Nobleness of that I love, without making so much as a light Reflection upon myself.

*Arfaces* discoursed on this manner with such a Grace, that our Ears were chained to his Words, and we were hearkning to him with great Attention, when the King came into my Chamber, followed by Prince *Carthasis*, *Arfacomes*, and others. *Arfacomes* had not visited me of a good while, and I began to hope that the Usage he had found from me would take him off from his Affection, but F

was

was deceived in that Expectation, and that very Day he let me see, that he was neither fuller of Respect, nor more desirous to please me than before. The Continuance of the King's Passions to his Sister, and of his Favour to him, had made him so proud, that he no longer cared to keep the World from knowing the Design he had upon me, and the King had so utterly subjected himself to *Stratonice*, that he had not retained any Command at all over *Arfacomes*, and suffered that insolent Man to make a Vanity of his Passion without punishing him for it.

In the Sorrow it brought upon me, I sought Consolation from the Prince our Uncle, the Princess *Theomiris* his Daughter, *Cylenia*, and some other of my most trusty Maids; and even the pleasing Conversation of *Arfaces*, was not sometimes unprofitable to charm part of my Discontents; there was a Sweetness in it, which that of other Persons had not, and he expressed himself so handsomely, and with so much Eloquence, that 'twas impossible to leave his company willingly; he was not ignorant how I was persecuted by *Arfacomes*, that was already become the common Subject of Discourse all over the Court, and *Arfaces* resented it in a very different manner, from all those other Persons whom *Arfacomes*'s Fortune would not suffer to disapprove his Actions; but at first I ascribed the Trouble he shew'd at it only to his Complaisance, and to his Compassion of me.

In the interim we began to perceive, that since the time he had frequented our Company, he had lost part of his lively Humour, not but that he strove with much compliance to accommodate it to ours, and did all he could to hide his inward Disquiet by an outward Tranquility; yet thro' all that Constraint we could observe a Melancholy that was not Natural, the Cause whereof, considering the state of his Fortune, and the Reason he had to be satisfied with his Condition, we were not able to imagine to be other than that Love he had complained of to us. In short, we were then confirmed in a Belief that he had spoken in good Earnest, and did our Endeavours  
to

to learn the Truth of it. We had not taken Notice, that among all the Ladies of the Court he had applied himself particularly to any one, and altho' we observ'd him with some care, we could discover nothing but a general Civility and equal Respect to all. I still was telling him of that change of his Humour, and upon that Discourse he would presently strive to fetch a Pleasingness into his Face, and to disperse the Clouds of his Melancholy, but within a while after we saw him fall into it again with such settled Musings, that we were hardly able to put him out of them. We were one day in the King's Chamber, where seeing him withdraw from the Company and retire to a Window, from whence he darted fiery Glances at us, my Cousin the Princess *Theomiris* and I went toward him; he would have gone away to leave the place to us, believing that we came to the Window to have the Prospect of the Gardens which are below it; but I detained him by the Arm, and making him stay where he was, ' *Arfaces*, *Arfaces*, (said I) if you continue  
' in this pensive Humour which of late has seized you,  
' you will at last force us to think you are touch'd in  
' good earnest with that Passion you can so well dis-  
' course of.

These Words made *Arfaces* cast down his Eyes, but presently after he raised them up again, and fixing them upon my Face, with a timorous Action, and with a Sigh which he could not possibly retain; ' It is but too true,  
' Madam, (replied he) that I am mortally wounded with  
' it, and that my Eyes have done me the worst Office I  
' can ever receive from them. I burn indeed with a  
' Fire which never will be extinguished while I live;  
' but if my Passion were a Desire, it would certainly die  
' for want of hope, which is its ordinary Nourishment;  
' I love not only without being lov'd, not only without  
' hope of being lov'd, but even without daring to desire  
' it, and there is so great a Disproportion between mis-  
' erable *Arfaces*, and the Divinity to which he does ad-  
' dress his Thoughts, that he neither pretends to any Re-  
' compence for his Passion, no nor so much as to have her  
' know it. You keep your self within the Limits of a  
' perfect

perfect Modesty, (said the Princess *Theomiris*) but they that know your Worth do not perhaps restrain your Hopes within such narrow Bounds as you prescribe them. My highest Hope (answered *Arfaces*) is to die for the Person whom I love, without giving her any occasion to complain of my Temerity, and to accuse that Passion for want of Respect, whereof it laid the first Foundation. Is it true then (demanded I) that she you sigh for is ignorant of your Love, and that you neither by your Discourse, nor by your Actions, have ever given her any knowledge of it?

I know not (replied he) whether my Actions or my Countenance have betray'd that silence which I have imposed upon my Mouth, but if I have any Power over either, she is ignorant of it, and shall be so long as she lives: In this Ignorance she sees me, she suffers me, and shews such Goodness towards me, as ought to be envied by those that are most happy; but after the knowledge of my Presumption, an eternal Exile would be the lightest Punishment she would inflict upon such a miserable Man, such an unknown Wanderer as *Arfaces*; the Gods forbid I should exasperate her by a criminal Declaration, and that I should provoke Thunders and Lightning utterly to consume him, who is but too much inflamed already. *Arfaces* perhaps would have said more, if the King had not come to join discourse with us; but we often fell upon the same Subject afterward, and still found *Arfaces* in his silence, and in the Terms of his usual Modesty.

In the mean time the King's Passion for *Stratonice* was risen to so high a degree, that it was necessary to come to Extremities, and one day the King having pressed her exceedingly to give some Proofs of her Affection, that ambitious Woman, who knew how absolute she was over his Heart, resolved to make use of all her Power, and after having a while resisted his Solicitations; Sir, (said she at last) never hope for any thing from *Stratonice* but by lawful ways, and if you love her, do you yourself shew her the utmost Marks of your Affection, or else cease to injure her Reputation by a suite, the Designs whereof.

whereof are unknown. These Words did not surprize the King, who had ever expected them, but yet they troubled him, and for some Days kept him melancholy and unresolv'd ; 'twas hard for him to dispose himself to that Marriage, but harder to leave *Stratonice*, and he loved her with too real an Affection to use any manner of Violence against her. Two Considerations opposed the Design of this Marriage, that of the Inequality of their Conditions, and that of the Prince my Brother, whom he did believe he should prejudice by that Match ; but the force of his Love, and the Perswasions of his Flatterers, conquered these two Difficulties. *Stratonice* is my Subject, (said he) yet nevertheless she is a Princess, and if I find not those Advantages which are commonly sought for in Alliances, at least I shall find no Shame by it ; a Wife of inferior Quality can take away nothing from mine, and 'tis not without Example in this Empire, nor in those of my Neighbours. As for *Oroondates's* Interest, that ought not to dissuade me ; for if he be dead, as his long Absence makes me fear, no body ought to count it strange that I think of giving an Heir of mine own Blood unto my Kingdom, which would fall into another Family ; and if he be alive, he is an ingrateful Son in having forsaken me, without leave, in my Foreign and Domestick Wars, and in not coming back to me when the Necessity of my Affairs constrain'd me to beg the assistance of all my Friends. By these kind of Thoughts he overcame all the Obstacles that opposed his Intentions, and having nothing more to contend withal, he told *Stratonice* he was ready to give her that Proof she desired of his Affection.

This News was presently known over all the Court, and the King having publish'd it himself, and proposed to his Council those Reasons that moved him to that Marriage, every body began to prepare for it, but with very different Thoughts. If *Stratonice*, and proud *Arfa-comes*, were in the height of their Felicities, *Berenice* on the contrary was overwhelm'd in Grief ; I had many Reasons to be so, which are too apparent not to be known to you, and my Consolation was, that my Resentments  
were

were approved by all those that were not interess'd for *Arfacomes's* Family ; but how just soever they were, they to no Purpose, and in spite of the Complaints I made, both for my Brother's Interests, and for mine own, the King forbore not to go on ; and after having given me some slight Consolation, and promised me with extream kind Words, that this Marriage should not diminish any thing of that Affection he had ever born me, he effected his Design, and married *Stratonice* publickly, causing her to be crown'd at *Iffedon* in the Presence of the whole Court. That Mischief not being to be remedied, it was best to resolve to bear it handsomly, and to feign a Satisfaction for that which the King received, since my Discontents were but unseasonable. The Wedding was celebrated with a great deal of Triumph, and to honour so solemn an Action, there were Tournaments full of Pomp and Magnificence. *Arfacomes* appear'd in them with more Splendor than all the rest of the Court, and *Arfaces*, tho' he was particularly troubled at that Marriage, was yet too grateful for the Favours the King had shewed him to neglect those Occasions of acknowledging them ; and to please him in that Solemnity, he not only made one in all those Matches, but won all the Prizes, and by the Advantages he had in the sight of the whole World, redoubled *Arfacomes's* growing Envy.

That proud Favourite seeing himself rais'd by that Alliance to Honours which he never pretended to, absolutely gave over all thought of the Respect he ow'd me, to torment me openly ; and the King became so subject to the Will of his new Wife, that he never resent'd her Brother's Insolency. The Vexation I received by it, made me shun all company in general that I might avoid his in particular, and tho' *Stratonice* did not apparently abuse her Fortune in her Carriage toward me, but paid me all the Civilities, I could expect from my Father's Wife, yet was her Conversation unpleasing to me, and I could not consider her as *Arfacomes's* Sister, without having an Aversion to her ; true it is, that she forced me to it by the Discourses she used in favour of him, for she pass'd by no Occasion of entertaining me either with her  
 Brother's

Brother's Love, or with his Deserts. One Day being desirous to escape a Visit which I thought she intended me, I went out of my Chamber with *Cylenia*, and two of my other Maids, and by a back Stair went out of my Lodging down into the Garden ; I presently gave those two Maids liberty to walk which way they pleased, and leaning upon *Cylenia's* Arm, I with her sought out the least frequented Allies. Our first Discourse was concerning *Arfacomes*, and after that I had a while in angry Terms detested his Persecutions, *Cylenia* began to talk of *Arfaces* ; I confess I esteem'd his Person very much, and that seeing nothing in him which was not lovely, great and extraordinary, I could not chuse but have such an Opinion of him as his good Qualities deserv'd.

After we had spoken something touching his Love, the Grace wherewith he expressed it, and the marvellous Discretion wherewith it was accompanied, *Cylenia* of a sudden fix'd her Eyes upon my Face, and when she had look'd a while smiling upon me ; Madam, (said she) will you forgive me a Folly which I cannot keep my self from telling you ? There are but few Offences (said I) whereof thou mightest not hope for Pardon from me. Upon this Belief, (reply'd *Cylenia*, smiling, as before) I will take the Boldness to tell you, that if *Arfaces* be in love, I believe it is only with the Princess *Berenice*. With me, Fool, (said I, putting her back with my Hand.) Yes, (added *Cylenia*) even with your self, and and if you have taken the Pains to observe his Discourse, and his Actions, your Thoughts will be but little different from mine. In what place soever you are, his Eyes are continually upon you ; he comes not near you without Sighing, Trembling, and changing Colour, and he speaks of the Person he loves, with such a Submission, and such a Respect, as can be due to no body but the Princess *Berenice*.

This Discourse of *Cylenia's* made me reflect upon *Arfaces's* Actions, in which truly I found something that agreed with her Opinion ; and I have not told you, that I had formerly had some such Fancy, which I had banished as an Effect of my Vanity ; but then examining many  
Words



Words he had spoken, and particularly those in the Presence of *Theomiris*, I began to give some Credit to *Cyllenia's* Suspicion; yet did I make a Difficulty of confessing it to her, and after I had continued a good while without Reply; I do not believe (said I) that *Arfaces* ever had a thought of me, and indeed it would trouble me very much if I should be obliged to banish a Man for ever from my sight, whom his Vertue makes me infinitely to esteem. I saw by *Cyllenia's* Action, that she was vexed she had said so much, and looking upon me with a Face less confident than before; What, Madam, (said she) if *Arfaces* were guilty of no other Crime but of having adored you, without letting you know it, would you banish him for ever? Would I banish him, (reply'd I) why, do you doubt of it, *Cyllenia*? I was of Opinion that Thoughts had been free, (answered *Cyllenia*) and that all the Offence had been only in declaring them; but since they are Criminal, tho' conceal'd, I'll alter my Conceit of poor *Arfaces*, and believe he never mingled any thing of Love, with the Design he has to honour you. I will believe so with you, (added I very seriously) and I had a great deal rather be of that Opinion, than suffer another, which would make me force the Inclination I have to wish him very well, and instead of that begin to hate him. We were in this part of our Discourse, when being come to the End of an Alley, just as we were going into another, we saw *Arfaces* whom we were talking of, close by us, laid along upon the Grass; I was extremely surprized at that Encounter, and fear'd he might have overheard something of what we had said concerning him; but I was quickly delivered out of that Apprehension, and *Cyllenia* being gone a little nearer him, saw that his Eyes were shut, and by many Tokens knew him to be asleep. I would have pass'd by without awaking him, but *Cyllenia* had a Curiosity which oppos'd that Intention, and seeing that on the Ground near *Arfaces's* Mouth, there lay a little Picture-case, upon which it seem'd that he was fallen asleep, she went softly toward him, without letting me know her Intent, and taking up the Case, she brought it to me without looking in it;

Madam,

Madam, (said she, as she came up to me) here's something without doubt that will be able to satisfy your Curiosity, and I hope we here shall see the Face of her *Arfaces* loves with so much Respect. The Discourse we had newly upon that Subject, made me condemn that Curiosity, and fearing to meet with some Confirmation of *Cyllenia's* Suspicions, I was going to command her to lay the Box again in the place from whence she had taken it, when she open'd it, and made me cast my Eyes upon it. Why should I hold you longer in Suspence? In short, my Adventure was such as I apprehended, and in that Box I saw the very Face which my Glass represented to me every Day. I should not be able to tell you whether my Grief, my Astonishment, or my Anger, was greatest; and tho' the last be little predominant in my Nature, I confess that in this Encounter I was seized with them all three. 'Tis certain that I had a very particular esteem of *Arfaces*, and that I found no other Defect in him save that of his Quality, that could discourage him from raising his Thoughts to the greatest and most accomplish'd Princess upon Earth; but that Obscurity of his Birth, made me receive those Testimonies of his Affection as mere Injuries, and look upon his Presumption as a Blemish able to destroy all that was good and considerable in him; the favourable Opinion I had of him, made me really sorry for his Fault, and as I had plainly confessed to *Cyllenia*, 'twas not without trouble that I saw my self constrained to punish it. *Cyllenia*, seeing me so much moved, would have opened her Mouth to speak to me, but I clapp'd my Hand upon it, and preventing what she was about to say: Hold thy Peace (said I) *Cyllenia*, and since thou hast contributed so much to this unlucky Discovery which we now have made, labour also for my Satisfaction, and take you care of warning this presumptuous Man, that he never present himself before me. I know not whether I spake these Words with too loud a Voice, and whether it was that that waken'd *Arfaces*; but he presently rose up, and seeing himself surprized in a Posture which he thought not decent before me, he seemed to be quite out of Countenance, and had not the Confidence to come to-  
ward

wards us, without putting his Hand to his Face to hide his Blushing : At last he would have made his Address to us, but as he was coming toward me with a very low Obedience, and was going to say something to me, I turned on the other side without regarding him, and having made Signs to *Cyllenias* to stay and perform the charge I had given her, I went hastily away, and returned straight to my Lodging. *Arfaces* (as I have learned since) was so stricken with this Action, that in *Cyllenias*'s Eye, he seemed little different from a Marble Statue, and not remembering he had ever seen me do the like, he believed the Cause was extraordinary, and presently guessed at something of the Truth ; but he continued not much longer in doubt, when he saw his Picture-case in *Cyllenias*'s Hand ; he had stood unmoveable from the time I went away, his Hands crossed upon his Breast, and his Eyes fixed upon me till I was out of sight, but as soon as he had turn'd them upon *Cyllenias*, and that he saw the Picture which had betray'd him, he was fully persuaded of the Truth of that Adventure, and fell into a Confusion which it would be extremely difficult to represent ; he stood a long time without Speech or Motion, his very Look touching *Cyllenias* with Compassion ; in the end he recovered a little Courage, and going nearer to her, who was little less astonished than himself ; *Cyllenias*, (said he) am undone, and I read my Destiny too plainly in your face, in the Princess's Action, and in the sight of that you hold in your Hand ; My Crime is now discovered, but I have at least this Satisfaction, that 'tis only my Misfortune, and not my Mouth, that has done me this ill Office. I have never fail'd my want of Respect to the Princess, and how little Power soever I had over my self, had yet enough over my Tongue to bind it to an everlasting Silence. I alledge not this Excuse to justify myself towards her ; for as respectful, as innocent, and as secret as my Passion was, 'tis yet criminal without doubt, since it has mov'd her Indignation, and the Gods would not have discovered it thus, if it had not been punishable ; you see me therefore most willingly disposed to receive that Sentence you are to pronounce ; I'll hearken to it without

without Murmuring, and tho' perhaps you have contributed something towards my Unhappiness, I'll lend an Ear to my Condemnation without any Resentment against you.

*Cyllenias* has sworn to me since, that she was not able to hear these Words of *Asfaxes* without being sensible of Pity, and that it was with great Repugnancy she executed the Commission I had given her ; but as she knew not how to avoid it, she strove to take a Resolution, and sweetning her Words and Countenance, as much as possibly she could ; Sir, (said she) I bear a share in your Affliction, and I could wish with all my Heart, that the Princess had made use of some other Body, to acquaint you with her Intentions ; 'tis true, she has discovered your Passion, and is so much offended at it, that she thinks her self bound to intreat you never to see her more. *Asfaxes* at first was touched with this Command, but as his Courage was great, and he had certain Thoughts whereupon his Hopes were grounded, he suffered not himself to be dejected, but settling his Countenance as it was before, he spake thus to *Cyllenias* with a great deal of Moderation.

This Sentence is most just, *Cyllenias*, and I should not be so my self if I complained of it, and the most equitable Punishment this great Princess could ordain him, whom her sight hath caused to offend her, is to forbid it him for ever : I protest to you by her fair Eyes, and by the sacred Respect I bear her, that I will obey her Decree without murmuring, and that if I could do so without deserving her, I would demand no longer a Delay of my Banishment, than this very Moment wherein it is ordained me ; but *Cyllenias*, I am staid here by an important Necessity, and unless I will betray the King, the State, and the Princess her self particularly, I cannot go away till she hath given me an Hour's Audience. I must needs obtain it by your Mediation, I say, I must needs, for the Princess's Service, for her Satisfaction, and for her Repose ; and I will ingage my self both to you, and to her, by all the most religious Oaths that were ever taken, that in all my Discourse, I will not mingle so much as  
one

one word of my Passion. Procure me this Favour I beseech you, which you shall see I will not abuse, and if I break the Promise I make you, hold me for the most ingrateful, and the most unworthy of all Men living. *Cyllenia* was mute at this Proposition, and doubting she should not be able to obtain what he desired of me, she knew not which way she should free her self from that Request. *Arfaces* added so many other Words to his former Persuasions, and pressed her so earnestly, that she was constrained to promise him she would employ all her Credit with me to effect what he desired, and leaving him with that hope, she came back to me, who was already retired into my Closet.

I was so troubled at this Adventure, that I was not able to resettle my self, and so displeased with *Arfaces*'s Temerity, that I could not pardon my self the fault I had committed, in having by my excessive Civilities given him the boldness to offend me. What, (said I) is it then *Berenice*'s Destiny never to cause Love in any but those that are beneath her, and was not the Presumption of one of her Father's Subjects enough for her Misfortune, without making her be lov'd also by a Man, who perhaps is hardly so much as of noble Blood? Has this Beauty then, wherewith some have so unjustly flatter'd me, no Power but upon Persons of mean condition? Ah mine Eyes! if you must never gain other Victories, de-vest your selves of all your Lustre, and lose all your Forces, since they are so vilely, and so unworthily employed.

Scarce had I uttered these Words, when I felt some Remorse for the Contempt I shewed of *Arfaces*; methought, tho' he was not born a Prince, his excellent Qualities did so fully recompense that Defect, that without Injustice I could not put him in the Rank of meaner Persons; I then call'd to mind all that was great and lovely in him, and found so much Cause of Esteem and Admiration, that I could not remain insensible at that Remembrance; I confess, the Charms of his graceful Fashion, the Sweetness of his Conversation, and his Merit in general, had wrought in me a good Will towards him,

him, which had something in it more than ordinary, and my reflecting upon that, abated much of the Violence of my former Thoughts ; Would it pleased the Gods, (said I again by some secret restraint) would it pleased the Gods he were born a Prince, and that his too bold Passion were authorized by a less unequal Birth, I should not then reckon this Conquest shameful, and if he only wanted Kingdoms, his Virtue would either supply that Defect, or quickly put him in a way to get them.

No sooner had I given way unto this Thought in favour of *Arfaces*, but my Anger stifled it again, and made me ashamed of my compliance with his Crime ; Let him go, (said I, recalling my disdain) that presumptuous Man, by whom my favourable Usage has been so ill received, let him carry his audacious Affections somewhither else, and those Desires which are too ambitious for one of common Rank ; I am merciful enough in concealing his Crime from the King my Father, and I punish him too gently in ordaining nothing but Banishment for such a Fault as his. I was taken up with these different Thoughts, when *Cyllenia* came in to me, and gave me presently an exact Account of the Success of her Commission, I hearken'd to her relation with some kind of Tenderness, and was a little touch'd with *Arfaces*'s Words ; but for all the intreaties *Cyllenia* could use, I was not to be won to grant him the Audience he demanded.

I have seen him and heard him but too much already, (said I) he has abused my Indulgence, he has abused my innocent Goodness ; the Gods forbid that I should fall into that Error any more, and that I by my Weakness should give him further occasion to aggravate his Offences toward me. *Cyllenia* pressed me a good while, but 'twas impossible to obtain any thing else of me at that time. *Arfaces* came not in my sight the next day, nor of two or three days after, but having met *Cyllenia*, and stop'd her ; *Cyllenia* (said he) I ask the Princess pardon for my stay in *Scythia*, and tho' she has not expressly commanded me out of it, I should account my self extreme faulty, in continuing longer in her Country, after having merited her Indignation, if I could go away without discharging

a Duty to which I am oblig'd by all the Fidelity I owe to her and hers. The thing I am to tell her will in part repair the Offence I have committed, and neither can she neglect it without Prejudice to her self, nor I conceal it without betraying her ; be pleas'd therefore so to bring it to pass, that she may grant me the favour I have demand- ed, and I will leave *Scythia* within an hour after, with- out other Trouble save that of having offended her by my criminal Passion.

*Arfaces* to these Words added many ardent Supplica- tions, and *Cyllenia*, who was touch'd with them, and who knew the Power she had with me, engag'd her self to make one Trial more, and coming presently to me, she related that Encounter in Terms which, join'd to the Inclination I had to wish well to *Arfaces*, made me not altogether insensible ; yet I for a long while resist'd her Importunity in favour of him, and told her many times, that after the Knowledge I had of his Love, I could neither see him nor hear him, without doing my self an unspeakable Injury ; but she argued against those Consi- derations with many others, and alledged, that I ought not for light Scruples to lose the Occasion of receiving an Advertisement which perhaps was of greater Consequence to me than I imagined ; to these Motives she added most effectual Entreaties, and persecuted me so long, that I was constrain'd to promise her I would suffer *Arfaces* to make me one visit more, upon the Conditions he had desir'd it, and upon the Protestation she made on his be- half, that it should be the last to which I should be oblig'd.

She let him know that same Day, what she obtain'd of me for him, and the next following got me to take the same Walk in the Garden, and with the same Com- pany, as I had done some few Days before. After I had pass'd thro' some of the Allies with *Cyllenia* alone, I re- tired into a close Arbour, where by her Perswasion I sat down upon the Seats of green Turf, and had not staid there long, before I saw *Arfaces* come ; at sight of him I changed Colour, and looking upon him with different Thoughts from those I had before, he seem'd to have quite another Shape than that he was wont to have ; I scarce durst

durst lift up my Eyes to behold him, and feeling already a remorse for what I had yielded to, I was unresolv'd whether I should stay, or go away before I heard him ; he might easily observe my Confusion in my Face ; for the sight of him renewing my Anger, and my Shame, had already set it all on fire. In the mean time he came into the Arbour, where he instantly fell upon his Knees before me ; but I was ill satisfied with that Posture, and fearing it would be accompanied with some Discourse of the Nature of that I apprehended ; Rise, (said I) *Arfaces*, and remember the Conditions upon which I permit this last visit ; I know but too much of your Follies already, take heed therefore that your Words discover nothing more of them.

*Arfaces* stirr'd not from my Feet, but looking upon me with Eyes, in which his Passion was painted to the life ; Fear not Madam, (said he) that I will abuse the Favour you do me ; and if my Follies are known to you, remember, if you please, that I contributed not unto that knowledge any other way than by my Misfortune, and that you can neither accuse my Tongue, nor my Actions of the Offence I have committed. I knew too well what was due to you from miserable *Arfaces*, to exceed the limits which a just Sense of his want of Merit prescribed him, and I know too well with how much Justice you are exasperated against him, to kneel here at your Feet with any hope to justify his Crime ; Neither is it with that Intention I begg'd these last Proofs of your Goodness, and 'tis enough that I have made my self unworthy of it, without seeking occasions to abuse it ; but I desired this Audience before my Departure, that I might tell you some News, which it is very fit you should know, and in which you will, without doubt, find some Satisfaction. *Arfaces* would have continued his Discourse, when I commanded him to rise ; and when he had obey'd me, he began again on this manner :

*Berenice* made a little pause in this part of her Narration, to recal into her Memory what *Arfaces* had said ; and *Oroondates*, who could not suffer her to speak so long of *Arfaces* without Interruption, and who hearken'd im-



patiently to all she said of him, took his time then, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven with an angry Action ; Is it your Pleasure then O Gods ! (cry'd he) that I should prosecute *Arfaces* not only as an implacable Enemy to *Oroondates*, but also as a Traitor to *Berenice* ? The Princess was surprized at that Exclamation, and turning toward *Oroondates* ; Brother, (said she) of what Crime, and of what Infidelity do you accuse *Arfaces*, to whom we have so great Obligations ? Sister, (replied the Prince, extremely mov'd) *Arfaces* has ruined me, and *Arfaces* has betray'd you ; he is amongst our Enemies our particular Enemy, and 'tis both for your Interests and mine own, that I should give him that Death, which in our Combats he twice already has avoided. The Princess amazed at these Words, was going to desire her Brother to explain them, but their Conversation was broken off by a Noise they heard without the Tent ; the Prince rose up to enquire the Cause of it, when he heard them cry, Arm, Arm ; and presently after *Troxaris* coming into the Tent ; Put on your Arms, Sir, (said he to his Master) the Enemies are hard by, and at the same time he clapt his Cuirass on his Back, and buckled on that Cask which he had laid aside but a while before. *Oroondates*, whom such Alarms could not terrify, made haste to get on the rest of his Arms, and with his Sword in his Hand ran to the Door of the Tent, where he instantly saw the Cause of all that Stir. One Man alone was the Author of it, and one Man alone richly arm'd and gallantly mounted had struck a Terror in the whole Troops, nor was indeed an ordinary Man, for he, by his Actions at the entering into the Camp, had given sufficient Grounds of Fear to those that happened to be in his way ; he had despised the Out-guards, which would have opposed his Passage, and forcing his way through the midst of them like Lightning, had made his Horse leap over the Trench, and was advancing towards the Tents with such a confident Rashness, as was enough to win Belief, that some strong Despair had arm'd him against all Apprehension of Death. That of Prince *Oroondates* was one of the outmost, and they that had the guard of it, seeing this Cavalier advance

with

with his Sword in his Hand, and with his Gesture threatening something more terrible than ordinary, ran to meet him, and presented the Points of their Javelins against him, but he contemn'd those feeble Obstacles, and spurring on his Horse, trampled some of them under Foot, laying at the rest so furiously with his Sword, that almost every Stroke brought Death to one or other. He had already open'd himself a large way to the Tent, when *Eumenes* and *Phrataphernes* arm'd, and on Horse-back, came unto that Place; these two Warriors look'd attentively upon him, and *Phrataphernes* by his Arms, and the mightiness of his Blows, presently knew him to be the redoubted *Arfaces*, who a few Days before had kill'd his Son in his Presence, and had reduced his own Life to great Extremity. The sight of this cruel Enemy, whose Idea was ever in his Remembrance, waken'd his fierce Resentment, and running at him like a Man transported with Rage, 'O *Pisistratus*, (cry'd he) thy Father will either revenge thy Death, or perish in the Attempt.' As he spoke these Words, he darted his Javelin at *Arfaces*, which having given him a slight hurt, remained hanging in the Sleeve of his Coat of Mail, from whence *Arfaces* quickly pull'd it, and seeing *Phrataphernes* come thundering at him with his Sword on high, he met him with an equal Violence, and aiming the Point of his Javelin under that Arm which he held up, made the Head of it pass quite thro' to the other side; the unfortunate *Phrataphernes* was presently all bathed in his own Blood, and letting go the Reins of his Bridle, fell dead at *Eumenes's* Horse's Feet. That valiant Man, whom his Friend's Destiny touch'd with Grief and Compassion, rush'd forward to take Revenge upon *Arfaces*, who was turning another way, and opposing his Passage, after he by a loud cry had given him warning to defend himself, discharg'd a blow upon his Helmet with his utmost Force. The Hand of *Eumenes* was not light, and indeed *Arfaces* was roughly shaken by it, but he shock'd *Eumenes* so violently with his Shield, and with the Breast of his Horse, that *Eumenes*, being too weak for that Encounter, was thrust upon his hinder Quarters, and came down upon

the sand with his Master. This Action passed before *Oroondates's* Tent, just at that very time, when having put on all his Arms, he was run to the Door, whither the Princess *Berenice* had followed him. *Arfaces* cast his Eye at the same time both upon the Brother, and upon the Sister, and no sooner knew them, but he lift up his Hand and Head toward Heaven, and discovering his Fury by a terrible Cry, and by a threatening Action, he leaped from his Horse to assault *Oroondates* without Advantage, and running at him with his Sword drawn, made him sufficiently know, that 'twas only for him he broke the Truce, and brought the War alone into the Camp of his Enemies. *Oroondates* knew him presently by divers Marks, and thanking the Gods in a moment for that so wish'd Encounter, came to meet him as fiercely as a Lion, and threw himself headlong into the Fight with a Rage that came no way short of his ; they drew Blood with the first Strokes they gave, and having made some few more at one another with the same Vigor and Animosity, they closed, and seizing upon each other's Body, began to wrestle with an excessive Fury ; they made use of nothing but meer Strength, and the blind Rage of these two Warriors suffered them not to think either of Sleight or Skill ; they that stood by to behold this Combate, would have fallen upon *Arfaces* ; but *Thalestris*, who was one of them, and who detested such base odds, hindred them with all her Power, and in the interim these two Valiant Men came down together like two *Colossuses*, and began to rowl upon the Ground with such a Fury, as struck Terror in those that were Spectators. *Berenice*, *Araxes*, and many others made Prayers for *Oroondates* ; but none of them durst undertake any way to assist him, and his Generosity was so well known to them, that they dared not to hope for any Advantage to him, but by his Valour alone ; they both struggled in vain to get the better, and after they had divested the Earth of its Greenness, and died it all over with their Blood in which they wallowed, they with their Arms and Legs thrust each other away at the same instant, and started up on their Feet again : they had already lift up their Swords to begin a second

Bout,

Bout, when a Soldier coming behind *Asfates*, thrust him into the Reins of his Back with a Javelin, the Head whereof stuck a good way in his Body, and the Shaft remained broken in the Soldier's Hand.

*Oroondates*, who beheld this Action with an unspeakable Grief, ran at him who had given him that shameful Assistance, but *Asfates*, who for all he was so chafed and heated, felt the Blow he had received, sprung suddenly upon that Enemy, and not giving him the leisure to get away, he, with a flash of his Sword, cut off the Arm that had stricken him, at the very Shoulder. After this Revenge he turned toward *Oroondates*, but his Strength began to fail him, and he was so weaken'd by that last Wound, that having reeled three or four Steps, he could no longer keep himself from falling on the Ground. *Oroondates* enraged at the Issue of this Combate, wherein he saw so little Honour, was like to have turned his Arms against himself, to blot out the Shame he had received. *Berenice*, *Thalestris*, and *Araxes* ran presently to him, and began to disarm him, to look upon his Wounds, as they led him to his Tent, but he would not go into it, without taking the Care he thought himself bound to have of his Enemy, and turning toward *Menelaus*, *Alexander*, and *Hyander*, who were with him; For God's sake, (said he) if this gallant Man be not dead, get him some Help, and let him be brought into one of the Rooms of my Tent, where I will give order he shall have that Assistance he stands in need of. Those young Warriors obey'd him, and coming to the Place where the great *Asfates* lay all along, they saw the Earth stain'd with Blood round about him, and found him in a Condition wherein their Succour was very necessary. He had scarce any Understanding left, but they pulling up his Beaver, the fresh Air recalled his fainting Spirits, and they saw him open his Eyes, and lift up his Head very weakly. *Menelaus* causing him to be taken up by Soldiers, and helping himself in that charitable Office, carried him into *Oroondates's* Tent, where in a Chamber near his, he was quickly disarm'd, unclothed, and laid in Bed; but he was so weakened with loss of Blood, Weariness, and the

Pain he felt with the Head of the Javelin which was still in his Body, that he could hardly discern any thing that was done about him.

In the mean time Prince *Oroondates's* Servants had got him to Bed, and found he had but two, and those not considerable Hurts ; but when the Chirurgions would have come to dress them, he enquired how his Enemy did, and having heard he was alive, and in his Tent ; Think of him first then, (said he to *Lyfimachus's* Physician) for his Wounds are more dangerous than mine, and I will not suffer my self to be looked too, till he have had the Help which I can better stay for. Go (continued he, turning toward the Chirurgions) and tell that Valiant Man, that 'tis neither the Incommodiousness of my Wounds, nor the mortal Hatred which is between us, that hinders me from visiting him, but the fear my Presence may displease him, and the Shame I should have to appear before him, after the abominable foul Play that has been used to him ; tell him moreover, that he may receive this Assistance without Trouble, and without fear of being engaged to any Reconciliation with me ; that I expect not that Fruit of the Service I do him, and that I labour for the Preservation of his Life, only to assault it once again with more Glory, and to repair some part of the Dishonour that reflects upon me by the Event of our Combate. With this Message he sent them to *Asfaxes*, without suffering them to touch him, but presently after, by *Araxes's* Care, there were others brought who supplied the want of them, and dressed his Wounds in the Presence of *Lyfimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, and of all the Principal Commanders of the Army, whom the noise of that Adventure drew presently into his Tent. In the mean time *Asfaxes* had recovered his Understanding perfectly, and seeing himself in Bed encompassed with Persons whom he knew not, he looked earnestly upon them, and after having been a while silent ; Tell me, I pray you, (said he) in what Place I am, and from whom I receive these good Offices ? You are in your Enemy's Tent (answered *Menelaus*) and 'tis by his Order you receive this Succour, which the whole World owes unto your Valour.

Valour. *Arfaces* hearing that cry'd out, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, Ah ! Fortune, (said he) this is too much, and this Obstinacy thou shewest in persecuting me is full of Inhumanity, and Injustice ; thou labourest for my Confusion as much as for my Enemy's Glory, and 'tis only to make me die with Grief, that thou wilt have me thus often indebted to him ; but the Gods forbid I should longer make use of thy false Relief, and that I should prolong my Life, if I cannot do it but by the Mercy, and Assistance of my Enemy.

He was speaking on this manner when the Chirurgeons came in, and drew near to his Bed-side ; but as soon as ever they went about to dress his Wounds, *Arfaces* thrust them back, and refused their Help ; Go (said he) and tell him that sent you, I had rather lose my Life than owe it so often to him ; that 'twas only to assail his I came into this Camp, but since he so well knows how to defend it, let him suffer him to die without overwhelming him with Shame and Confusion, whom he cannot suffer to live, so long as he is alive himself ; I had hoped he would have fallen with me, but since his Destiny is stronger than mine, let him content himself with triumphing over my Happiness, and with triumphing over my Life, without triumphing also over my Reputation. By such like Words as these the afflicted *Arfaces* rejected the Succour that was offered him ; but *Amintas* the Physician, judging that the Message *Oroondates* had given him Charge to deliver, might perchance work something with him, repeated it to him Word for Word, and by that means shak'd his Resolution a little ; when he had told him once again, that the Prince expected no other Fruit of the Help he sent him, but the means to end their Differences with more Glory ; Upon that Condition (replied *Arfaces*) I accept his Assistance, and I will preserve my Life, to keep him from believing that I am afraid to dispute it once more against him ; he shall see me yet again with my Sword in my Hand, since he will have it so, not to contend with him for the Advantage of our Combats, which is wholly his, but to requite our Injuries and Obligations both together. After this Discourse, he no longer

opposed

opposed the will of the Physician and Chirurgions, but they were not free from Trouble and Apprehension, when they found the Head of the Javelin was all within his Flesh ; yet did they begin with Instruments to try if they could pull it out, and at last their Endeavours prevailed, but with such Extremity of Pain to *Asfaxes*, that a weaker Constitution than his would infallibly have sunk under it ; and yet he never so much as cried out, or spoke one Word, or did any Action that could testify he was sensible of the Pain they put him to ; when the Head was out, the Chirurgions no longer doubted of his Cure, and searching two or three other Wounds he had, found not any of them to be great or dangerous. When they had performed what belonged to them, they enjoined their Patient Rest and Silence, but he took care of that himself, and speaking to *Alexander* and *Menelaus*, who had not stirred from him ; Charitable Enemies (said he) I beseech you as you love the Gods, let no Body visit me ; you have seen but the slightest of my Wounds, and besides the state of my Body, my Mind is in such a Condition as cannot endure any Company. *Alexander* promised him what he desired, and then withdrawing themselves, they left none in the Room but those that were necessary to serve him. They went into *Oroondates's* Chamber, which they found full of Princes, and Officers of the Army that were come to visit him ; all of them together were astonished at this Adventure, and admir'd the Boldness of that Stranger, who thro' the midst of so many thousand Men, and of a thousand Deaths which threatned him, was come to seek him in the heart of his Camp, and even in his very Tent ; but when *Menelaus* told them what he had said unto the Chirurgions, and the generous Contempt he had shewn of his Life, they could not wonder enough at his Magnanimity, and at the Greatness of his Courage. This relation made *Oroondates* certain that it was *Asfaxes* ; but he would not say any thing of it, for fear of giving some alarm to the Princess *Berenice*, who by her Story he found bore him a great deal of good Will, deferring to let her know the Truth, till Time should afford him a fitter Opportunity.

Many

Many of the Princes would have visited him, and paid him what they believed due to a Man of so rare a Valour, but *Alexander* and *Menelaus* diverted their Intent, by telling them what a Trouble it would be to him, and the Request he had made.

In this interim it grew Night, and every Body being retired, the two gallant Enemies passed it in disquiets that were not much unlike. *Oroondates*, enraged at the Issue of that Adventure could, not complain sufficiently of his ill Fortune, and detested the crossness of it with Words full of Transport and Fury. ' Must I put my  
' Enemy to the Pains (*said he*) to come and seek me out  
' every Day, and must this happy Rival, not being satisfied with peaceably enjoying the Affection of my  
' ingrateful Princess, envy me also this miserable Life,  
' which he has reduced to such a lamentable Condition?  
' Must he violate the Truce, force his Passage over our  
' Trenches, and find me idle in my Tent, when I have  
' so many Occasions to pull me out of it, and that I  
' ought to shut my Eyes against all Dangers, and against  
' all Considerations, to carry Death unto that fortunate  
' Rival, and to that irreconcilable Enemy? Ah my  
' Courage, Ah my Love, Ah my Honour, what is now  
' become of you? Do you suffer me barely to Threaten,  
' and another to Execute, that I should learn my Duty  
' of him, against whom I had arm'd my self with these  
' furious Resolutions? *Arfaces* was no way oblig'd to  
' prevent me, and *Arfaces* might have sat still with Honour, he whose Fortune is so happy, whose Desires  
' are fully satisfied, and who having robb'd me of *Statira*,  
' has nothing more to demand; but *Oroondates* deprived of *Statira*, deprived of Happiness, and deprived  
' of Honour, ought not to have breath'd, but to recover  
' what he has lost, and ought not to have prolonged his  
' Life, but to take Vengeance of that Ravisher of his  
' Happiness, of his Honour, and of *Statira* all together.

He spent some Hours in this Consideration, and then falling into more cruel Thoughts, ' Ah! without Question (*added he*) without question *Statira* thinks it not  
' enough to have forsaken me, but she will have me die

' by



' by the Hands of her new Lover, because I could not  
 ' die with Grief for her Inconstancy; and 'tis certainly  
 ' by her Order that *Arfaces* sets himself so obstinately  
 ' against my Life; her new Affection without doubt  
 ' makes it odious to her, and she no longer will suffer  
 ' such an irreproachable Witness of her Infidelity to con-  
 ' tinue in the World; if it be so, O *Cassandra*, (for you  
 ' no longer are *Statira*, and with the Name of the Royal  
 ' Family, have likewise laid aside all that was Great and  
 ' Noble in you) if it be so, I am to blame to oppose your  
 ' Desires any longer, and I ought to offer up my Breast  
 ' without resistance to that Minister of your Commands;  
 ' but I will satisfy him as soon as ever he is in a Condi-  
 ' tion to take his Satisfaction and give me mine, and the  
 ' Sun shall no sooner see *Arfaces* upon his Feet again,  
 ' but it shall see him Fighting with *Oroondates*. In the  
 ' mean time (said he to himself) he is in thy Power, he  
 ' is in thy Tent, that cruel Tormentor of thy Days, and  
 ' instead of Sacrificing him to thy just Indignation, thou  
 ' art obliged by some remainders of Virtue, which thy  
 ' Passions cannot stifle, to assist him, to serve him, and  
 ' to labour for the Preservation of that Life, which thou  
 ' woundest, and which thou oughtest to take away.  
 ' But 'tis no matter, (continued he) we will do what  
 ' we ought to do to the utmost, and when we have paid  
 ' our Rival whatsoever, in the Condition he now is, he  
 ' can hope for from an Enemy as generous as himself, we  
 ' will prosecute our Quarrels without Remorse, and  
 ' without Advantage, and will without Regret assault a  
 ' Life, for the Preservation whereof we have done all  
 ' that we were bound to do.

These were the Discourses of restless *Oroondates*; but  
 if he was tormented, *Arfaces* found no better Usage from  
 his inhuman thoughts; the Grief he was in to see him-  
 self at the Mercy of his Enemy, and constrain'd to re-  
 ceive his Assistance, did indeed make some part of his  
 Discontents; but these were not the most violent, and  
 when he remembered that he that Day also had seen the  
 Princess *Berenice* with him at the Door of his Tent, and  
 that he believ'd him quietly possessed of her, whose Af-  
 fection he by a Thousand remarkable Services had so well  
 deserved,

deserved, all his Constancy forsook him, and gave him over to his Rage alone, it had before been great enough to deprive him of the better part of his Judgment, and to make him, in the Action he had newly done, despise those Dangers into which he would not have precipitated himself, if he had felt the least Spark of a desire to live; but by that cruel Sight it was so strangely aggravated, that it insensibly took away all the remaining Power which Reason had yet preserv'd over his afflicted Mind; in these furious Fits whereinto it cast him, he form'd such Designs as were suitable to his Despair; but when he put his Hands upon his Wounds, or tried to raise himself upon his Bed, the Knowledge of his Weakness augmented his Vexation, as much as he felt his Strength to be diminish'd. What wilt thou do, miserable Man, (said he) and in this highest pitch of thy Misfortunes, to whom wilt thou have recourse, and what wilt thou resolve upon? Inconstant *Berenice* has unworthily forsaken thee, Fortune forsakes thee with her, and even the Gods themselves declare openly for thine Enemy. If the Gods, if Fortune, if *Berenice* be against thee, what canst thou fly to but Death, which will free thee from the Anger of the Gods, will shelter thee from the Persecutions of Fortune, and cure thee of the remembrance of ingrateful *Berenice*? We must die then, that Design is no new thing to *Asfages*, if he had not been resolv'd on that, he would not to Day have charg'd into a whole Army, and an Army in which there are so many Men able to take his Life without advantage; but to die without Revenge is a very hard Condition to *Asfages*, he has not been wont to leave his Enemies a Victory so little disputed; and if he must lose *Berenice*, he can hardly quit the Possession of her to another, unless he purchase it at least with a good quantity of his Blood; his Rival must perish with him if it be possible, and *Berenice* who twice already has been present at our Combats, must glut her self with that Spectacle once again for all. But why (continued he) why should I defer it any longer? Can I not with the small remnant of Strength I have left, get into my Rival's Chamber, and make an end of the Business with Dag-

gers?

gers? They'll enter into our Bodies without resistance, and we shall have no Arms that can protract our Combat. He found some sweetness in this Thought; but of a sudden he also met with Difficulties in it; thine Enemy is too generous (said he) and thou oughtest to believe by so many effects of his Vertue, that in the Condition thou now art, he will not accept this kind of Combate against thee; and as jealous, as transported, and as desperate as thou art, thou canst never be so base as to think of stabbing him in his Bed. No, do better, *Arfaces*, leave him *Berenice*, since he deserves her; his Vertue, and the good Offices he has done thee, oblige thee to quit her to him, and thou mayest abandon her without meanness of Spirit, provided thou also abandon thy Life with her; he will not believe thou yield'st her to him for fear of a Death, which thou shalt give thy self in his Presence; and thou shalt not then be compell'd to prolong thy Pains, in prolonging thy Life for a Revenge which perchance thou may'st never be allow'd to take. This last Thought fix'd *Arfaces's* Resolution more than the rest, and he was still of the same Mind, when the Day began to break.

The Princess *Berenice* and *Thalestris* saw it appear without, having hardly closed their Eyes all Night; they lay together, as before, at *Polemon's* House; and if the Discontents of *Orondates* and *Arfaces* tormented them so cruelly, theirs suffered them to rest but very little better. *Thalestris* had no sooner given *Berenice* part of the Satisfaction she had received by the clearing of Matters between *Orontes* and her, and of the Trouble she began to feel for the Banishment she had condemn'd him to, but *Berenice* with a like Confidence imparted her Disquiets; she remembred the Words her Brother had spoken touching *Arfaces's* Infidelity, and they were so deeply ingraven in her Memory, that from the first Moment she had heard them, she was not capable of any rest; she wou'd have had much ado to believe that Report, if it had come from any other Body but the Prince her Brother; but she gave so perfect a Credit to what he said, that she durst not question what had been told her by

by so Authentick a Witness; that cruel Opinion having begun to creep into her Mind, tormented her already very violently, and not being able to dissemble her Thoughts from that fair Queen, she disburden'd part of her Grievs into her Bosom. The Princess was exceeding moderate, and of a wonderful mild Disposition; nor was she transported with any Fury, but satisfied her self with weeping, and complaining of *Asfaxes's* Inconstancy, without falling into any Rage, or making any Imprecations against him; If *Asfaxes* has deceived me (said she) there is no more Fidelity to be hoped for in Mankind, and I can hardly believe he should have forsaken me without powerful Reasons to perswade him to it; without doubt I was not lovely enough to keep his Affections longer, but he had done too much, and I dare say, he had suffered too much for me, to open his Eyes so suddenly to the Knowledge of my Defects; I for his sake had committed Faults, which perhaps will never be forgiven me by severer Persons, and I may truly say, that I never, by any of my Actions, gave him just Cause to repent of his Affection. Tho' the Princess brought forth these Words very calmly, yet did she accompany them with Sighs and Tears, which made *Thalestris* judge she was much more deeply touch'd than she was willing to make shew of: She strove to comfort her in a Disease whereof she her self was already cured, and being very loth to redouble her Affliction, she feign'd to be ignorant of the Cause of *Oroondates's* Words, and told her nothing at all of what she with him believed touching the Loves of *Asfaxes* and of Queen *Stattira*. As she was thus reserv'd in Consideration of *Berenice*, *Berenice* was no less so in regard of her, and would not reveal a Secret which she had not yet discovered to the Prince her Brother. The desire she had to clear her Doubts perfectly with him, made her get out of Bed when the Sun was scarcely risen, and as soon as ever she was ready, she went out of her Chamber to go to *Oroondates's* Tent. She came thither, and gave him the good-morrow, when *Asfaxes* was yet in those cruel Agitations which had distracted him all the Night. He was still full of Irrresolution, when *Oroondates's* Servants came into

into his Chamber, and drawing near to his Bed-side, told him their Master had sent them to enquire after his Health ; by his redoubling of Obligations, *Arfaces's* Grievs were redoubled, and it fretted him to the Heart, to see that every moment he became indebted to his Enemy ; he ask'd them somewhat briskly what Company was with him ? and they without diving into his Intention, told him, that they left the Princess *Berenice* by his Bed-side. *Arfaces* at that Answer could not forbear to cry out, which they attributed only to the Pain of his Wounds ; and being come close to him to learn the Cause more particularly ; Go (said he) and tell your Master, I shall be quickly cured.

With these Words he turn'd his Head on the other side, and reflecting upon this last Confirmation of his Misfortune, he no more doubted but that he ought to die without deferring a minute longer. ' Thou hast lived ' too long, *Arfaces*, (said he) thou hast lived too long. ' Thy Grievs are too intolerable to languish in them any ' longer, and if thou no more canst give two Lives to ' thy Resentment, appease it by sacrificing the more unfortunate : but offer this sacrifice before the Eyes of ' ungrateful *Berenice* ; let thy Rival live, since he defends his Life so well, and thou art twice indebted to ' him for thine ; in the Condition thou now art, thou ' canst no more attempt any thing lawfully against him, ' and in the Extremity of those Miseries thou sufferest, ' thou couldst never have the Patience to stay for the ' Recovery of thy Strength.

As he talk'd thus to himself, he opened one of the Curtains of his Bed, and seeing his Armour which they had laid upon the Seats close by his Bed-side, he thrust one of his Arms out of Bed, and putting his Hand upon his Cuirass, felt for a Dagger which he commonly wore there, and having drawn it out of the Sheath, he hid it in his Bed to make use of it in the Resolution he had taken. He then raised himself to sit up, tho' with much Pain and Trouble ; and judging that with some help he might be able to stand, he call'd one of *Oroondates's* Servants who waited in the Chamber, and when he was

come

come to his Bed-side, he pray'd him to reach his Cloaths, and to help him on with them. The Man who saw in what Condition he was, made some difficulty to obey him ; but *Arfaces* redoubled his Intreaties with so absolute a Look, and so imperious a Voice, that he no longer had the Boldness to refuse what he demanded. He put on his Gloaths with much ado, and with much Inconvenienceness to *Arfaces*, who when he was ready, convey'd the Dagger, so that the Man perceiv'd it not, into one of the Sleeves of his Cassock ; after which he desired his Assistance to get into his Master's Chamber. The Servant who was ignorant of his Intention, made a great Scruple of helping him in that Design, but when he saw him without Arms, and so feeble that he could hardly sit upright, he believ'd he might do him that Service without putting his Prince in any Danger ; and moreover *Arfaces's* Countenance caus'd so much Respect, and so much Fear in him together, that he had not the Courage to disobey him. By his Assistance therefore he rose from his Bed, and when he was upon his Legs he felt himself so weak, that without his Support he would not have been able to stand, yet did he begin to walk leaning upon the Servant's Arm, and with much Pain and Difficulty made a shift to get into *Oroondates's* Chamber. The Prince of *Scythia* was at that time accompanied with *Lyfimachus*, Prince *Oxyartes*, *Artabazus*, and *Berenice*, who by Reason of those Princes being there, had not been able to clear the Doubts he caus'd in her ; scarce had they begun to fall upon some Discourse, when they saw *Arfaces* enter with his Guide ; he mov'd so softly, and his Face was so exceeding Pale, that he presently stirr'd up more Pity than Apprehension. The Princess *Berenice* had no sooner cast her Eyes upon him, but she knew him immediately, yet whether it were by Reason of her excessive Astonishment, and sudden Surprizal, or of the effect her Brother's Words had already wrought in her, instead of running to meet him, she continued unmoveable upon the Chair where she was sitting, and appear'd scarce capable of Sense at so unexpected an Encounter. *Lyfimachus*, whose Thoughts at that time were far enough from that Adventure,

ture, knew him not at his coming in, and his Face was sufficiently chang'd by his loss of Blood, to make a Man lose the Features of it ; yet all believ'd at the first, that it was that valiant Enemy whose last Actions were a part of their Entertainment, and all of them at his entrance rose up from their Seats, and prepared themselves with Attention to observe what he meant to say and do. *Oroondates* taking Notice of the Alteration of their Countenances, thrust his head a little out of Bed, and by that sight concurring in their Opinion, he sat up, and without being mov'd, expected the Success of that Adventure. *Asfages* being pretty near the Bed, found himself so weak that he was constrained to sink into a Chair, where he was scarcely set, when casting his Eyes toward *Oroondates*, and the Princess *Berenice* ; ' I come not (said he) O happy Lovers, to disturb your Contentments, nor to oppose a Fortune which my Rival has built but upon the Ruins of mine ; altho' he possesses it with Injustice, he has made himself worthy of it by his Virtue, and I should be ingrateful to the Effects of his Generosity, if I should still persist in the Design I had against his Life. I come, O *Berenice*, (continued he, fixing his Eyes wholly upon the Princess) both to vent my last Reproaches against thy Infidelity, and to deliver up that Life at thy Feet, which I so blindly gave thee ; and will neither put thee in mind of thy Oaths, nor of what thou owedst to the Services I have done thee, 'twill suffice me to tell thee, that by thy shameful Inconstancy thou makest thy self unworthy of thy Birth, and of *Asfages's* Fidelity ; the Gods if they be just, will never suffer it to go unpunished, and to render thee yet more guilty toward them, I lay this Life to thy Charge, which to the Prejudice of all my Estate, of all my Friends, and even of my Honour, I had absolutely resign'd unto thy Will, and whereof, thro' a lawful Despair, I here accomplish the Sacrifice.' As he ended these Words, he drew the Dagger out of the Place where he had hid it, and lifting it suddenly into the Air, had certainly stabb'd himself to the Heart, if *Lyfismachus*, who was close by, had not catch'd hold of him and stop-

ped his Arm just as he was giving the mortal Blow. *Arfaces* was so weak, that *Lyfimachus* easily got the Dagger out of his Hand, but while he was eager in that Employment, the rest of the Company was in a strange Confusion, and such an one as all the Words in the World could not be able to express. *Oroondates*, *Oxyartes*, *Artabafus*, and *Araxes*, had first in *Arfaces*'s Face, and after in the tone of his Voice, found so great a Resemblance of a Prince, who formerly had been dearer to them than their own Lives, that if by an untimely Death he had not been taken from them, they surely would have believed him to be the very same. *Oroondates*, whom this Conceit had made to thrust part of his Body out of Bed, cast his Eye upon the Faces of the rest, and observing in them an Astonishment as great as his; O *Artabafus*! (cried he) O *Oxyartes*! is not this the Face and Voice of poor *Artaxerxes*? *Arfaces*, who was yet struggling in *Lyfimachus*'s Arms, turned his Head at that Demand, and looked *Oroondates* in the Face, which till then the Darkness of the Place where he lay, and the Blindness of his Passion had kept him from discerning. At that time it was in open View, and *Arfaces* had no sooner heedfully considered it, but he sent forth a louder Cry than could have been expected from the Littleness of his Strength; and employing the Relicks of it, to rise up from his Chair, and creep as far as the Bed, he there sunk down upon the Prince of *Seythia*. O *Oroondates*! (cried he) O my dearest Brother! is it you? These Words, and this Action would absolutely have perswaded the Prince, and the rest of the Company, that the valiant *Arfaces* was no other than Prince *Artaxerxes*, if they had not remember'd that eight whole Years were run out, since their own Eyes had seen him slain in the Battle of *Selena*. In the mean time Prince *Oroondates* received his Embraces with an unparalleled Amazement, and not being able to comprehend any thing of that Adventure, O my Eyes and Ears! (said he) with what Illusions do you abuse me? Then did he cast by Looks upon the Princess his Sister, who as much troubled as the rest (but for different Considerations) knew not yet which way she should carry her self; she perceived



perceived the Agitations of her Brother's Mind, and being desirous to help him in that Encounter, Nay, Brother, (said she) doubt no more of it ; 'tis Prince *Artaxerxes* without Illusion. Yes, dearest Brother, (added *Arfaces*) I am *Artaxerxes*, and if you love me still, methinks you should not find it so hard a matter to know my Face. *Oroondates* was so besides himself, that he could not yet tell what he should imagine, and tho' in *Arfaces* he observ'd both the Voice, the Face, and all the Gestures of *Artaxerxes*, and that by his tender Endearments he still preserv'd his former Affection, yet could he not bring his Mind to so difficult a Belief, nor contradict his own Eyes, and the Opinion of all *Asia*, of the Death of the Prince *Artaxerxes*. He looked earnestly upon him, without being able to open his Mouth, and in the mean time *Arfaces* turning toward the rest, and stretching forth his Arms to them ; ' What, ' Uncle (said he to Prince *Oxyartes*) and you Cousin (to ' old *Artabazus*) will not you know me neither ? ' *Oxyartes* and *Artabazus* received his Kindness, but with such a Confusion as kept them still as mute, and as astonished as before. At last Prince *Oroondates* broke Silence, and greedily devouring *Arfaces* with his Eyes ; ' If I believed ' (said he) that the Dead could recover the Lives which ' they have lost, and if with most part of the World, I ' did not know that Prince *Artaxerxes* was killed in the ' Battel of *Selena*, I should infallibly take you for him, ' you have all his Features, you have all his Actions, ' and 'tis by your Valour that I should know him better ' than by all these Marks ; but alas ! that Happiness ' would be so great, that I dare not so much as raise a ' Thought to it. *Artaxerxes* was not slain, (replied *Arfaces*) and he had a Destiny in *Scythia*, directly like to ' that you had in *Persia* : I have concealed my self from ' the whole World, except my Princess only, and 'tis by ' her Favour I hope to recover the Acquaintance of my ' dear *Oroondates*.' He accompanied these with such close, tender Embraces, that *Oroondates* (as much surprized, and besides himself as he was) could no longer be ignorant that 'twas he ; his Heart shewed him his dear

*Artax-*

*Artaxerxes*, and after his extraordinary Agitations were a little past over, he became certainly confirm'd of that strange Truth. As soon as that Belief was settled in his Mind, it produced such violent Effects there, that he was like to have died with an excess of Contentment, his Cheeks were presently bath'd in a stream of Tears, and his Joy broke forth into such passionate Expressions, that tho' the Bystanders had not been at all concerned, they could not but have shed Tears at such a moving Spectacle. He hugged him in his Arms almost an Hour together, without affording a Share in him to any Body, and ever and anon crying, *O Artaxerxes! O my dearest Brother!* without being able to bring forth any other Word distinctly; all Language is too weak to represent a Part of what passed in this Encounter; never had Man been so passionately beloved of another, as *Artaxerxes* of Prince *Oroondates*, unless *Artaxerxes* himself disputed with him for that Advantage; and never had real Death been deplored with so many Tears, as the supposed Death of *Artaxerxes* had been by his dear *Oroondates*; nor did the Knowledge of his being alive transport him to less Extremities; for all that a most violent Passion can produce, appeared at the highest Pitch in that Encounter. At last *Oxyartes* and *Artabazus* required their Part in *Artaxerxes*, and it was just they should possess him for some few Moments; scarce could they obtain it of *Oroondates*, but they pulled him out of his Arms: And *Lyfimachus*, who besides the Acquaintance he had with him as *Arfaces*, had many other Reasons to consider him particularly, with ardent Entreaties begg'd the continuation of that Friendship, which *Arfaces* had made him hope he should enjoy. *Araxes* who had his Share of Gladness as well as the rest, came and cast himself at his Feet, and received also his Part in those charming Endearments, wherewith the Prince of *Persia* won the Hearts of the most barbarous Persons; all the Company remained a long Time before they could utter any thing that hung together; but when they began to be a little settled, *Oroondates*, who could not get out of his Astonishment, and who, thro' the Excess of his Joy could hardly tell what he did, nor where  
he

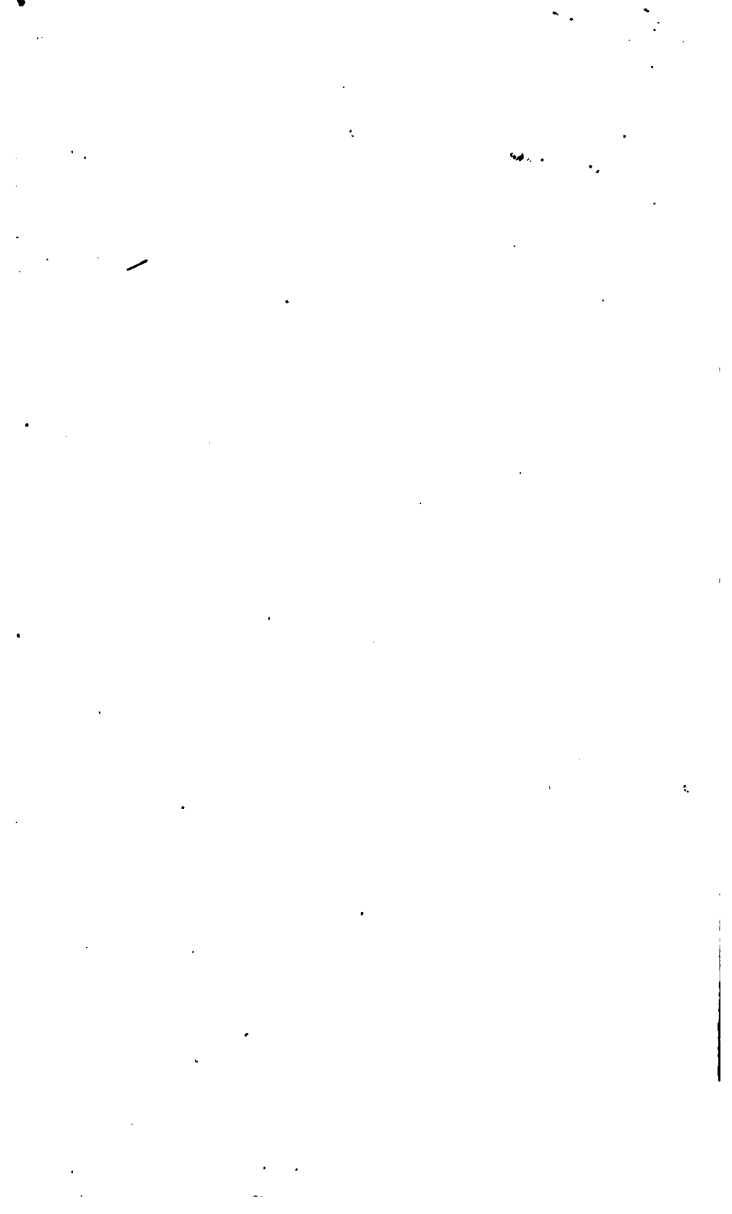
he was, at last recalled past Actions into his Memory, and looking upon *Arfaces* with Eyes that were full of Love, 'What, (cried he) was that Blood then, which my sacrilegious Hand hath shed, the Blood of dearest *Artaxerxes*?' And was it against my dear *Oroondates* (added *Arfaces*) that I made such cruel Resolutions? 'O Gods! (continued *Oroondates*, raising his Voice) how many Blessings do you send me all at once! You think it not enough to give me *Artaxerxes*, but you also restore me *Statira* whom I had lost, and since it was only of *Artaxerxes* that I was jealous, and that 'twas only to *Artaxerxes* that *Statira* granted those Favours which drove me into Despair, *Statira* is Innocent, *Statira* is not Inconstant.' This last discovery put the two Princes in new Raptures of Joy, which had like to have been fatal to them; and *Arfaces*, who but a few Minutes before, came into the Chamber with such cruel Suspicions against *Berenice*, could not be cured of them without falling into inconceivable Extasies. 'How! (said he, quite besides himself with Joy) has not *Berenice* forsaken me then? And was it but to her Brother, she gave those mistaken Embraces which have cost us so much Blood, and which have produced such strange Effects? Ah Madam, (pursued he, turning toward the Princess, and endeavouring to throw himself at her Feet) what shall guilty *Arfaces* do to obtain Pardon for so many Offences, and by what Blood can he be able to wash them out, if they have already made him spend the best part of his? He would have said more, and strove to have begged Forgiveness on his Knees, but the Princess would not suffer him, and forcing Modesty to embrace him in her turn; 'Your Faults (answered she) are very pardonable, and instead of punishing them, I acknowledge them as the most powerful Marks you could have given me of your Affection.' Ah! Sister, (added Prince *Oroondates*) how easily do I now excuse the Love you bore to that *Arfaces*, whom I so much hated? And how well are you beloved of the Gods, in that they have reserved for you, the greatest, and most accomplish'd Prince that ever was! They would all have enlarged themselves further

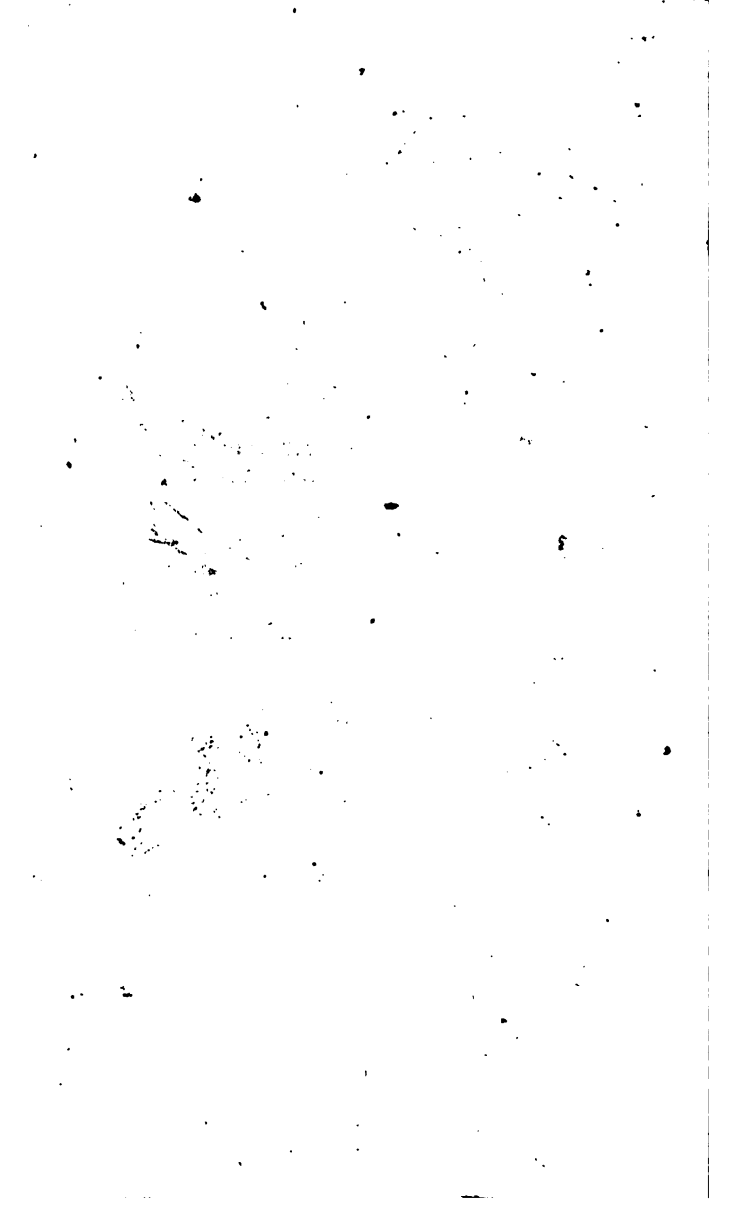
ther in this Discourse, if they had not found that Prince *Artaxerxes* was extraordinarily Ill with those great Disorders ; and therefore it was necessary to remit the Continuation of it, that he might be got to Bed again ; but the two Princes could never resolve to part so soon, and *Arfaces's* Bed was fain to be brought into *Oroondates's* Chamber, where it was presently made ready, and where they laid him with a purpose to let him rest, and to labour for his Recovery, with a Care very different from that they took before, for the Health of a generous Enemy.

*The End of the Third Part of Cassandra.*



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